MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII., No. 7. **JULY 1st, 1891.**

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FIVE

SEPARATE SUPPLEMENTS,

INCLUDING—

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FULL-SIZED NEEDLEWORK DESIGN.

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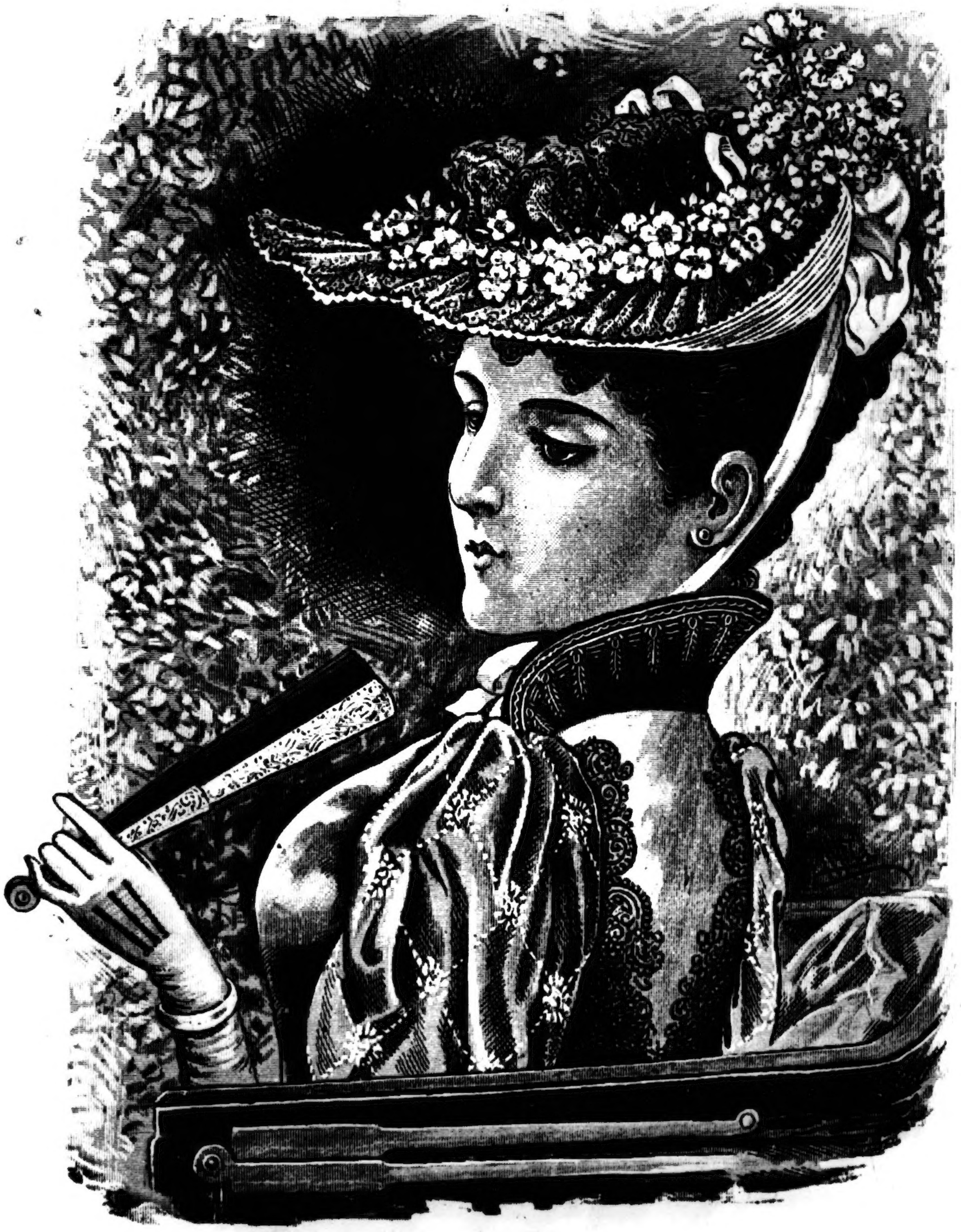

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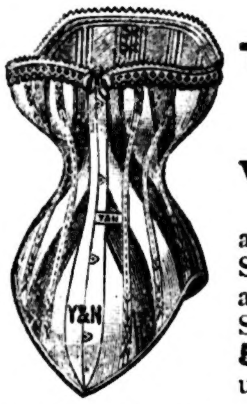

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VOL. XVII.—No. 7. JULY 1, 1891.

MYRA'S JOURNAL,

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

5 SUPPLEMENTS. 52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS. OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

Miss Mary Moore At Home.

MELINA PLACE, St. John's Wood, from which Miss Mary Moore had dated her letter cordially inviting me to take tea with her, does not belie the prettiness of its name. It is a short row of small houses standing in large gardens, full of fragrant foliage; a *cul de sac* and therefore having a profound quietude. The gardens have little lattice gates, and at one of these a prim servant-maid responds to an electric bell.

"Miss Moore, if you please?"

"You mean Mrs. Albery?" is the interrogative reply.

Ah, of course! the familiar name had actually come to my lips, but away from the theatre, in her own home, Miss Mary Moore bears the name of her late husband, the distinguished dramatist. Signing assent, I follow the girl through the garden, gaily arrayed in its spring attire, wild hyacinths, tulips, and the rest, passing through an old-fashioned porch, across the square hall into what seemed a blaze of golden splendour. Walls and window curtains were of light yellow tints, and catching some brilliant gleams of sunlight, were almost dazzling for the moment; as the rays retreated the brightness became subdued, and it was in an aureola which the fairness of her countenance enhanced, that the actress entered the room. Miss Moore rejoices in the sunshine, and we sit close to one of the windows.

"Now, on what subject do you want me to talk?"

"On the most interesting of all—yourself."

"But is it interesting? I am afraid all that is interesting has already been told. You see I have done so little—let me see, I have been on the stage only six years, and not once have I appeared in a new play. Just fancy not having experienced the thrill of a first production. All Mr. Wyndham's pieces have been revivals, and then they have had such long runs."

"You would have liked more parts, and some new plays?"

"Well, you see, there is such an intellectual interest in studying a new part. I like acting in such great plays as 'The School for Scandal,' 'David Garrick,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' But at revivals comparisons are natural and inevitable; one remembers Miss A. in the part, another Miss B. Well, comparisons, you know, are odious; one likes to be judged on one's own merits. Then first impressions are always best; I find, myself, that I generally like the cast when I first see a piece better than any other. But please do not imagine that I am saying this in any spirit of discontent. I consider my good fortune to have been so unique that when I am asked by a novice for advice my own experience is valueless."

"You had no early struggles, no toilsome strivings?"

"No, nothing beyond one or two disappointments at the outset. When I was first given an engagement by Mr. Wyndham, it was, as he has since told me, solely out of respect to my late husband; he did not think I should be very successful, and accordingly I was given only an 'understudy's' part for a provincial tour of 'The Candidate.' The salary was good, but a good salary for a short time would not have greatly helped in my circumstances at that time, and but for one or two lucky accidents I should have given up the engagement and returned to London. Illness of a 'leading lady' gave me an opportunity; the 'improvements' at Piccadilly

Circus compelled Mr. Wyndham to close the Criterion and come on tour himself, and having heard of my little success, he engaged me to play the part of Lady Oldacre with him. Then, as you know, I had a great opportunity in London as the quakeress, Lady Amaranth, in 'Wild Oats.'"

"And the next morning you woke up to find yourself famous."

"Promotion was rapid, of course. But if I had had no previous practical experience Mr. Albery had well instructed me in what I may term the theory of acting. I used to attend the rehearsals of all his plays, and often wrote out the MS. copies. Even in his lifetime I was always wishing to become an actress; sometimes—in his yielding moments—he promised that I should. Of course, his only objection was that the stage would deprive him of so much of my society."

"Are you not able to point out any royal road or short cut to the young aspirant?"

"One can say something, of course, from one's own observation, and, judging from observation, I should say to the girl trying to succeed as an actress, 'Play Ibsen!' His characters are so splendidly drawn, with such power and directness, that one has only to speak the lines set down, and walk through the part to make a great impression. It is a great pity that Ibsen's plays should treat of such objectionable subjects, for the strength of his characters cannot be questioned; how dearly I should like to play one myself! I was able to see 'The Doll's House,' as I had no part in the piece that was just then being played at the Criterion. Norah is a fine dramatic character, but no woman would have left her husband and children as she did—do you think so? If she had, she would have come back next morning, and have taken the children away with her."

In this Mrs. Albery spoke as a mother, and the next minute she was showing me a picture of her three boys in the sailor costumes they wore at the children's fancy dress ball given by Colonel North, "The eldest," she says, "carried the telescope used in H.M.S. *Pinafore*. which my friend Mr. D'Oyly Carte kindly lent. He is at boarding school, the other two are upstairs with their nurse. But there, I mustn't talk about my children, for people forget that I was married at sixteen, and think I am much older than I am. Some time ago, one of the papers, in its 'Personal' column, said Miss Mary Moore lived at St. John's Wood, where she has a large family. I had half a mind to write and inquire whether three boys constituted a large family."

"Ah, you're looking at my pictures," exclaimed my hostess, as I sat down by the little tea-table. "They're very pretty—are they not? I got them from the Goupil Gallery, chiefly because of the beautiful colouring. Do you know they have been most useful to me in choosing the colours for a new dress. There is a pretty combination, for instance, four or five shades which I should not have dared to conceive had they not been in a picture before me."

"Yes, the colours harmonise beautifully. But this one is not by French artist," I added, pointing to the portrait of a Mexican beauty.

"No, I brought that from America. It is the work of a clever young American I met during the tour."

Below the Goupil pictures in their white polished-wood frames, are ranged a long row of cabinet photographs, encased in dark-green plush, and numbering, I should think, quite a hundred. They are pictures of friends and acquaintances; men and women who, in Miss Moore's words, have "done something." There is Irving, of course, and Ellen Terry, and Mary Anderson, Chas. Wyndham, and Beerbohm Tree, all bearing characteristic autographs; Farjeon, the novelist, and Bronson Howard, the dramatist, both neighbours of Miss Moore's, and many others, some who have, unhappily, joined the great majority, but not a few who are sometimes to be seen at Melina Place in the flesh. Royalty has a little table to itself, whereon are photographs and signatures.

It was the Prince of Wales, I hear, who, after the Criterion company's performances at Sandringham, sent to Miss Moore the pheasants from whose feathers the fan was made she now dangles in her hand. A portrait of the actress herself in Russian furs leads me to speak of the Continental trip, when the highly successful performances of "David Gatrick" were given in German.

"Yes, it was an enjoyable experience," she adds. "St. Petersburg, perhaps, most, socially; from the artistic point of view, the performances in Germany were best. See, here is an album which contains the photographs and autographs of all the members of the German company which played with Mr. Wyndham and myself; it was given to me by them as a souvenir."

On one table I had noticed a copy of one of Miss Braddon's novels, while by my side lay a handsomely-bound edition of Moore's poems. I was curious to know whether this was the actress's wide range of reading.

"The volume of Moore," she replied, "belonged to my father, who was a Dublin gentleman, although not unfortunately able to claim relationship with the poet. He was a man of great literary tastes, and I suppose I inherit from him my fondness for reading. There is nothing I enjoy better than a good book on a summer's afternoon in my garden."

"Perhaps there was a Girton element in your education?"

"Not at all. I was at a boarding school conducted on the usual lines almost right up to my marriage, subjected to severe discipline, but contriving to have a good deal of fun, notwithstanding. I learned much more in the three years after leaving school than I did before. Mr. Albery had a fine library, a good part of which, I am glad to say, I still retain; its gem is an original edition of Lavater. Well, to continue what I was saying, I cannot help thinking that much of what is called the education of girls is a mistake. They learn far more in the world than by being kept at school; of course there are things one would wish to keep from the knowledge of children, but they must know them sometime or other, and it is best that they should know them as soon as they can properly understand. I would even have girls read the daily paper."

"And what about ladies' papers, Miss Moore?" I inquired, bearing in mind some special instructions of my editor.

"To tell you the truth, I very rarely have time to read them; I content myself with a morning and an evening paper. To me the ladies' papers don't seem to sufficiently appeal to the intellectual interests of the sex; they are too much taken up with fashion and society. One would suppose that the great majority of women thought of nothing else. For one thing, I should like a woman's paper giving guidance in systematic fashion as to the really best new books; it would save much trouble and disappointment in sending and fetching from a circulating library."

"You surprise me—you, one of the frivolous actresses!"

"Are we really so frivolous? Is it not really the case of Punchinello—of so often having to appear what we are not? Whatever one's feelings, we have to mask them—in society as well as on the stage. I am naturally of a terribly morbid disposition, but then when I meet a friend he would be disappointed if I had nothing lively to say."

"As Shakespeare says, 'You make——'"

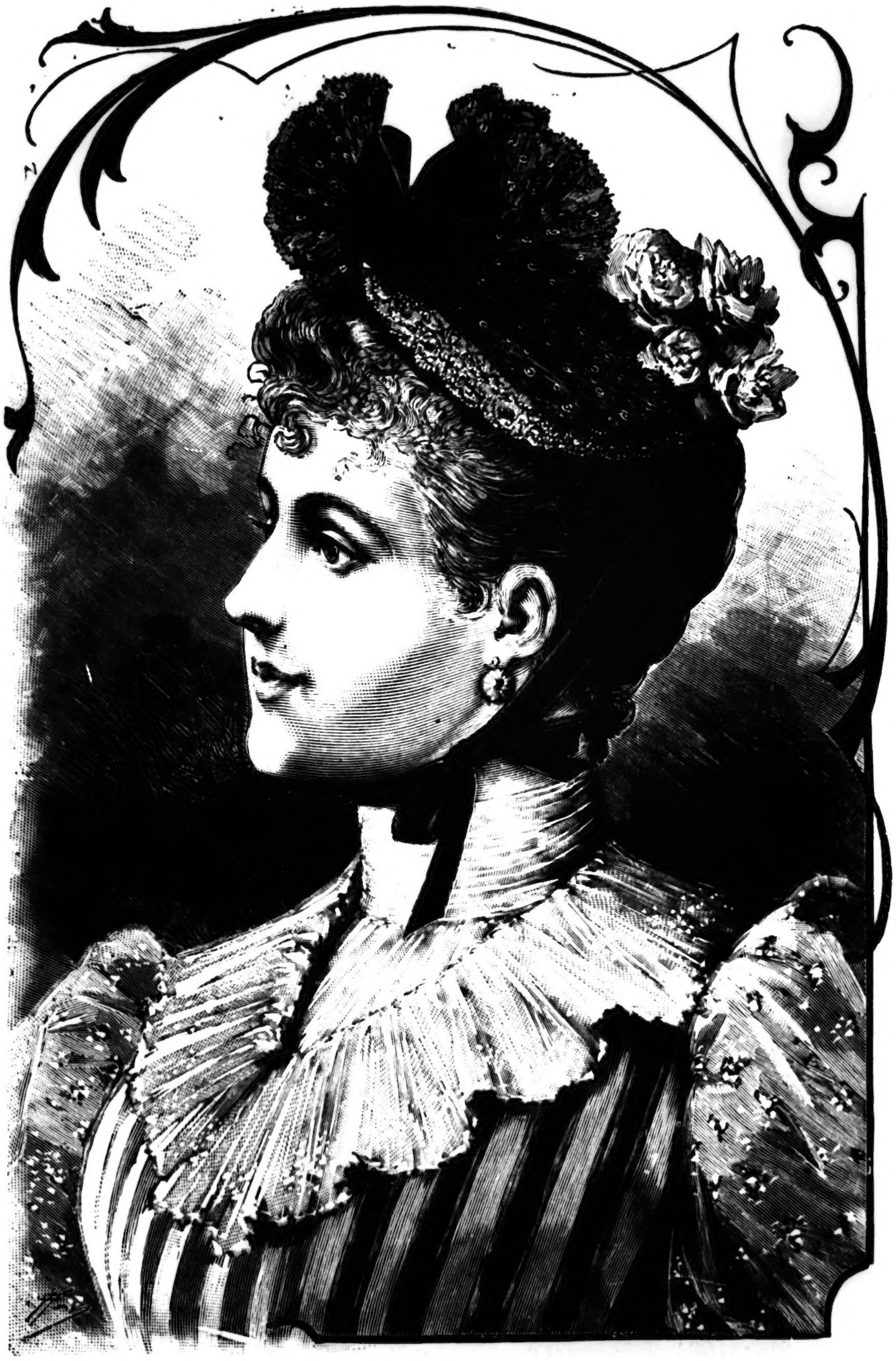
"Ah! Shakespeare was not a woman."

With which clinching argument Miss Moore closes the discussion, and, bidding me good-bye in the porch, gaily trips back to her books and her tea-cups.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

SILKEN fabrics of all kinds remain in high favour this season, but for novelty and utility the palm must be given to the shot bengalines, with an effect of hair lines in a different colour on the surface at close intervals. The fine stripe is generally in one or other of the shot ground colours, but sometimes a third colour is introduced. The bengalines are very elegant, and are employed alone, or in combination with some other material.

The newest brocades have large conventional patterns of scrolls and foliage, zig-zag and curved stripes, interlaced cables and ribbons, and large designs of fan palms with a thick cord-like outline. As a rule, the design is in satin on a poult de soie ground; in some very handsome specimens the ground is in wide alternate stripes of satin and poult de soie, and the pattern is then on the satin stripe. The combinations of colours are original, and sometimes rather daring, but on the whole delicate tints are preferred, and some very lovely blendings of colours may be found in the clever copies of old Louis XV. and Louis XVI. brocades, which are great favourites, and still more in some light, soft silks specially prepared for summer wear. The silks have small pompadour patterns in pale mauve and yellow on a pale blue ground, in pink and green on a gorge de pigeon ground, in blue on pink, or in salmon pink and blue on mastic.



The Iris Capote.

Brim of fancy straw lace; pleating of gold spangled black lace on the crown and pleated bow of the same in front. Tea roses at the back; bow and strings of black velvet.

Many of the silks are like crêpe in texture, and in all of these the same clever and delicate combinations of colours are to be found, either in the fashionable pompadour patterns or in fine stripes. The twisted ribbons are a great improvement on the stiff little bows that have been so fashionable as a pattern on brocades; the ribbons are shaded and outlined, and are generally in satin on a shot silk ground.

Broché bengalines, with patterns of spots or pompadour sprays in satin, brocades with a pattern of spots dotted over a ground woven in imitation of Brussels net over satin, Crocodile brocades, with the markings of the skin in gold on a white or coloured ground, printed foulards, and black grenadines with clouded sprays of flowers, are all fashionable novelties for the summer. The grenadines are particularly interesting, the vague clouded pattern in white or grey silk, or in a more distinct colour, such as turquoise blue, venetian red, or pistache green, being very novel and effective. These materials are much used for garden party dresses for matronly wearers.

Plain cloth of the finest texture, and in the most delicate colours—especially in a shade of grey that is almost as colourless as white—is much used for young ladies' dresses; an instance in point is a toilette with a slightly-trained plain skirt, and long jacket opening over a vest of pale, bright-green silk. The greater part of the added basque is covered with lace in the same shade as the cloth, and falls over a band of green ribbon.

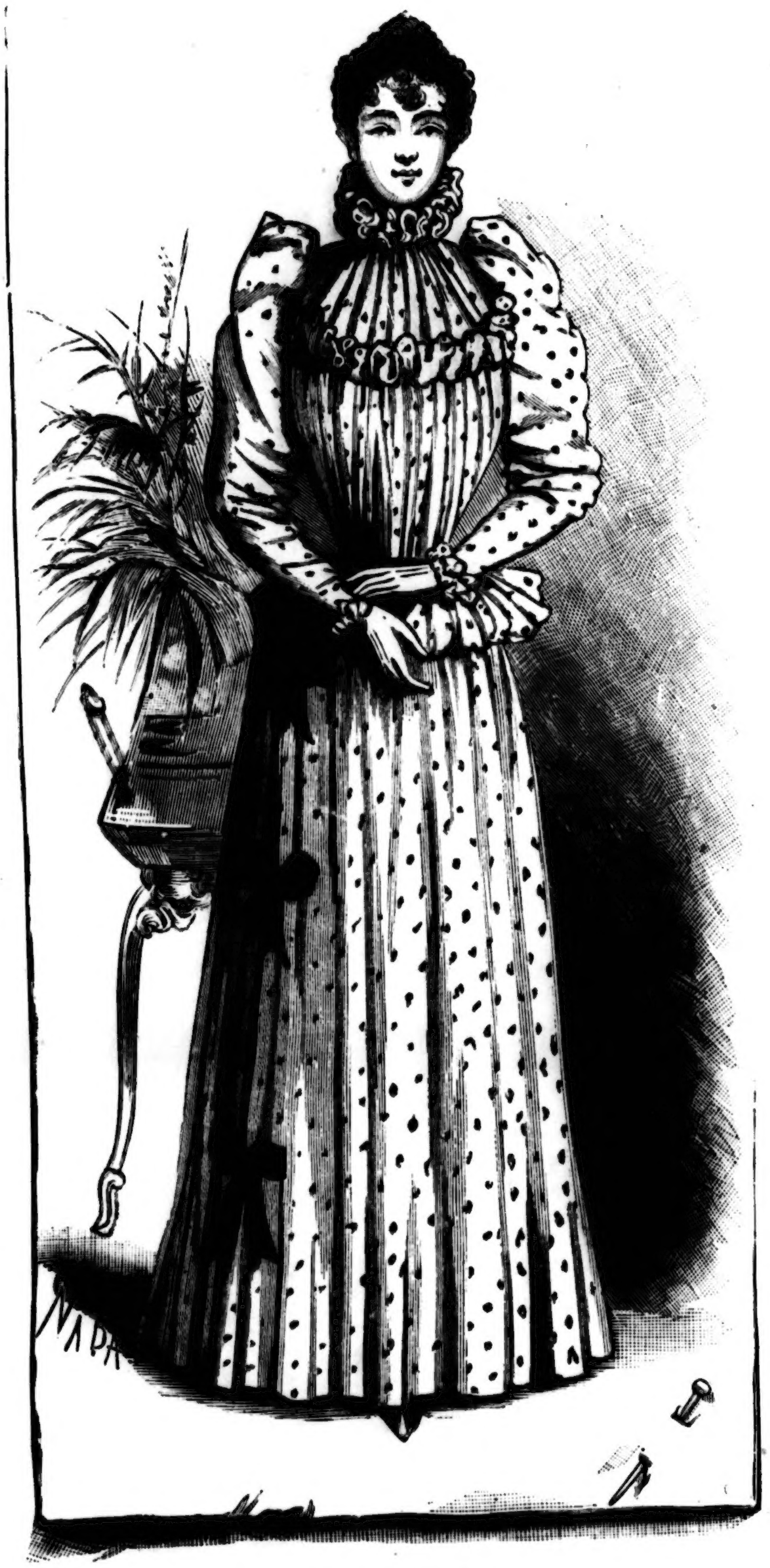
A point worth noting about deep basques is the fact that although cut to fit the figure exactly where they join the corsage, the lower part is comparatively full, and forms a few easy natural folds; these help to make the waist appear more slim, and this style of basque is likely to become popular on that account.

Another style of basque is that which is cut on the cross and gathered up at the top; this is generally reserved for striped and chequered materials, as there would be no object gained by making up a plain material in this way.

Dresses of printed foulard are being made with corselets and basques of black net, with large meshes run with very narrow satin ribbon, corresponding in colour with the pattern on the foulard. The style is less often adopted with dresses of plain silks and woollen fabrics, and very frequently the skirt is edged with a flounce of the net run with ribbon.

Accordion pleatings seem likely to be fashionable again, for the very latest style of costume is that made entirely in accordion pleats of very fine woollen. The corsage is ornamented with square figaro jacket-fronts, and backs of fine guipure. The sleeve is curious; the upper part is in accordion pleats, the lower part is absolutely tight-fitting and very long, and is made of gold tissue embroidered with jewels. The collar and band are of black satin. There are at least several elements of novelty in this dress, which does not threaten to become vulgar.

There is no diminution in the vogue for printed foulards, nor in the immense quantities of lace used in trimming these dresses. Collars and yokes of all descriptions fill in the open bodices, and lace is often employed in medallions, in running patterns, in spaced flounces, and in insertions let into the skirt. The deep ruffs and frilled epaulets are also made of lace. Point laces of all nationalities, French and Flemish laces, are used indiscriminately, both in white and in écru, and the result is always good, for the creamy-tinted lace harmonises perfectly with the peculiar freshness of foulard.



Morning Dress.

Dress of spotted foulard or sateen. Full skirt with velvet bows on the right side, and full bodice gauged at the neck and waist, and with a bouillonné across the chest; the basque turned under at the edge and forming a full puff. Gigot sleeve with bouillonné at the wrist, and the same round the neck Velvet band Quantity of material required, sateen 12 yards

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

One of the best ways of using lace is to let in two rows of insertion above the hem, with a robing of three vertical bands of the insertion let in down one side. Another good plan is to stripe the front of the skirt with graduated bands of insertion; the longest band is in the centre, those on each side are gradually shortened as they come nearer to the untrimmed back breadths. The trimming is repeated in a modified form on the sleeves.

Lace is used in many other ways, as large cravat bows, as collars and capes, as jacket fronts and waistcoats, and in various styles. The newest collars are composed of a frill of coloured mousseline de soie edged with white or black lace, and mounted on a collar band of lace over coloured silk or ribbon. This reaches as low as the chest in front, semetimes even to the waist, but this is less becoming.

Seaside fashions will in many ways be unusually elegant this season, owing to the growing mode of wearing jackets of plain or broché silk out of doors, over waistcoats of pale mauve, blue, corn colour, water-green, willow-green, or réséda silk richly embroidered, and finished off with lace cravats. Both capotes and wide-brimmed hats will be worn with these long and elegantly made jackets, that remind one of times when silks and velvets, brocades and embroideries were worn alike by ladies and gentlemen.

Lace basques are still very popular, but are now usually weighted down and partially covered by tabs of the dress material, jet ornaments and fringes, or beaded and jewelled trimmings falling in a series of points. The most fashionable fringes are those that have strands of unequal length.

Embroidery is largely used for ornamenting the revers and seams of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. coats; silk, silver, steel, and gold are united in these finely-wrought embroideries, which are in many cases careful reproductions of original designs of the eighteenth century. In some cases the whole of the sleeve is of embroidery, passementerie, or lace; in others the pocket flaps and cuffs are richly decorated with silk and jewel embroidery, the turquoise and amethyst being the stones chiefly used.

Jackets of light-coloured cloth are made in similar shapes with waistcoats of bengaline to match, or of soft silk in a contrasting shade. A stylish model is a jacket of grey cloth, embroidered with steel; the deep basque is divided at the side and forms a triple pleat at the back; and the fronts open over a chemisette of soft pink silk and silver brocade. The collar and gauntlet cuffs are of steel-embroidered cloth. Another grey cloth jacket is tight fitting, open at the neck, and fastened diagonally from the chest to the waist. It has double added basques, the under basque is very deep and plain, the upper one shorter and gathered on and trimmed round the edge with grey silk and steel braid. The deep, turned down collar and large revers are covered with close rows of the braid, following the outlines of the collar and revers.

Capotes remain, and are likely to remain, minute in size, a mere puff of tulle or gauze with a spray of flowers, or a tiny frame covered with lace, or embroidery, or composed of fancy straw, of embroidered or spangled chip; others consist entirely of flowers, or of little curled feathers with a gold or jewelled pin apparently holding them together.

The capotes worn with the Grecian coiffure are a little like a helmet in shape, the flowers at the back rising over the top of the crown after the fashion of a crest.

The only novelty in wide-brimmed hats is the manner in which the brim is smartly turned up against the crown at the back; the ornaments of flowers or of bows and feathers are more voluminous than ever, and chiefly at the back, covering the turned up brim and a good part of the crown. They are made in white, écru, and black plain and fancy straws.

Some of the new flower bonnets have the crown entirely composed of the stalks of the flowers and the brim of flowers, in others there is an almost imperceptible crown of crinoline, and the brim is covered with close rows of stalks, the flowers at the ends of the stalks forming a wreath round the edge of the brim. This is very pretty in cornflowers.

Many of the floral capotes are remarkably coquettish, but for curious blendings of colours we must look to the hats; a striking headgear is a flat hat of white straw with pink and green feathers laid flat on the brim, and at the back where the brim is turned up, a plume of pink feathers emerging from a rosette composed of a mass of ends of green ribbon cut in lance head points at the ends.

Pale shades of yellow, maize, straw, and corn colour, continue in high favour; the colour combines well with the mauves and heliotropes now so fashionable, and also with blue in certain shades.

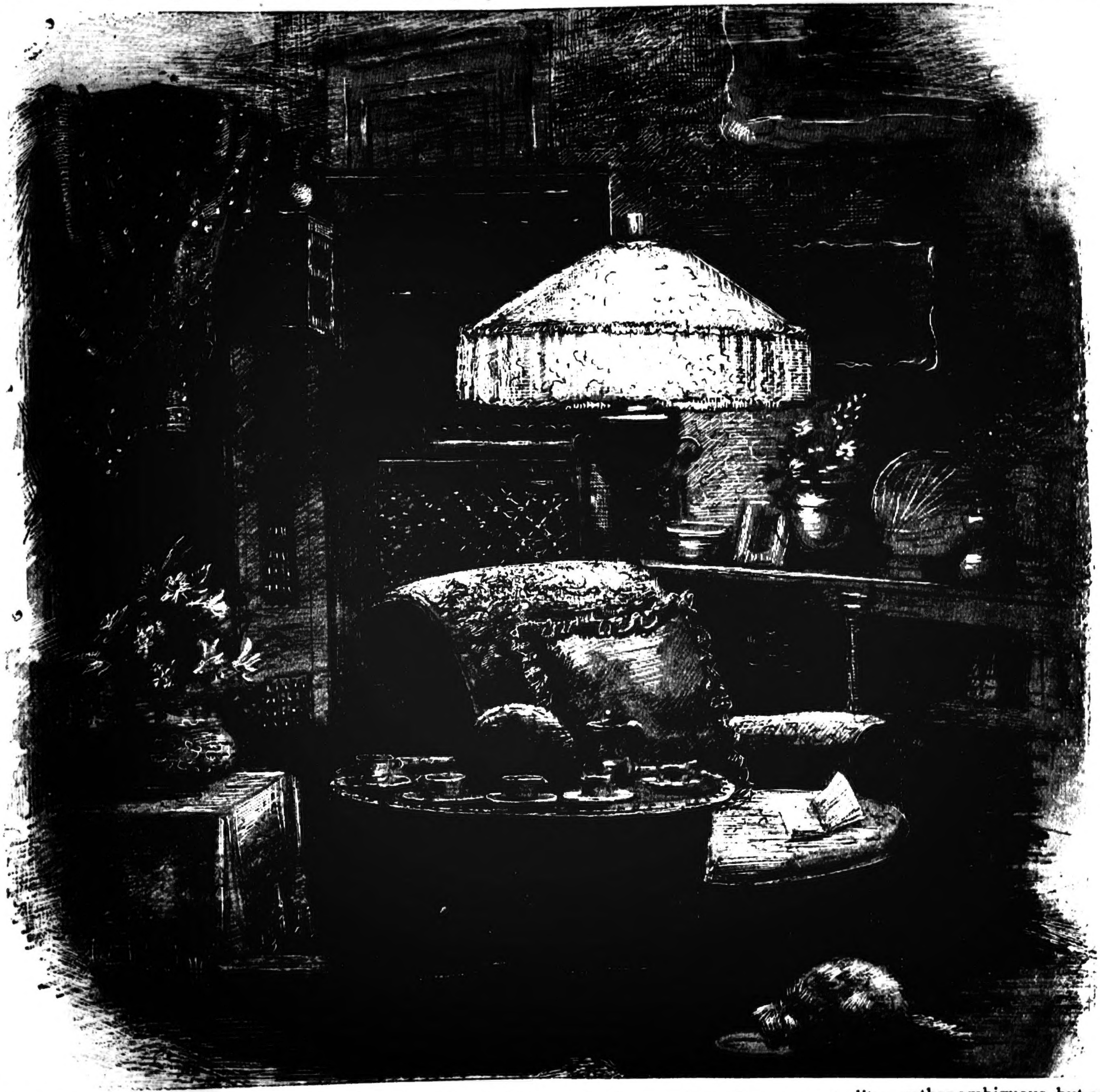
Medici and Valois collars are no longer the careful copies of bygone fashions that they were a short time since; a trace of these older styles may still sometimes be found, but generally in a very much modified form. As a rule, for summer toilets, straight collars covered with folds of ribbon, or with a drapery of lace or chiffon, are preferred; soft wide cravats, tied on one side, are much liked with dresses of surah, foulard, or crépe de chine. The material is arranged round the neck in soft folds, and always corresponds with the trimming of the dress.

Comtess de B.

Old Friends with New Faces.

By Mrs. Talbot Coke.

MY title is no sooner written than I feel that verily—in another sense of the words—I do not want my old friends "on paper" (many of whom I am glad to know will read these lines) to be changed in any way, though I fondly hope each week will add to their number. But some of my readers may have "old friends" in the furniture line—angular sofas, shabby arm-chairs, faded curtains, &c., &c., which may very well bear the improvement of "new faces."



Since I first addressed the readers of the *Queen* on decorative matters some three years ago, many moves, many changes, glimpses of life in Egypt and India, have been mine, and, lately, the priceless experience—from a decorative point of view—of "doing up" at my own sweet will a country house, one of the "new faces" of which—a corner in the morning-room—I now illustrate. Now I should like my older readers to understand I do not seek to condemn bygone tastes: it is merely a matter of the freaks of fickle Dame Fashion! And I already see—looking back—many faults in rooms I arranged with pride ten years ago, and—looking forward—behold a (so far *very* visionary!) daughter-in-law who shall perchance condemn my arrangements and "improve them off the face of the earth."

But a truce to moralising. I will describe the room, as it is quite a typical one in houses of the Georgian style and date, and a kind of room I am so constantly asked to "prescribe for." It had two large plate-glass windows reaching nearly to the floor, and a glass door, in the corner opposite that I illustrate, into a large quaintly shaped conservatory. Being one of those hopelessly *straight* rooms, the only chance lay in its colouring. I should have said the walls were hung with a handsome pale green and gold paper, which, to my eye, "snubbed" the rich sombre colouring of the charming old oil paintings which adorned the walls. Many a roll of wall paper did I hang up so as to see it between two picture frames, by day light, by lamp light. At length kind fate sent me a soft mingling in a festoon pattern of fruit, flowers, and tender blue ribbons, all dimly seen on a tan ground, the colouring so subdued as to give an effect of tawny neutrality; rather ambiguous, but colourists will know what I mean. The dimly seen reds, greens, and blue lead the eye pleasantly down to the ivory and gold bookshelves, and the varied bindings of the books below. The ceiling paper is a bold pattern in white and gold. The screen placed—as I am never tired of advising—near the door, is of *old* Cairene mushrabeyah work, with its memories of captives in some dull harem, whose only excitement lay in peering through its lattice. The drapery thrown carelessly over the screen is a coppery phoolkari, with its border of glittering talc embroidered around in yellow silk—a treasure from the Punjab, but now happily to be bought nearly as cheaply in London. The large chair is covered with a bold patterned tapestry in blue and gold; the cushion is gold with old embroidery in Japanese colouring; the carpet is pile in dull Oriental colouring.

Answers on Furnishing

By Mrs. Talbot Coke.

Special Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters requiring advice to be addressed to* Mrs. Talbot Coke, *Myra's Journal Office*, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

2. *Letters to be answered in the next number to reach the office not later than the 4th of the month.*

3. *Letters requiring advice on the arrangement of a room should be accompanied, if poossible, by a plan, and the name of each piece of furniture must be written on the plan in the place of its present position.*

4. *Questions to be answered should be underlined, ana briefly repeated at the end of the letter.*

5. *Patterns of materials, wall papers, etc., may be sent, and will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

6. *Correspondents are requested always to use the same pseudonym (to enable reference to be made to any former answer) and to give full name and address as well. Advice as to position of furniture cannot be given unless a plan of room, with size and present position of furniture marked, is sent, with stamped addressed envelope for its return.*

We are requested to state that *in no case* can Mrs. Talbot Coke undertake to answer letters *privately*. All answers will be *published in the Journal*; but, to secure an answer in any forthcoming number, correspondents are reminded that their queries must be sent in *not later than the 4th* of the month.

Garfield.—I am so glad you *will* part with that atrocious green curtain, as it enables me to scheme a pretty little inexpensive hall for you. Paper with Essex's greeny-blue Dunottar, 10d. the piece—paint the same shade as the scrolls—and rich gold Japanese leather paper panels; ceiling, Essex's cheap yellow blossom; stain the boards and have some of Maple's capital British-made Jeypore rugs, 15s. 9d. each, 6 feet long (ask for the "prayer rug" pattern) laid here and there. I would *not* have a frieze, as expense is a consideration—it is really *not* necessary. Window curtains of Shoolbred's "Negus" kind, the one with broad stripe of turquoise blue will suit you, 14s. the pair. I think Mr. Lamb would let you have an *odd* one for the arch. In writing again it is best to refer to date of last answer, or quote colourings already recommended, as though I can remember each *room*, I cannot always recollect to whom it belongs.

Merci.—I hope it has not been inconvenient waiting for the rest of your answers. You see if I wrote privately no one would wait for answers in the paper—"Othello's occupation gone." For the drawing-room have Essex's 166 greeny-blue Richmond, 3s. 6d. the piece, and his yellow Wincantoniensis ceiling, about 3s. the piece—ivory paint. I have no patterns of his Japanese papers, so please for the panelling write to Knowles for his ivory-and-gold scrolly pattern, the yellowy "old ivory" ground of which is the tone I would advise for your paint. For the dining-room have Knowles's, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, artistic Indian-red "Simla," 4s. 6d., with his yellow-star ceiling paper and paint the shade of the dark part of the paper Knowles's gold "fish-scale" panelling, about 2s. 6d., 36 inches wide; or if red paint is too bold a stroke for you, have it the shade of your furniture. For the library, a very cosy effect would be a red matting dado (Treloar's, Ludgate Hill, is a capital place for mattings) with bamboo dado. Shoolbred sells this, about 2d. the foot, and for paper Knowles's quaint old world "Flandres," 3s. 3d. the piece. Compare the matting carefully with the red flowers before choosing. Pink and white Diana ceiling is 1s. 9d., dull red paint, or if you do not fancy this again, have a *green* matting dado here, and green paint-panel the doors and cupboard with Knowles red, green, and gold leather paper. Send for illustrations of duchesse blinds from Shoolbred's for the best rooms, and for the rest of the house have his cream linen, which has a soft *transparent* pattern in it, it is quite inexpensive.

Bath Brick.—Alas! by "paper for passage, dark" I do not know if the *passage* is dark, or you want a dark paper; and the plan shows no windows at all in the passage, so I have not an idea whence it is lit. I should incline to paper the passage and staircase with Essex's delightfully quaint pink-and-cream Lythwell, 1s. 6d., and have nut-brown paint for doors, banisters and treads, and treat the square hall quite differently—*i.e.*, with terra-cotta Othmar, Essex, 3s. 6d., and a dado of his exquisite brown and gold "Acorn" at 3s. 6d. the yard, pink and white ceiling. With regard to the rooms for which I have already suggested paper and paint, please (when you ask me to carpet, curtain, and furnish) either return the former answer, or briefly repeat colourings and papers.

L. E. B.—I hoped *you* knew, ere this, that the answers can't possibly "trouble" me. I delight in them, and yours is a very simple affair. Go to Graham and Biddle's, Graham House, Oxford Street, and ask to see the blue and gold Woffington brocade at 8s. the yard, 50 inches wide; it will make you a *perfect* dinner dress. I would have it, as you like the style, quite plain with long wrinkly blue chiffon sleeves, and billowy chiffon frills round the body, just the thing for a tall slight figure. The wide stripes want careful management in the body you will find.

Eden.—Yes, I have been in several of the quaint houses in Bedford Park, and quite envy you having to arrange one. You ought, however, to have sent me ever such a rough plan, because it is impossible to imagine hall and passages from mere description, and I cannot bear writing an article I do not actually *know* will be helpful. You give no length or width of hall either, so it is hard to say "how to furnish it inexpensively." The prettiest *cheap* hall furniture for a small house is that made of bamboo and matting. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, makes a speciality of this, and would, I am sure, send you illustrations. Of course I cannot tell if you have a "likely" place for one of my favourite hanging *corner* cupboards, for cloaks, &c. This would cost you very little, being a mere large triangular board, fixed 6 feet 4 inches from the ground, with iron rod for curtain, and a bit of carved moulding, about 7d. a foot at Knowles's, in front to conceal rod, and a 3-inch board fixed across on the floor to keep flue out. Any carpenter, with average brains, can do all this. For the curtain, Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, has a charming, large patterned gold and terra-cotta tapestry, about 8s. 6d. the yard, *double* width (Mr. Lamb knows the one), which would be in perfect harmony with your colouring. As to the drawing-room, I would *not* cover all the furniture alike; the reason the room looks "patchy and wrong somehow" is because, with so flowery a paper, you have other flowery, "fidgety" materials. You want some decided touches of one colour; send for a pattern of Graham and Biddle's, Graham House, Oxford Street, beautiful blue "Empress" Velours, 5s. the yard, and cover an arm chair with that (of course if it doesn't quarrel with the paper, of which I should have seen a bit), and put a plain soft blue tablecover on one of the tables, or even an Indian-red plushette one. Holroyd Barker sells these trimmed with ball fringe at 10s. 6d. You might further cover the sofa with Liberty's Acanthus cretonne in terra-cotta, or soft blue Acanthus (I don't know *enough* of the room to be very decided!) at 1s. a yard, one of the prettiest cheap cretonnes I know. I hope these hints will be of some use, but a really useful answer can only result from a business-like set of queries. I well remember doing your other house years ago.

Frivolity.—The wall paper you send is rather of the order I call "the builder's joy"; and the worst of it is I feel sure it was expensive—it is too *drab* in the general effect to please my eye. I would have curtains of Burnet's, 42, King Street, Covent Garden, lovely new *silky* terra-cotta plushette, 3s. 11d. the yard, double width; it should be bound both sides with ball binding—have no valance, only a handsome brass pole and rings. For thin curtains have Liberty's terra-cotta and cream frilled "Sundew" muslin, 15s. 6d. the pair. The windows treated thus will cheer up the cold wall. You do not say if you would have a *pile* carpet (they will wear out four Brussels!); if so Shoolbred's "Khedive," 6s. the yard, looks lovely with the paper; or if it must be Brussels, his "Marie Antoinette" at 3s. 11d. is also harmonious. Get four brass finger-plates and door handles at Shoolbred's, too; they always have a good choice. One seldom sees a hearthrug now. Have a terrra-cotta plush mantel slip lined with soft fleece (Mrs. Hooper, Mond Cottage, Harborne, makes these beautifully). A brass or copper gaselier would look best with semi-opaque pink globes. No, I would far rather have a low broad seat in the bay window covered with Graham and Biddle's, Graham House, Oxford Street, *beautiful* terra-cotta ground, Halstead cretonne, 1s. 9½d., with frill to the ground. The curtains, both thick and thin, must, of course, only be long enough to reach the window ledge; do not tie them back. Turn the piano across a corner (outwards), and have a brocade curtain to hide the back—Shoolbred makes the piano rods for this purpose. One of Emerson's tall palm stands (see illustrated catalogue), 223, Regent Street, placed at one corner of the piano, would be a great improvement.

Americaine.—Knowles's yellow Diana ceiling, 1s. 9d., would suit you best, 166, King's Road, Chelsea. I do *not* think the deep cream cornice need be altered, but that is just one of the *impossible* things to speak decidedly about unless on the spot. Surely the paper has *faded* a good deal; it is so much less rich in colour than I imagined it. What I meant in the *Myra* answer was that the paper did not *necessitate* a frieze, but the blue and yellow Japan lily will lend interest to it of course. As to the frieze rail, I think the *third* shade of gold colour in the frieze will be softer-looking than brown. For the thin curtains in the bow window I recommend Shoolbred's charming new "Saturn's Ring" figured net, as they have deep lace frills either side, 19s. a pair (Mr. Homewood knows). Have cream, of course. If too expensive the Thistledown, 10s. 6d. a pair, are pretty, but of course no frills. I saw lately at Holroyd Barker's, 488, Oxford Street, a large pattern, gold brocade, which would suit you, 7s. 6d. the yard. I have no pattern of it, so cannot give the name; it was, of course, double width. The Eclipse Paint Remover, 25, St. Mary Axe, E.C., will, as a rule, take paint off *any*thing, but I believe some kinds of marble are more or less porous, so I think I should consult a decorator on this point, though it would *greatly* improve the room.

M. de B.—You have made the common mistake of having too many figured things in the room, thus producing a "fidgety" effect. The little low windows are fascinating, somewhat like those in the Aldershot huts! but you lose a good chance of repose for the eye by having chosen cretonne curtains to match the wall paper. I am sure these curtains could be used up in the "little pink bedroom," so *do* have curtains in the drawing-room of Shoolbred's Indian-red Bokhara plush, about 5s. 11d., double width. As you are so near town I am sure Mr. Lamb would let you see a yard sample, which you could pin up and judge for yourself if even that does not break the monotony you complain of. Again the square table in your sketch gives a chance for a bold touch of self colour. I would have an Indian-red plushette cloth. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, W., makes these for 10s. 6d. Burnet's Indian-red "Japan stripe" cretonne at 10½d. would cover the dress ottoman (I would *not* recommend anything cheaper), but I just see his red and gold "saddle bag" cretonne at 1s. 0½d. looks far better still with the paper, so hope you will not mind the difference. I shall like to hear what you decide about the drawing-room, and if you write *at once* when you see this, I shall know on what lines to "scheme" the pink bedroom.

Royal Rover.—You will quite spoil the red hall if you buy *light* oak furniture for it (to me it has a *bourgeois* effect at any time), and the tall dark carved chairs are even cheaper (at Bartholomew and Fletcher's, 219, Tottenham Court Road) than the very ordinary shape you send cutting of. Do look in and ask Mr. Verden to show you the chairs I admire for a small hall, about 22s. to 25s. each. Have two, and your old chest in the middle. I *like* your red paper; if you write again please say where you got it.

Lorena.—I am sorry to say the room always will *remain* "unendurable" if you really cannot repaper that poor *cold* background, and mahogany chairs "with leather seats" are simply horrors! Your paper could hardly have cost less than *6d. per 12 yards*, and for that sum you could have Knowles's, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, cosy terra cotta "little palm leaf," which would at once dispel the cold cheerless look you describe; and if you could further afford to cover the chair seats (have them plain, *i.e.*, not buttoned down) with a cheap handsome-looking material, such as Holroyd Barker's Indian-red "French brocade," 3s. 11d. *double width*, the room would look very different. The overmantel described in the April Myra would do capitally for your books. I originally gave the idea to Culver, joiner, etc., Richmond, Surrey, and he made them any colour, with red-and-gold leather paper behind shelves, and upright mirror in centre, for 25s. 6d. If you can re-paper, I would have paint, and overmantel Indian red; if not, I think, honestly, it is waste of money to alter the paint, as it is the hopeless paper, etc., which spoils the little room. There seems no room for any other arrangement of the furniture. You do not say what the curtains are. I think flat oak frames would be best for the photographic groups; any framer would show you specimens.

Spinnings ✻ in ✻ Town.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaus, 'tis vain to be a belle.—Moore—*Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.*

INDEPENDENT as women are becoming in their thoughts and actions, there are very few who have attained to such a supreme degree of emancipation that they can afford to dress only to please themselves, and when they do the result is usually melancholy. A strictly utilitarian view of dress is general amongst these ultra independent representatives of the sex; such trifles as taste, pretty colours, dainty fabrics, and, aboveall, fashionable styles, find no favour in their eyes, and for such as these the charming summer fabrics, of which Mr. Noble, of Manchester, sends me such numerous patterns, would have no fascinations.

Fortunately, the majority of women, especially young ones, are not so stoical. They want to make the most of themselves, to make themselves delightful objects, that everyone looks on with pleasure, to be, in short, as prettily and becomingly dressed as their dress allowances and prevailing fashions will permit. Thanks to the real grace and elegance of the fashions of the day, and to the beauty and very modest prices of Mr. Noble's materials, this praiseworthy object is easy of attainment.

White dresses are very much worn this season, and Mr. Noble has a capital selection of white fancy lace washing fabrics at prices ranging from 2¾d. to 9½d. per yard; these materials are in some cases thick, as the satin damassé cloths, for instance; others are more or less transparent, with patterns of stripes or checks in open lace work or in cord lines. Mr. Noble has an unusually large and varied selection of these pretty materials in pure white, and some few are repeated in écru, with a little colour introduced into the pattern. The special lace cloth, at 8½d., is thus made in white and écru; two of the white cloths are remarkably pretty, and resemble Valenciennes lace in pattern.

The Vera, at 6d., is a remarkably pretty écru canvas cloth, with small coloured embroidered pattern on the alternate stripes, or with coloured hair lines introduced in the pattern.

An extremely pretty dress material is the Tulip, a muslin with corded stripe and printed pattern of small tulips; the ground is either white or faintly tinted with the same shade as that employed in the flower, which is in several shades of mauve, grey, pink, green, &c.; the Cairo crêpe cloth is also a printed cotton fabric on white or coloured ground, that will make very cool and pretty summer dresses.

In zephyrs the principal novelties are the Invincible, at 5½d., a check in useful colourings, the Staffa, with tape stripes, at 7½d., and also in plain colours, and the Argyle, a check with cord stripes and pretty chiné effect; this costs 10d. per yard; the Richmond has a printed pattern on a check ground, the Loch Katrine is in large checks with tufted lines in a darker shade marking the pattern.

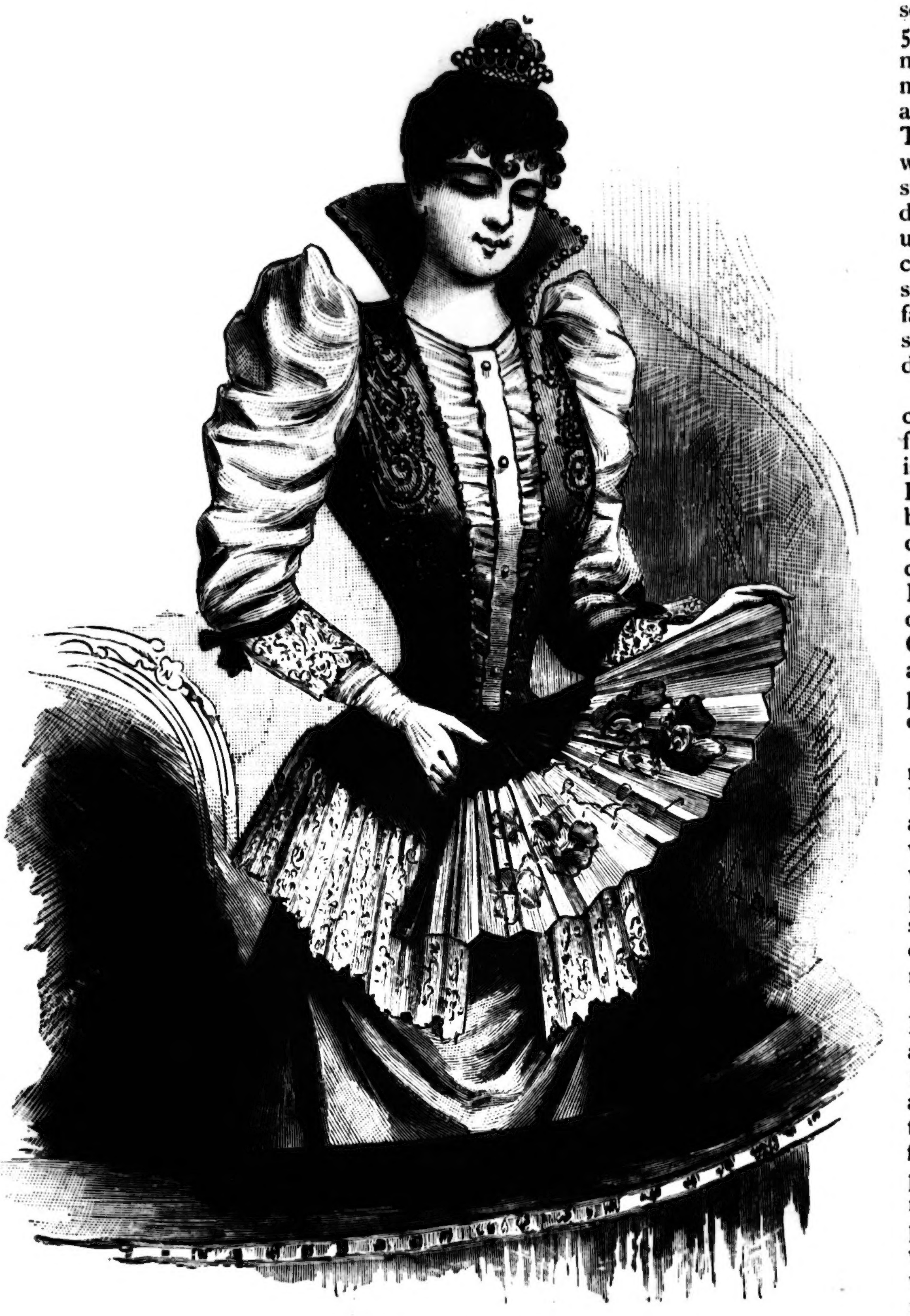
A very novel and serviceable washing material is the Torquay, a white matelassé with light pattern of checks or stripes in colour, at 10½d. per yard; for very hard wear the cotton dress twills may be recommended; these are very strong and durable, and are chiefly in dark colours red and blue especially, with hair lines in white, or a second colour; they are in several qualities, costing from 5¾d. to 8½d. per yard, and named severally the Economic, the Hercules, the Alexandra, and the Dungaree This last is also made in pure white, and has all the substance and appearance of drill, and may therefore be used in place of drill. The colours are fast, and a stronger and more durable fabric for boys and girls' seaside costumes could not be desired.

The variety of printed cambrics, at prices ranging from 4½d. to 7½d. per yard, is extensive, and includes the Piccadilly, Sterling, and Scarboro' printed cambrics, all very cheap, and in very pretty colourings and patterns; the Harrogate with white spots on a coloured ground, the Osborne for mourning wear, and the Daisy and Marietta, printed sateens in fashionable colours and patterns.

Amongst cotton fabrics, I may also place the excellent Victoria cotton flannels, which are made in great variety, and wash and wear remarkably well; these may be had in plain colours or figured. The shirtings are another speciality of Mr. Noble's, and include many useful novelties.

For tennis dresses the Benares flannels at 11½d. and the Borneo flannels at 1s. 6½d., will prove very attractive, to say nothing of the Ceylon and Cambridge flannels, which are also very pretty. The Violet, a printed mousseline de laine, and some pretty soft white woollens with silk broché pattern in white or colours will make more dressy toilettes, and besides these Mr. Noble has an excellent selection of plain and figured black materials, of blue and black serges, and of coloured woollens suitable for the present season. These are both plain and figured, and include some very stylish fabrics; the beiges are admirable in quality, and varied in price and texture; wearers of these delightful fabrics should see Mr. Noble's patterns.

The Dress Parcel System, that is so popular with woollens, also extends to washing fabrics; the parcels contain, in addition to the dress length of materials, linings, haberdashery, etc., for the dress and other useful articles.



DINNER TOILETTE.

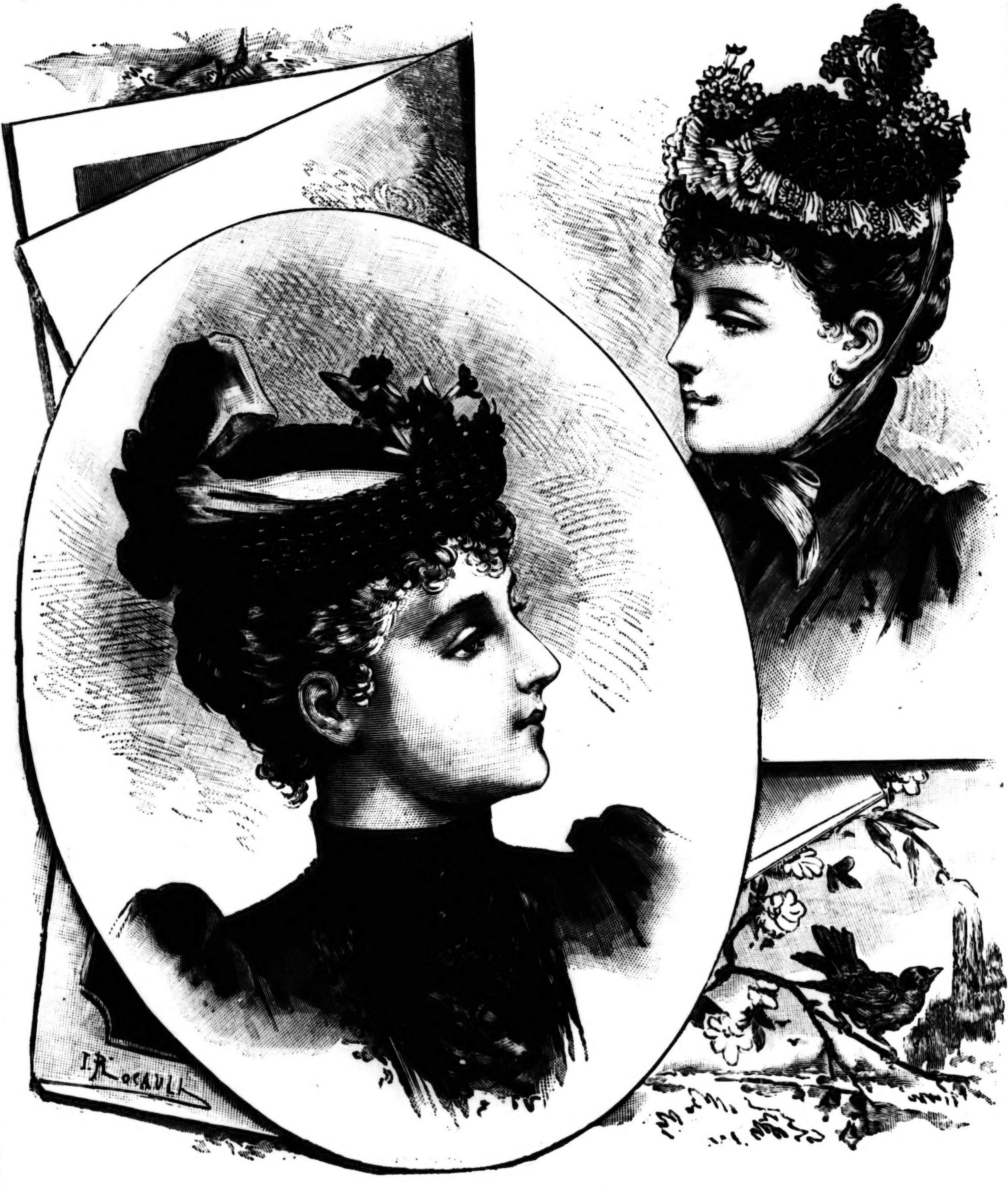
Jacket bodice of blue velvet with open fronts embroidered with gold. Full plastron of pink foulard with a buttoned pleat down the centre, and full sleeve of foulard, ending in a velvet band and lace cuff. Lace round the basque; high open collar, bordered with beads. Skirt of blue silk, with deep lace flounce. Quantity of material required, velvet 3½ yards, foulard 2½ yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

* IMPORTANT NOTICE.—*To avoid delay, Manufacturers and Advertisers are requested to forward samples and patterns of novelties* DIRECT TO "THE SILKWORM," 204, *Regent Street, W., before the 1st of the month.*

Ladies who need cheap and stylish dresses should undoubtedly send to Mr. Noble for patterns of his charming novelties. To save time and trouble letters should be addressed for the present to 78, Princess Street, Manchester, as the warehouse in Piccadilly is being rebuilt to meet the demands of the large increase of business.

There are two classes of travellers, those who cut down their necessaries to the lowest possible level, trusting to chance or the kindness of their fellow travellers to supply them with all they need; and those wiser and more thoughtful ones who provide themselves beforehand with everything they are likely to require and who are armed against all the little disasters and discomforts that are sure to crop up when one is away from home.



Straw Hat and Flower Capote.

Fig. 1. Toque of brown fancy straw; at the back a bow of bronze satin and cream crépon; drapery of similar crépon round the crown; a bunch of coloured primroses in front.

Fig. 2. Crown covered with black velvet flowers outlined with gold; brim consisting of a fluting of lace straw over a pleating of yellow tulle. Lace bow and bunch of flowers behind, and smaller bunch in front. Strings of yellow ribbon.

One thing that very few people think of, but which is often invaluable when staying at an hotel or in lodgings, is a something that will provide one at once with a cup of good nourishing beef-tea, without having to wait any longer than it takes to boil half-a-pint of water on one's own spirit-stove. For this purpose I heartily commend Armour's Extract of Beef, for it is undoubtedly nutritive and invigorating, and at the same time decidedly palatable. The extreme exhaustion felt after a long journey, that frequently makes sleep an impossibility, may be entirely removed by a cup of the beef-tea, and the hours that would otherwise be spent in restless tossings comfortably passed in peaceful slumber. In all cases of severe exertion the extract is an effective restorative, and people with weak digestions can take this when they cannot manage solid food of any kind.

Many uses may be found for Armour's Extract of Beef in the kitchen as a supplement to soups and gravies, or as a foundation for either; in fact, soup may be made of the extract alone, with the usual addition of vegetables, but without the necessity for using any other stock. A great point in favour of the extract is that it keeps for an unlimited time after the jar has been opened.

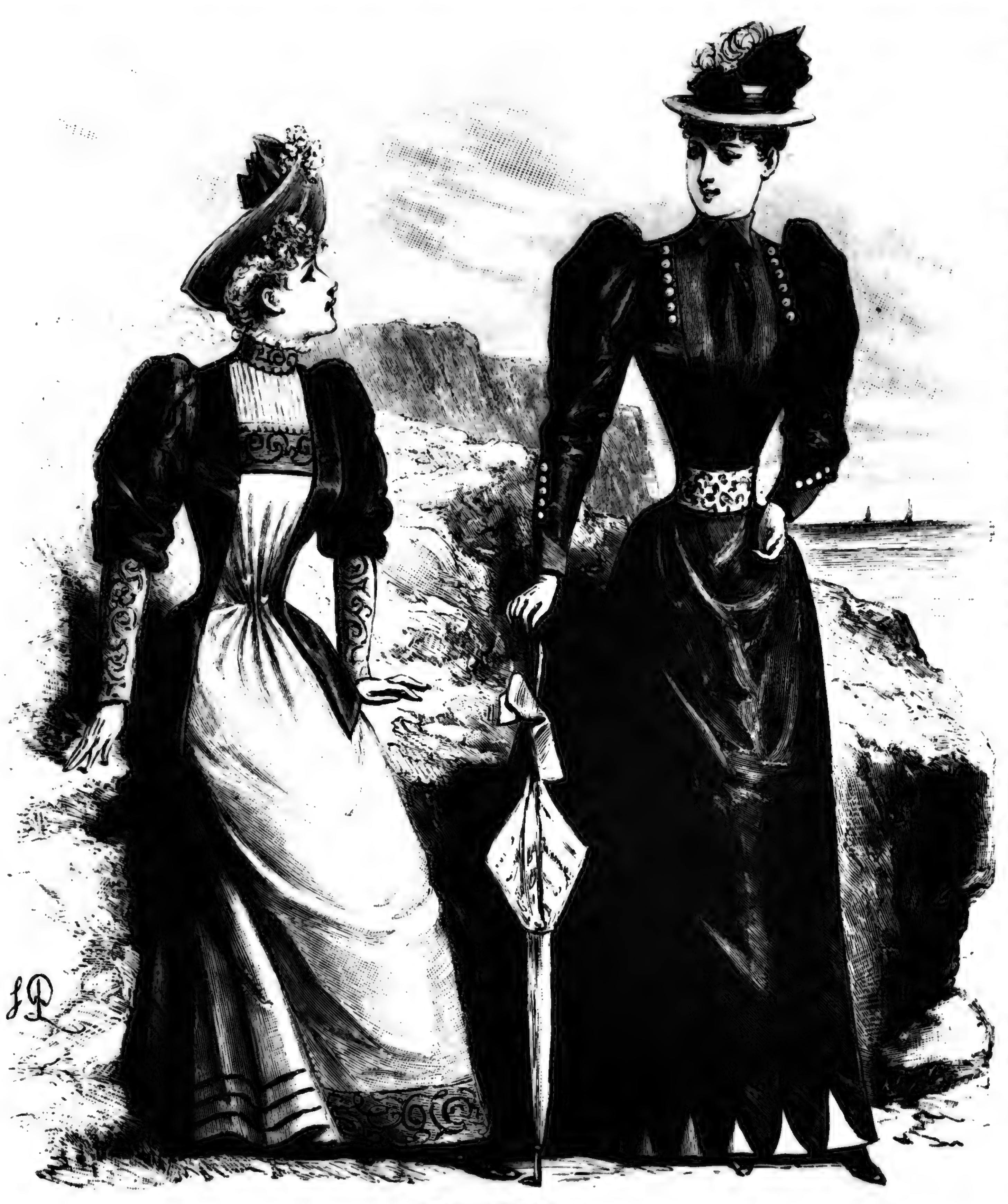
Ladies who are making preparations for travelling will do well to remember Messrs. Southall Brothers' specialities, which can be obtained of any good ladies' outfitter; some suggestions given by medical men and nurses have been carefully carried out with very good results, and these should be seen.

The Southall specialities for infants are invaluable in the nursery; the comfort and health of the babies may be greatly enhanced by the use of these inventions. Another novelty produced by the firm is the sanitary sheet for use in illness. The sheets are extremely soft and elastic, and are in every way calculated to ensure the comfort of the invalid, besides lessening the work of the nurse. They are made in ordinary sizes and in small sizes for infants' cots, where they take the place of the commonly used but unhealthy mackintosh. The prices are very moderate, from 6d. to 2s. each. Ladies who cannot meet with the particular specialities they require, or prefer obtaining them direct from the makers, may write to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

A frequent subject of anxiety in the summer months is the prevalence of freckles and tan, and many are the inquiries for a certain cure. Innumerable preparations have at one time or another been recommended for the removal of these unsightly troubles, but only with varying success so far as freckles are concerned. The removal of tan is a comparatively easy matter, but it must be admitted that freckles are a more difficult subject. In both cases prevention is the point to which attention should be directed, and we are pleased to be able to tell our friends of a method by which this can be almost with certainty attained. It is as follows:—Apply a very small quantity of that excellent lotion, Mason's Cream of Stephanotis, to the face, neck, and hands every time before going into the air. This is almost certain to prevent the formation of either freckles or tan. Should, however, either of these troubles have appeared, Mr. Mason has now a freckle cure which has accomplished excellent results, of which we strongly recommend a trial. This preparation is based upon a prescription of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, but has been greatly improved by a combination of wool-fat, which insures the medicament penetrating to the inner skin, the seat of freckles. Full particulars of these will be found in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this journal.

To keep the skin in a thoroughly clean and healthy condition friction is indispensable, and the beneficial action of friction is more than doubled when it is applied by a slightly roughened surface. The ordinary piece of flannel or soft washing glove not only is too smooth for the purpose, but both of these become after a time clogged up with soap, and are neither clean nor pleasant to use. The happy medium between too much and too little roughness, and perfect cleanliness, are to be met with in a most convenient form in Bailey's Patent Rubber Complexion Brush, which is used in the ordinary way as a washing glove, with or without soap. The short rubber spikes with which the brush is covered create an agreeable amount of friction without the smallest danger of excoriation of the skin, and certainly help to keep the complexion clear, fresh, and firm. Another great advantage is that the rubber glove does not absorb soap, and dries very quickly; this alone would make it preferable to a soft washing glove, which takes a long time to dry. For travelling, when the face is more than usually exposed to heat and dust, and more than ever in need of washing, and damp sponges and washing gloves are anything but a desirable addition to one's closely-packed belongings, the rubber complexion brush is invaluable.

The rubber bath and flesh brush, which may be used in the bath, or afterwards for a dry "rub down," adds immensely to the enjoyment and hygiene of the bath; the soft, close, rubber bristles promote a healthy circulation, and remove the stiffness arising from fatigue after unusual exertion; the action of the brush on the skin is in every way beneficial, giving a smooth firm surface and polish. Tooth and nail brushes are also made of the rubber, and are, like the bath and complexion brushes, extremely durable.



Sea-Side Toilettes.

Fig. 1. Princess dress of white serge with low square cut bodice, pleated in fine pleats at the waist. Bands of gold embroidery on blue cloth across the chest and at the foot in front, and collar and tight sleeves to match; blue braid round the back of skirt. Open jacket of blue cloth, with deep basques and puffed sleeves. Chemisette of white silk. Straw hat trimmed with blue ribbon and yellow flowers. Quantity of material required, white 6 yards.

Fig. 2. Costume of dark blue cloth, the front of skirt cut in pointed tabs over an under skirt of buff cloth. Plain bodice open over a plastron with turned down collar of blue silk. Gold buttons on each side at the top and on the sleeves above the blue silk cuffs. Black tie; band of buff and blue embroidery. Straw hat trimmed with dark blue ribbon and buff feathers. Quantity of material required, 7 yards.

For Prices, etc, of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

As a pleasant and perfectly pure soap to use with the rubber brushes, I cordially recommend the Albion Milk and Sulphur soap, though I must not be understood to intimate that the soap should only be used in conjunction with the brushes. On the contrary, I know of no better soap for the complexion to be used at any time, and it is one which has been highly commended for its curative properties, wherever there is any tendency to irritation, roughness or other slight forms of skin disease.

Any of my readers who wish to help the blind by providing them with a little interest and amusement should order on their behalf an excellent monthly magazine, the *Santa Lucia*, which contains a number of interesting articles in Braille type. The magazine is entirely the work of three ladies, the Misses Hodgkins, of Childwall, Richmond, S.W., and the subscription is but 2s. per annum.

I need hardly remind my readers once more of the advantages to be derived from wearing so pure and hygienic a fabric as Lanura flannel; these unedged woollens are absolutely free from the injurious mineral ingredients that are often found in dyed flannels, and they are also made of pure wool without the admixture of cotton or any other fibre.

The natural shades, which are the only ones to be seen in Lanura flannels, are soft and pleasing, and vary so much in tint and shade that a surprising variety of patterns is rendered possible. From a beige, so faint that it is nearly white, to a dark shade of brown there are several variations of colour that lend themselves well to the simple patterns of checks and stripes suitable to the material. The flannels may be used for many purposes besides underclothing. Very pretty, as well as extremely practical and healthy costumes and jackets for children are frequently made of Lanura flannel.

The Silkworm.

Burnt-wood Engraving.

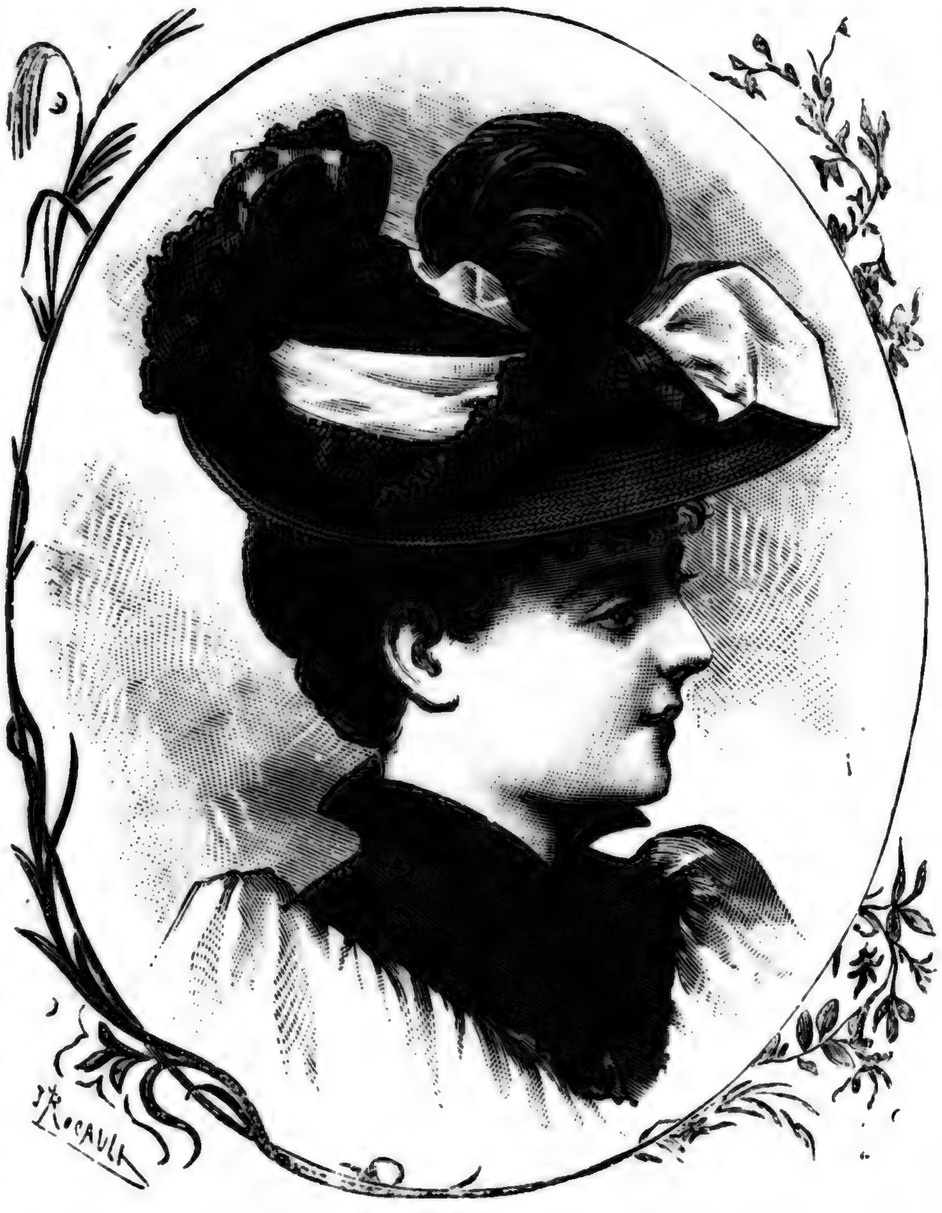
THE following instructions for burnt-wood engraving are taken from an article which appeared in a recent number of *Hearth and Home*:—

Among the many old arts that latter-day trade has revived none have caught the public fancy more than burnt-wood engraving. "Poker-painting," our forefathers called it in rude simplicity, though they often accomplished finer work with their clumsier tools than is generally attempted with the modern "apparatus."

. . . .

Some time ago the chemical discovery was made that platinum heated red hot, and then having the vapour of benzoline blown upon it, would keep warm for any length of time, so long as it continued to be fed with the spirit-vapour. The first application of the invention was for surgical uses, and the implement used in actual cautery is precisely the same as that for burnt-wood engraving.

The first apparatus of this kind came from Germany, that country, together with Russia and France, having adopted the newly-revived art before it made its way into England. In every workshop of the Bavarian wood carver the *Holz und Leder brennen apparat* is to be found, and in burnt-wood engraving all those little touches are given by which the work receives its finish. Much of the Bavarian work is very skilful, writing cases and numberless other useful and pretty articles being decorated with finely drawn faces and flowers. The German machines, though slightly more expensive, are infinitely superior to those of English make; they can be had with both the fine and the broad points, but, if properly used, only the latter is needed for work on wood, as the finest effects can be produced with it. Some of the new machines have the tube affixed to the side of the handle, but this arrangement cannot be recommended, as it tends to wear the needle on one side only. A complete burnt-wood apparatus consists of two platinum points, a spirit lamp for methylated spirits, a glass-stoppered bottle for benzoline, into which fits an india-rubber stopper connected with two tubes. One tube fits on a vulcanite or cork handle, into which the point screws; the other ends in a pair of bellows, for sending the benzoline vapour into the hollow platinum point.



THE OLGA HAT.

Hat of black crinoline, trimmed with black lace and maize-coloured ribbon, and a plume of curled coque feathers in front.

. . . .

The first shock to the beginner in "poker-painting" is usually the smoke. I have read a great many articles on burnt-wood engraving in various periodicals, but none of them happen to mention the discomfort this causes. I was very much surprised myself when I found it out. A fact, however, it is, and a verypungent and disagreeable one, and everyone who adopts this delightful art must be prepared for it, though it is consoling to know that it is not really injurious to the eyesight. Different woods smoke in different degrees; deal is particularly bad, and strong of turpentine; basswood (of which so many pretty little things are made) smells rather sweet, but is extremely pungent, and makes the eyes run terribly; with hard white willow there is hardly any smoke at all, but it is scarcely wood for a beginner. Beech is my favourite, the smoke is rather sweet-scented, and the wood smooth, burning a lovely colour. The little bellows which look so pretty when decorated are made of beech-wood, and are capital things to begin with. We must warn our readers to avoid elm, as it is so hard that it is almost impossible to burn it. Oak, on the contrary, turns a smutty black at once, and is too coarse in the grain to take patterns nicely.

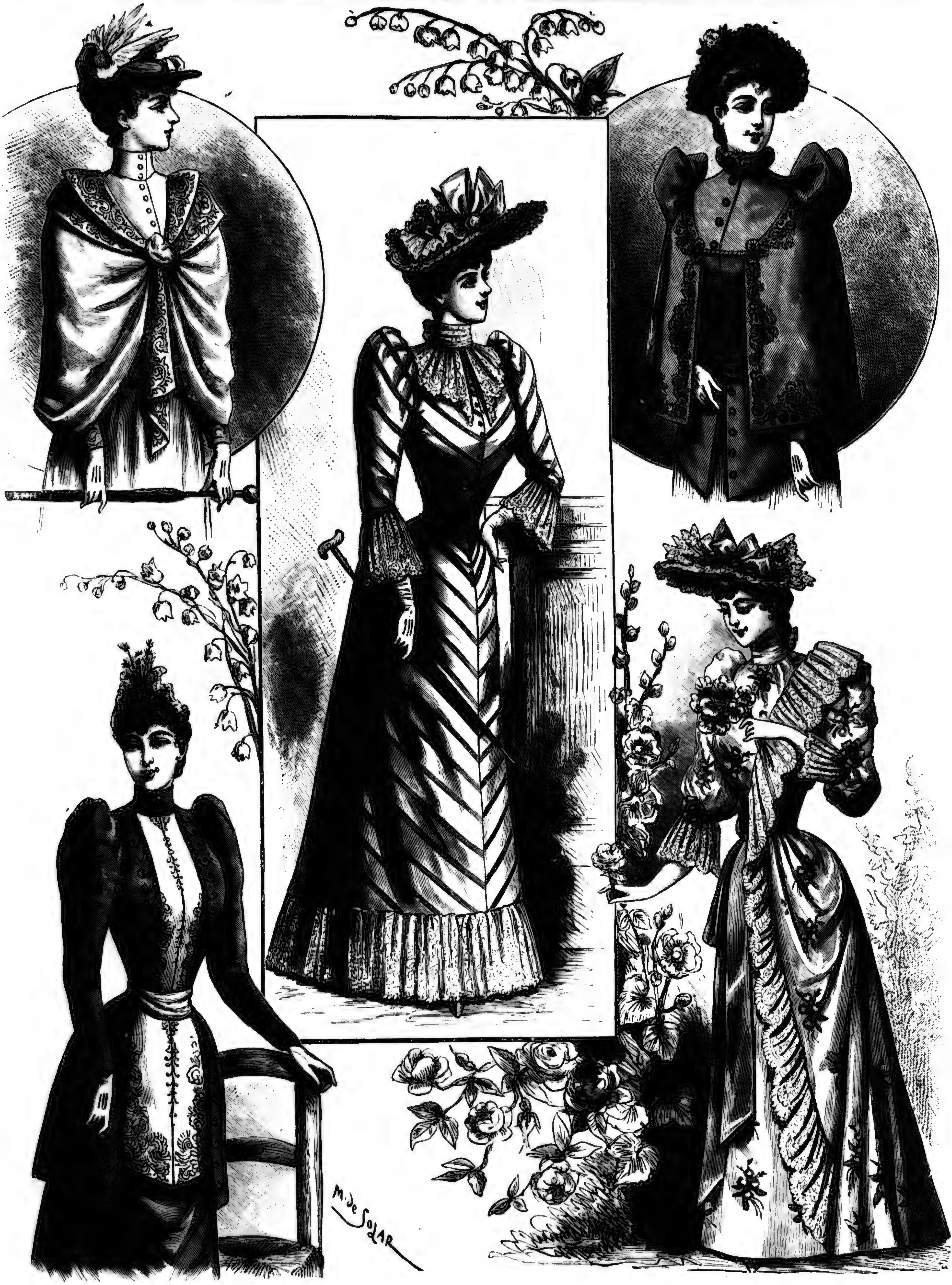
A few lessons in this art are a great help, as the needles are soon destroyed by an inexperienced hand. The worker can soon learn how to blow the bellows with one hand while drawing with the other (the primary difficulty with most people), how to regulate the heat of the point, and to make nice firm lines that shall not have a hole at one end showing where the hot point lingered too long on the wood.

The background when working should be nicely stippled in with an even colour, which leads to a better result for beginners than the shading from dark to light, which looks easy, but wants real care and skill to prevent it from having a hurried unfinished effect.

The art is essentially a bold one, and looks its best done upon large things in bold patterns, white upon a dark background best repaying the worker. Patterns that display dragons, griffins, bold conventional scrolls, and the like are some of the most satisfactory, for they are at once striking and yet demand a good deal of careful work The outline is done first, and then the background and any details of shading or decoration are filled in. As the worker gets more control over the tools very pretty patterns can be done with entirely geometrical designs after the Arabic fashion, shading the circles and triangles from very dark to plain white, when the result will have the effect of Moorish inlaid work. A brown pattern upon a white background should be worked very delicately to attain a satisfactory result. Flowers and other naturalistic patterns look extremely well done in this way upon white willow wood, and it is possible to work them up until they have the effect of a picture. But, though every beginner in the art attempts this style, it really requires a great deal of care and knowledge of the tools before it can be done with any satisfaction.

Among its many advantages burnt-wood engraving, like charity covers a multitude of sins. It can be done upon any coarse piece of old wood, thereby transforming old boards and boxes into decorative objects that will smarten many a shabby corner. Being perfectly indelible it is useful for anything likely to have rough wear and tear. It would be a capital way to do up a rough summer-house, with table, brackets, stools, &c.; for if left neglected in the garden all the winter it would come to no harm, and only requires a little polishing up to tidy it when summer came round once more.

Some people varnish their poker-painting or give it a coating of french polish or wax polish; these little additions are not, however, necessary, as the work looks very well when left plain.



FASHIONABLE OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

The Ladies' Gallery.

THE birth of the first grandchild of the Prince and Princess of Wales is an event of more than ordinary interest. After the Prince of Wales come in the succession his two sons, and both are unmarried. Next to them is the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, now the mother of a daughter, who is at present in the direct line of succession to the crown of England. Should the Duke of Clarence and Prince George die without leaving children, and the Princess Louise have no sons, we should see, after the Prince of Wales, two more Queens upon the throne. The accession of the Princess Louise of Wales would not be any more extraordinary than that of Queen Victoria, who was the only daughter of the third son of George III. She was therefore almost in the same position as the little Princess who was born on May 24th to the third child of the Heir Apparent. In such a case, the father counts for nothing; it is the daughter of the Princess Louise, granddaughter of the Prince of Wales, the great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, in whom we are interested. In Holland there is now a small Queen, and in Spain only the life of a fragile little boy is between a Princess and the throne.

* * *

To be a Queen is one thing—perhaps only a partially desirable thing; to be a Queen-Consort is often a heart-breaking matter. There is Queen Natalie of Servia, a woman of intellect and ambition. While still young her husband abdicates, she loses all but the name of Queen, is even denied access to the son she gave to Servia, and driven from her adopted land. There is the Empress Frederick, with the highest abilities and the noblest conceptions of sovereignty. In the fulness of her powers, after the briefest taste of a position naturally anticipated through many years of repression, she finds herself merely a Dowager, without any scope for the carefully fostered gifts, without a definite place in the world, almost without a home. We are accustomed to express the utmost loathing of the treatment accorded to Hindoo widows: yet European widows, surely, do not receive the maximum of respect, or even of justice.

* * *

To dress in a tiger skin is to take a step on the road to notoriety; to write a clever book is to pass a milestone on the path to fame. Miss Muriel Dowie has done both. She was notorious; she is—well, if not positively famous, at all events popular. She has performed a lively achievement in a lively manner, and has recorded it in a lively, entertaining style. So now she is in some sense a heroine. Luckily, however, the Karpathian girl has too much intellect to be easily spoilt, as anyone who has conversed much with her must be immediately aware. She is entirely free from conventional prejudices, as she has shown by dressing herself up as a man, but she is also free from the egotism which acts as a magnifying glass, and renders small deeds—if one's own—big as the dwellers in Brobdingnag. Miss Dowie's talents are not confined to sitting astride upon a horse and wearing the hide of a wild beast in an unsavage manner. She loves music almost as much as her cousin, Miss Liza Lehmann. She can act, and has even represented the character of Hamlet. She can lecture, she can recite, and she can tell excellent stories. Her recitations are uncommon. She never selects well-worn poems, but chooses subjects that would only appeal to an intellectual mind, and she delivers them in an entirely untheatrical way. In fact, she recites like a student touched with dramatic force.

* * *

It is to be ardently hoped that a certain social event which took place last week will not become the "rage." Cards were issued for a "literary tea," and, of course, the hostess didn't mean by this that the beverage in the teapot was literary, or that the muffins would join in the discussion on Ibsen's "Ghosts." If they *had*, we daresay their contributions would have been worth listening to, as we know the result of eating too many muffins is often to see "ghosts." But the "literary" referred to the mental fare which the guests were expected to consume. This is terrible. To think of that pleasantest of all little social gatherings, when, the great male sex being absent, we are wont to frivol lightly through all topics, from bonnets to babies, being turned into a ponderous lecture, with the disadvantage that you can't decently go away in the middle if the entertainment is dull, as is permissible when you have paid your money! A young lady who attended this cultured reception, and is ordinarily very sweet-tempered, came back—well, put out. She says she was cross-examined on "some modern foreign rubbish," and adds she wonders how many of these people would recognise a quotation from "Macbeth." We do not know what she means by all this, but we gather that she was had up for a sort of *vivâ voce* examination, hadn't crammed, and was —plucked.

* * *

Vienna was lately the scene of a gathering of some three hundred women, of all classes of society, whose object was boldly announced as "the furthering of Women's Rights." These women, unlike our own, stayed not to question on matter of party politics. Their desire was simply and solely to get what they wanted. And their demands were sweeping! A perusal of the memorandum they decided to address to the Government will show that Austrian women are nothing if not thorough:—

> The women of Lower Austria demand that Parliament shall introduce such modifications into the existing administrative and constitutional laws as will ensure the following measures:—
>
> 1. That the middle and lower schools be opened gratuitously to women, and that the number of professions accessible for women be increased.
>
> 2. That women be allowed to take part in political affairs; that all Austrian subjects of age and in the enjoyment of their rights as such, without consideration for the amount of taxes they pay, and regardless of their position or sex, shall be entitled to equal and direct Parliamentary suffrage.
>
> This assembly ventures to point out that society, which cannot dispense with female labour, will not be able to repudiate woman's rights for ever. Women claim the privilege of voting because they are inwardly convinced of the equality of all the human race.

Manhood and Womanhood Suffrage, and the principle of the equality of the whole human race! The women of Austria set us an example; they are united; they all want the same thing, and they want it for everybody. No Primrose Dames or Liberal Federationists for them; they are just women, joining hand in hand to gain what they believe needful. Will this policy of "Thorough" bring them sooner to their goal?

And from New Zealand comes news of a meeting held in Nelson, when the women passed the following resolution:—"That this meeting believes that the time has come for women to be admitted to equal privileges with men, as regards the exercise of the Parliamentary Franchise. A petition to Parliament was signed in favour of Women's Suffrage.

In the Territory of Oklahoma the House of Representatives has passed the bill admitting women to the Suffrage; it has yet to pass the Senate.

* * *

A strange dispute took place in Kilrea parish (co. Derry) two Sundays ago. The incumbent of the Church of Ireland, whose congregation for several Sundays past had numbered about six people, was obliged to break open the vestry door with a crowbar, the vestrymen having dismissed the sexton as well as the organist. The reverend gentleman, finding that the key would not fit in the lock, had recourse to the means mentioned to get into his church, and after ringing the bell himself, he read the church service and preached a sermon as usual to his six parishioners, and left the church under police protection. He refuses to leave the parish, as his annual income of £200 a year is assured to him for life.

* * *

It is not often that the *Lancet* indulges in humour; when it does, however, there is no mistaking it. A theory has lately been started that music may be of value in the treatment of disease, and the *Lancet* has delivered itself of some remarks upon the subject. Here are specimens:—"It is only one of those intangible but effective aids of medicine which exert their healthful properties through the nervous system." "It is as a mental tonic that music acts." "We can readily understand how a pleasing and lively melody can awake in a jaded brain the strong emotion of hope, and, energising by its means the languid nerve control of the whole circulation, strengthen the heart-beat and refresh the vascularity of every organ. We can picture the same brain in forced irritation fretfully stimulating the service of the vaso-motor nerves and starving the tissues of their blood supply."

* * *

By a majority of twenty-six of the Members of the House of Commons, the motion that the law should be altered to admit of women being elected to the County Council of London was negatived. It was a very small house, but Mr. Labouchere's assumption that those who did not attend to vote for the motion might be considered as dissentients was not wholly unfair. Illness has no doubt wrought havoc among the members lately, but one hundred and thirty does not represent the full strength of the able-bodied section. The old argument that Women County Councillors would be followed by Woman Suffrage, was of course used, as if it were any reason. If London wants women among its Councillors it has a right to have them, and when it asks for the suffrage for women it ought to get it, and will get it. At present it asks merely for the Councillors, and no timidity on the part of Mr. Labouchere and others can ultimately prevail against its will. Mr. Stuart, Sir Richard Temple, and Mr. Maclaren ably contended that the work done by women on the School Boards, and the conspicuous success of the ladies elected to the Council, were real and unanswerable arguments. It is pretty clear that the Tory-Unionist combination is not one favourable to women's claims to a fair discussion of matters affecting their interest.

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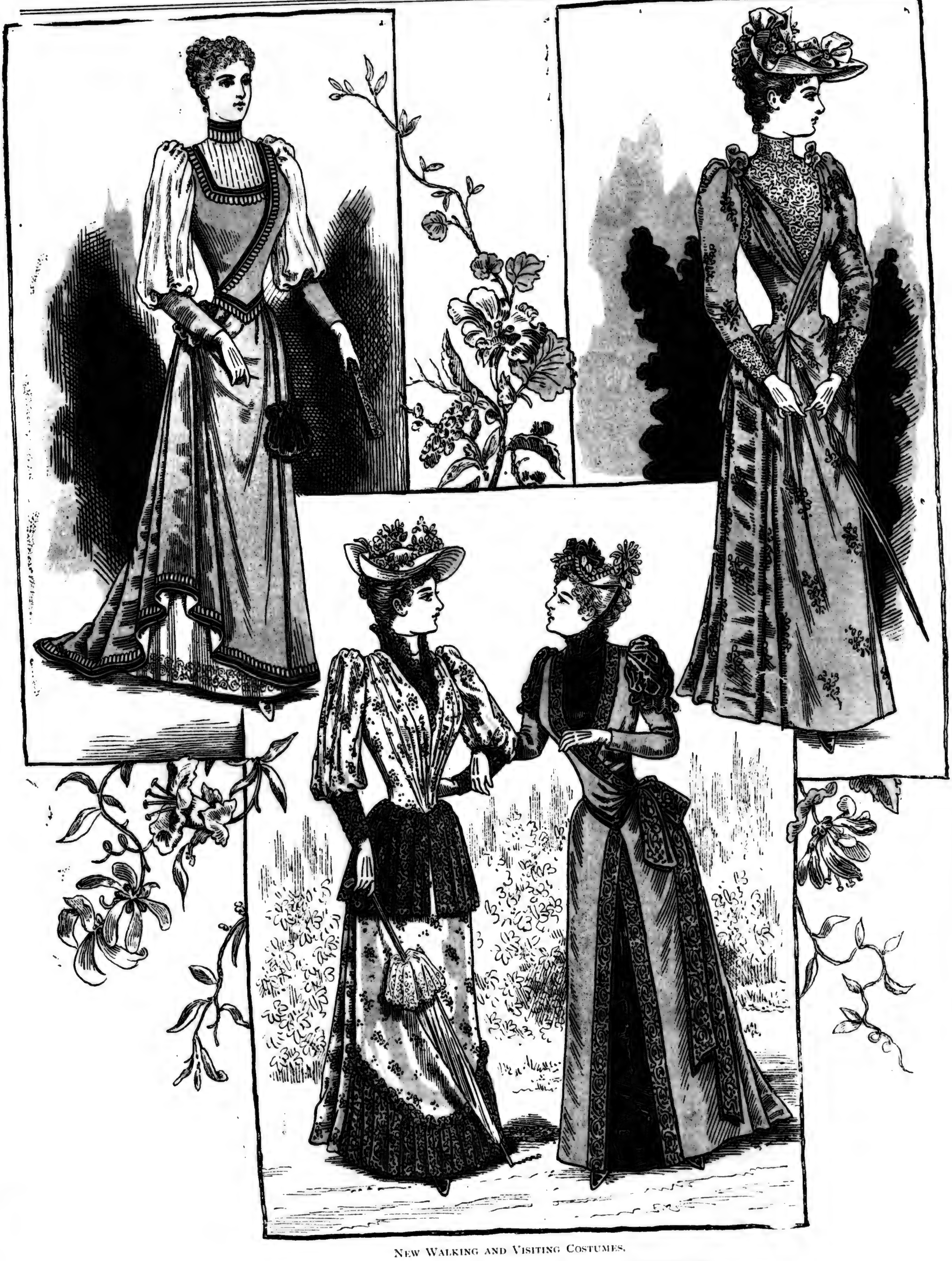

New Walking and Visiting Costumes.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued.*

MISS BELLEW rose from the table.

"Well, I think I should like to go—if it really *is* cool," she reiterated, in a kind of half-jocose, half-shuffling manner, and then quickly left the room, as if she was ashamed to stay longer in the presence of her wounded lover. In a few minutes she had returned, with a coquettish hat set upon her flowing hair, and a lace shawl thrown about her figure, accompanied by Alice and Miss Crofton, whom she had acquainted, to their great surprise, with her change of purpose. As they left the house to walk to the hop-gardens, Leofric Temple formed an advance guard with Miss Bellew, whilst John Wardlaw, of his own accord, fell back in the rear with his sister and Miss Crofton. But as far as he was concerned the walk was a silent one. He was bitterly disappointed. It was not the first time that Rowena Bellew had made his heart ache, but she had never so unmistakably shown her preference of another's company to his own. He had never loved his half-brother. He felt this evening that he hated him. His two companions, except for an occasional remark to one another, were almost as silent as himself. They had attempted to enter into conversation with him, but when two or three of their questions had received very curt answers and two or three more no answers at all, they gave the matter up as a bad business. Yet he did not mean to be rude or unkind to them. He had been wounded in his sorest point, and his mind was big with the thought of his own pain; but the few words he uttered, though constrained, were gently said. John Wardlaw's was essentially an open nature. He could not, for the life of him, look happy when he felt miserable, or feign indifference when his heart was overflowing with joy.

So, stung to the quick by the behaviour of the woman he believed to be his own, he followed his sister Alice and Miss Crofton in moody silence, reviewing in his own heart the circumstances which had annoyed him, and trying to palliate the unkindness of the words, we find excuses for the seeming unkindness of the deeds. And the shadow of his discontent fell upon his companions, so that when (as they were entering the hop-gardens) Alice gave vent to an exclamation, it came upon her brother so suddenly, that he was roused at once to what was going on around him. Her words, delivered with girlish glee, were:—

"Holloa! there's Netta;" and, as she spoke, she quitted Miss Crofton's side and ran into the enclosure. Then John Wardlaw saw they had reached Farmer Marsh's field: that Miss Bellew and Leofric Temple were some way in advance of them, and that they had stopped before a figure, which, from Ally's exclamation and sudden flight, he concluded was that of Henrietta Stuart. So they were to meet after all; her parents' endeavours to prevent it were to be ineffectual against the chance which had directed his steps on that particular evening to Farmer Marsh's hop-garden.

As he neared the spot where she stood, John Wardlaw felt an emotion akin to that which he had experienced when bidding her farewell. As a child, a girl, and budding woman; as far back as he could remember, she had always been a true and faithful friend to him; and as he moved to meet her, conscious of that great pain at his heart, he almost felt as if the very face of Pussy Stuart, with its old familiar smile and girlish archness, could have the power to convey some balsam for his wound. But he was doomed to be again disappointed.

As he reached the little group, he found that the women were already exchanging common-place civilities; his brother had, therefore, forestalled him in introducing Rowena Bellew to the notice of the heiress. But he stood amongst them several minutes apparently unobserved, for Henrietta Stuart was talking very fast, and very confusedly, to his brother and Miss Bellew by turns, and did not seem to notice his arrival. Not, indeed, until he had gently touched her arm, and said: "Miss Stuart, am I quite forgotten?" did the girl turn round and confront him.

What a flood of crimson overspread her glowing face as she did so! With what nervous trepidation did her hand seek his, and then lay trembling in the strong grasp he gave it! Was she ashamed to meet him in such company? Had her parents' extra prudence infected the daughter also, and did she blush to find herself in the presence of an actress, and shaking hands with the man who had sworn himself into her service? He thought so; and the hand he held was loosed sooner than it would have been, from the mere suspicion. If she was ashamed of him, or of his choice, let her be so. Father, mother, and daughter alike, he would sue neither for their friendship, patronage, or advice. He could do without it; and so, for the matter of that could anyone who belonged to him.

But Miss Bellew did not appear to take the same view of the case, and John Wardlaw was sorry to see it. He was sorry to hear her inquiring, quite animatedly for her, after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, and saying how much she had heard of the beauty of the garden and grounds at Castlemaine. Henrietta Stuart's answers to the actress's compliments appeared very cold and constrained in his ears, and sooner than hear them he wandered away from the group. Two or three large dogs that had accompanied Miss Stuart to the hop-garden (she seldom moved out without a good sprinkling of canine favourites in her train), and had known our hero in the bygone days, recognised and followed him slowly—stopping when he stopped, and inserting their rough tongues by way of welcome into the hand which hung listlessly by his side. He had only had time to note, with a secondary feeling of surprise, as he recalled Alice's late words, the slender figure of Winifred Balchin move noiselessly away from behind some yet standing hop-vines as soon as she was apprised of his approach, when the voice of Henrietta Stuart was heard calling to her truant followers. She was going to leave the garden then; to escape directly they entered it; she had been forbidden, most likely, to stay in the company of Rowena Bellew. In his sarcasm, he wondered that her parents permitted her to breathe the air which she contaminated. Doubtless, if they could prevent it they would.

Two of the dogs obeyed the clear, girlish voice of their mistress, but the third, a black-and-tan setter of the name of Don, was faithless, and refused to stir. He was Henrietta's greatest favourite, and had accompanied her everywhere for years, and the brute knew John Wardlaw almost as well as he did his young lady, and seemed to guess on the present occasion that all was not right with him, and that he required comfort. Twice did our hero repeat, in a tone of authority, "Go back, Don, go back"; for this time again Don was disobedient, and refused to stir. In another minute Henrietta Stuart had traversed the short distance between them and by his side.

"Don has not forgotten you, Mr. Wardlaw," she said, softly.

She was trembling in every limb, and her cheeks were burning, but she no longer showed any traces of emotion at the sight of her old playfellow. Her first feelings at meeting him had horrified her; she had felt as though the hot blood that coursed about her face must tell her tale to every bystander; as though the wild, irregular leaping of her heart would suffocate her; as though in another minute tears must fall, and her dear secret be her own no more. But women undergo torture like the above every day and make no sign. It is their mission "to suffer and be strong." Thoughts of her parents' pride in her, of her cousin's trust and fealty of her own name and honour, flew into the mind of Henrietta Stuart, and transformed the trembling girl into a martyr. For it has been thoughts like these that have enabled men and women to die with courage before now. To some souls, their fortitude is dearer than their life, and has more power over them than any dread of the scaffold or the pile.

But John Wardlaw, having no conception of the mental misery that the girl was undergoing for his sake, mistook her faltering words of welcome, and her evident wish to shorten their interview, as a reflex of the father's feelings on his visit to Castlemaine. And so his answer to her present remark was far more cold than any he had himself received.

"It appears not, Miss Stuart; I cannot say as much for everybody."

"I am sure *we* have not," she replied, quickly.

"I should have no right to complain if you had," he rejoined. "I no longer consider myself a Sutton Valencer; I am only a visitor here."

The frigid tones abashed her, but with the quickness of a woman where she loves, Henrietta Stuart felt sure that his manner was in some way connected with his visit to Castlemaine of the day before, and her heart bled for him.

"*We* shall never consider you so," she said. "You will come again to Castlemaine, Mr. Wardlaw, will you not?"

He did not care to conceal his annoyance from her.

"No! I don't think I shall, Miss Stuart," he replied; "we shall be returning to London soon."

How that pronoun "*we*" cut to her poor little heart!

She was going then, but something stopped her. He was suffering. He had been hurt by the apparent indifference that his engagement had met with at the hands of his old friends, and she could not leave him without a word of solace. No dread of her parents' annoyance if they heard of it—or respect for their example of the day before—could stay her, when she thought that her words might partly serve to obliterate the uncomfortable impression theirs had left.

"I—I—wanted to see you, Mr. Wardlaw," she said; and having once commenced, she went on rapidly, as though afraid to trust herself to dwell upon the meaning of the words she uttered—"to tell you how glad I am to think that you should be happy. She is *very* beautiful. I hope—I hope—you mustn't think us unkind. God bless you both," she added, hurriedly, as not knowing what to say, and then was silent.

He turned towards her and seized her hand.

"Thank you," he said, "ten thousand times. Thank you, Miss Stuart; you were always good and kind; I knew you would congratulate me, whatever others did. She *is* beautiful, is she not? Look at her as she stands now with her face turned up to the evening sky."

But having administered her drop of comfort, Henrietta Stuart could not trust herself to dally longer. She could speak to him in his disappointment, but she could not have borne to hear another woman's praises from his lips. The remembrance of the few he uttered haunted her for many a day. Hurriedly she returned the pressure of his hand, stammering some excuse for her immediate return home, and leading her faithless dog away by one of his flapping ears, simply bowed as she repassed the group she had left to join him, and took her way into the road again.

John Wardlaw breathed freer when she was gone. He had been annoyed by her first manner, but her latter words, although they pleased him, had made him feel uncomfortable, he hardly knew why. He attributed it to the reason of there being a decided change in his old playfellow, and that she had been so intimate with him, and any change was such pain to experience, that rather than do so, he would miss seeing her altogether.

After her departure he rejoined his own people, his heart little lightened by the interview, whatever he told himself.

The evening was passed amongst the hop-vines, watching the curious medley of labourers, and the picturesque groups that they exhibited. John Wardlaw had his sketch-book with him, and transferred several of the scenes to it for future painting, whilst his companions sat by his side, or strolled about amongst the fallen harvest. Once John Wardlaw said to his brother as he loitered near him:

"Do you see Winny Balchin anywhere, Temple? She ran away from me just now, and I wanted to speak with her. How very ill she is looking!"

But Leofric Temple seemed to know as little about the alteration in Winny's looks as his sister had done.

"Is she?" he replied, carelessly, "those sort of girls generally grow coarse or go downhill after sixteen. No, I don't see her, Wardlaw; I daresay she's gone home again."

In a short time more they went home themselves, and the walk back and supper passed without anything more occurring to ruffle our hero's equanimity; although he spoke very little to Miss Bellew during that period, and that little not in his usual caressing terms.

After supper Leofric Temple's horse was brought near to the door.

"It's a shame, isn't it, Miss Bellew, that they should

(The Fiction Supplement will be given every month, and can be detached by simply straightening the wire staples and lifting up.)

tie a man down to be back to a certain hour? However, there's no help for it to-night. Next time I come over I must get longer leave."

They were standing in the passage as he spoke, she having made some excuse for leaving the supper-room in order to follow him there. The passage was unlighted, and the dining-room door half closed. As he took her hand in parting, she felt his face near her own, and in another moment his soft moustache lay against her lips. She neither started, cried out, nor rebuked him. Her false heart took the caress in silence, and her false tongue only murmured, reproachfully:

"How *mad!*—with the door open."

Soft as the kiss had been; silent as her reception of it; low as the words were uttered; there was a man within that room whose ears, made quick by jealousy, and whose perception, acute by love, *almost* heard and *almost* understood what had passed in the darkened passage.

Not quite—for if that had been the case, he would have rushed between them, and hurled the usurper far beyond the reach of her faithless arms—but almost; enough to make him miserably suspicious, to cause his heart for a minute to stop its beating, to make his strong frame tremble and turn cold, to make him, as Leofric Temple slammed the hall-door behind him, pass Miss Bellew roughly in the passage, and go up to his own room and lock himself in for the night. He told himself afterwards that he did not believe it—thut he *could* not believe it—that his jealousy and passion had made him mad; and yet he could not divest himself of a cruel wish that his brother was dead, and a burning desire to take the beauty he loved so much in his arms and fly with it to some desert place, where no man but himself should ever look upon her charms again. He thought he loved her, but he could not trust her, and where there is no trust there can be no real love.

This man had endured a loveless existence for so many years, that when his own feelings were once excited, he forced himself to believe that what he gave he should receive. However, "Love can hope where reason would despair," and a generous nature like that of John Wardlaw will never really doubt until all possibility of belief is over. Therefore he sat for hours pondering on the events of the past evening, and every hour saw new excuses born for her conduct, which his desire to credit nursed into apparent realities, and by the dawn of the next morning—if all his suspicions were not cleared away—his passion for her had returned in full force, and he was ready to take her to his heart, and blame his own jealous temper for the pain she had made him suffer.

In the meanwhile Leofric Temple was riding back to the Maidstone barracks. He was forced to gallop, being already behind time, and his horse was going at such a rate along the macadamised road that he had nearly run over a woman before he knew she was in his way. He pulled up short then, with a ready oath, and asked her what she meant by walking in the middle of the road; but as she turned her face towards him, under the full light of the harvest moon, he saw that it was Winifred Balchin.

"Why, Winny, child!" he exclaimed, "what the devil do you do here? I nearly ran over you."

"I came on purpose to meet you, Leo," she said, "and I thought if I stayed on the path that you would pass before I could make you know that I was there."

She had come up to his horse's side now, and laid her head caressingly against the flap of his saddle.

"And what did you want with me, little woman?" he said, not ill-pleased at the action.

"Only to *see* you," she exclaimed, fervently, pressing her lips against the hand which hung down by his side. "Only to speak a word to you—to hear you say you love me, Leo."

He almost started as her lips touched his hand—they were so burning hot.

"Little fool!" he replied, conceitedly. "Why, how hot your lips are, Winny!"

"I'm not well," the girl said, excitedly, "I burn all over. You never came to see me this evening, Leo; nor the last time you were over here, either."

"I couldn't, my dear," he said, carelessly; "they have visitors up at the house, and I dared not leave them."

"I saw you with them in the hop-garden to-night," said Winifred, "and Mr. John with you. Is that Mr. John's lady that walked about so much with you, Leo? She's very handsome, isn't she?"

There was a pleading pathos in the poor child's tone, as though her tone entreated him to contradict her words, or tell her that he knew a face that he thought handsomer. But he was too dull or too indifferent to read it.

"Yes—rather so," he replied; he had wit enough not to directly praise one woman to another. "My brother complained to me that you wouldn't stay to speak to him to day. You shouldn't cut away from all my family like that, Winny, or they'll begin to suspect something."

"I can't help it," the girl said, mournfully, "I feel as if I couldn't meet them face to face, or they'd know all.—Leo, you *do* love me," she added, passionately, turning towards him; "say you do once more; I want something to sleep upon to-night."

"You know I do, you simpleton," he replied, bending down to kiss the little wasted face which was upturned to meet his. She flung her spare childish arms about his neck, and clung closely to him.

"Oh! my *love*, my *love, my love!*" she exclaimed, caressingly, all thoughts of the man's superiority of station lost in the consciousness that he was all the world to her. "I *know* you do, I *must* believe it."

"You mustn't keep me longer now though, Winny," said Leofric Temple, as, having returned her caress, he disengaged himself from the clinging arms; "because I am late as it is, and I must gallop home as fast as I can; I've stayed too long already, you little witch."

She smiled at the fond term, though large tears were standing on her pale cheeks the while, but she stood away from the horse's side immediately, in order to let him pass on.

"You will let me see you next time you come, won't you, Leo?" was her last entreaty; and as he promised that she should, he put the animal into motion, and the next minute was gone.

As the girl looked after him, she clasped her hands together supplicatingly.

"Oh! God bless him, and keep him!" she exclaimed, fervently; "if anything were to happen to hurt him, what should I do, what could I do?" And then she shivered, as under a mortal fear, and turned her steps in the direction of her father's house.

CHAPTER XXI.

MORE VEXATION.

By heavens! my love, thou dost distract my soul.
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes
But makes my heart weep blood.

LEE.

A LITTLE careful watching on John Wardlaw's part soon convinced him that the suspicions of his sister Alice, with respect to the renewal of her father's infirmity, were correct. There was no doubt about it, Captain Wardlaw was drinking again, steadily, if not deeply. His son had observed with surprise on his return to Sutton Valence how very seldom he appeared in the family circle. At the breakfast table he was never present, his habits of late rising being ascribed by his wife to the increasing debility of age; he sometimes came to dinner, but seldom ate any solid food, and was used to disappear again early during the evening, when the fiction of his having retired to rest was accepted on the part of the household. But John Wardlaw's fears once aroused, he soon found out that the old gentleman's evenings were mostly spent at the little public-house in the village, or if in his own apartment, with a little black bottle for company. The discovery disgusted him more that the first news of it had done; he no longer felt indifferent towards Captain Wardlaw. An unfilial contempt, with which he battled hard, for the old man's weak selfishness, rankled, despite himself, in the son's breast. He avoided speaking to his father as much as he could, for fear his mere words might betray his aversion to him, and he was used to drop the shaking hand presented to him each morning almost as soon as he had taken it. He recoiled from the very touch or sight of him.

Having once assured himself of his father's nightly habits, it revolted him to listen to the false, shuffling means by which Captain Wardlaw, with a drunkard's cunning, would strive, as he thought, to cleverly conceal from his guests and children the motive for which he abandoned their society. Once or twice as, in the midst of his lying statements of drowsiness or debility, the young man's eye caught that of his father, and something in its expression warned the latter that in that quarter at last his stories were not believed, such a look of malignant hate would dart into the elder's glance as would almost have justified his son taking no further trouble about him; and doubtless he would not have done so had it not been for the unfortunate wife and daughter. John Wardlaw could not bear to think of Alice being subjected to the fright and annoyance of a drunkard's ravings, and perhaps violence, with no better protectress than her weak and silly mother. But, on the other hand, it was a delicate subject on which to speak to Mrs. Wardlaw, particularly as, amidst all her folly, she appeared scrupulously careful to conceal from others the delinquencies of her wretched husband. To Leofric Temple, as her son, John Wardlaw thought it best to speak first, but he met with little sympathy from that gentleman, either for the husband or wife. When his brother broached the subject to him, asking if he had observed the breaking out of this unfortunate predilection on the part of Captain Wardlaw, the cavalry officer burst into a loud laugh.

"Observed it!" he exclaimed, "I should think I had observed it. Why, man, your governor's been drinking like a fish ever since last Christmas; Bennett could tell you a tale or two on that score, I expect, and so could most of the Maidstone houses. Why! the old gentleman is always taking his drops."

"It's very disgraceful," said John Wardlaw.

"Well, I don't know about the disgrace," replied Leofric Temple, who was rather given that way himself. "There's many a man in the same boat if it comes to that; but it will kill him in the end, Wardlaw, sure as a gun."

"You don't call it disgraceful, Temple, for a man bordering on sixty and with a grown-up family, to spend his money and his time in the lowest company and haunts? You must take a lenient view of human nature if you don't. Alice tells me that my father has been into Maidstone several times lately. Do you think he goes for medical advice?"

This he said, not to betray the child's confidence reposed in him.

"I know he does," replied Leofric Temple, "for there's only Higgs's fly to be got here, and I asked him the last time he was hired where he drove the old party. 'To Dr. Anderson's first, sir, and then to the chemist's to have the prescriptions made up, and then' (said old Higgs with a knowing wink) "to one or two sweetstuff shops, for to get summat to take the taste of the physic out of his mouth." And I expect that's about all the good Dr. Anderson's 'prescriptions' do him, Wardlaw."

"I shall go and see Dr. Anderson myself," said his brother.

"To what end?" demanded Leofric Temple.

"To find out what he thinks of the case. If my father is going to continue in such habits, I don't think your mother and Alice ought to be left alone with him down here; he might murder them some day. A man of his evil temper, and in drink, is no safer than a wild beast."

"Oh! nonsense," said Leofric Temple, laughing at the idea; "leave them to fight it out, Wardlaw; they'll do well enough. I don't suppose the old gentleman would touch a child like Alice; and as for my mother, she's ancient enough, in all conscience, to look after herself. What the devil did she want with a second husband? My 'respected' ought to have been enough for her—and one too many, if all she has told me is to be believed. By-the-bye, if your governor does come out as *il furioso*, I wish to goodness he'd pitch into that oily brute Jellicoe. He might turn his evil propensities to some account by that means."

"I can't say I feel inclined to laugh with you, Temple," replied John Wardlaw. "I think the subject is much too painful a one to form a jest."

The next time he was in Maidstone he put his resolution into effect; and having sought out Dr. Anderson's house, asked for an interview with him. It was very short and very unsatisfactory. As soon as the doctor found that his visitor had so good a right to inquire the worst symptoms of Captain Wardlaw's case he unbosomed himself freely. He did not consider that the patient required watching, or that any violence was to be apprehended from him; but as far as recovery was concerned, the case was hopeless.

"Your father's constitution is, I regret to say it, Mr. Wardlaw, completely broken up. His case is one rarer, though not less surely fatal, than that of the habitual drunkard. He has been in the habit, during a long lifetime, of always taking a little more than is good for him, and to get thoroughly inebriated once a week does a man less harm than that. Captain Wardlaw came to me for advice, labouring under symptoms for which no human aid can give him relief. I prescribed a tonic to support his failing appetite, but without any hope of its affording permanent strength. His body has come to that state when it is to be compared only to a clock without the works. I am sorry to be able to give you no better hope; but his demise will be only a question of time."

"Can you give me no idea of how long he will last?" asked the young man, gravely.

"Not any on which I could tell you to place dependence. I have known instances of the same nature in which patients, whom I thought could not possibly live more than three weeks, dragged out their existence for months, and even years. It is impossible to give an opinion. The structure of the human frame is very intricate, Mr. Wardlaw."

Which being tantamount to saying that he knew nothing at all about it, restrained our hero from putting more than one other question to him:

"But you are quite certain that it is safe for him to be left alone with females?" he said, and rose from his seat preparatory to taking leave.

"I think so," replied the doctor, "and for this reason: from what I have seen of Captain Wardlaw, I do not apprehend another attack of delirium tremens so much as his gradually sinking from debility. But even should symptoms of the disease arise, Mrs. Wardlaw is cognisant of their character, and has already received my instructions for acting in such an emergency. With regard to that, therefore, you may feel perfectly at your ease, although I have not communicated my real opinion of the case to Mrs. Wardlaw, as I have, at your request, to you."

John Wardlaw thanked him, and returned to Sutton Valence. He certainly did feel more comtortable when he thought of leaving his sister and step-mother again, for his fears for them had been great; but the alternative was very shocking, and he could not quite make up his mind as to whether he should speak to Mrs. Wardlaw of what he had heard, or not. He was not certain with what degree of affection she regarded the dying man, and whether the news would be received by her with a sensation of relief, or as a herald of coming bereavement. And, comparatively speaking, she was such a stranger to him, that he could hardly feel as if he were justified in taking upon himself to break any bad news to her; her own son was the proper person to do it, but her own son stoutly refused to take any part in so unpleasant a business. Sometimes John Wardlaw thought that he would tell his sister; she was a brave, stalwart-hearted little girl, and she might communicate it by degrees to her mother, after he had left them to themselves. But while he thus hesitated, a circumstance occurred which affected him so unpleasantly that, for the time being, it drove all other thoughts out of his head. It was connected with Miss Crofton.

A few days after the visit to the hop-gardens, Leofric Temple established himself at Sutton Valence, on a three days' leave; and shortly after his arrival Miss Bellew appeared with a new bracelet on her arm. It was a very handsome ornament of turquoises and diamonds, which could scarcely have escaped notice under any circumstances, but was the more remarkable inasmuch as Miss Bellew possessed very few trinkets, and those she did were of a far less valuable order than the one she now displayed. Of course John Wardlaw noticed it at once, and asked her who had given it to her; but this she appeared indisposed to reveal. She hummed and hawed upon the subject; intimated a great deal, but said very little; hinted at lovers despairing for her sake, and at the mystery of anonymous presents, but told nothing openly. This reticence on her part could hardly have been attributable to the shrinking which she felt from telling a direct falsehood on the subject; it must therefore have been owing to the circumstance that her vanity was too great to permit her entirely to conceal that the offering had been made by some man at the shrine of her beauty. But towards Miss Crofton she had either not been so cautious, or that poor creature, being considered in the light of a nonentity by her cousin, had been permitted, without fear of consequences, to overhear more than she was intended to remember, or that she was ordered not to reveal; any way, on being appealed to carelessly by John Wardlaw as to the donor of the new trinket, she confessed without hesitation, and with a degree of surprise that he was not already aware, that it had been given Miss Bellew by Leofric Temple.

"Oh! but if I've done wrong in telling you, Mr. Wardlaw," added the frightened woman, "I hope you'll keep it to yourself. I made sure that you knew it already."

But John Wardlaw's consideration for Miss Crofton's fears could not extend so far as this. He felt that he must mention the subject to Rowena Bellew, for he was extremely annoyed to hear it, for several reasons. In the first place, his half-brother was not in circumstances which justified his making anyone such expensive presents; in the second, he was not a man from whom a woman could accept gifts with impunity. He was sensual and careless; disregardful of the laws of God and man; and John Wardlaw fervently trusted that he might never see such a one an intimate friend of his wife. Added to these feelings, another and a very natural one of soreness arose in his breast, as he remembered that *he* had never ventured (for her sake as well as his own) to run so much in debt for Rowena Bellew. He had given her all that he could—more, a great deal, than he ought to have done; but, excepting the plain gold ring, with one tiny brilliant flashing in its centre, which she had taken from him as a pledge of their engagement, ornaments had been altogether without the reach of his limited means. It was hard now to think that what he had denied himself the pleasure of doing, Leofric Temple should have the audacity to perpetrate on the very credit which had been procured him by his brothers's timely payment of his debts.

He spoke to Miss Bellew on the subject; he told her exactly what he had been thinking, but after one look of anger had flashed from her eyes as he gave the name of his informant, she tossed her head, and refused to admit the truth of any of his suggestions. She supposed his brother was old enough to look after himself—at all events he was nearly as old as Wardlaw was; as for the latter having lent him money, it was what all young men did for one another—that is, if they weren't horrid screws; and if it was wrong to take a present from her future brother-in-law, who *was* to be allowed to give her anything? She thought Wardlaw was very ungrateful. The offering was evidently intended as a compliment to him more than to her; she received few enough presents, Heaven knew, and it seemed early days to try and prevent her from having any pleasure, however innocent. And two tears actually stood in the unimpassioned dark eyes as the sentence was concluded.

Where do tears come from, and what are they? Walker says they are "the water which violent passion forces from the eyes;" but how often do we see them standing on cheeks which never flushed with any deep emotion either of pain or pleasure! It would appear as though some people possessed the secret clue whereby to conjure them up, and turned them on as easily as the turncock turns on that necessary fluid to fill our cisterns and water pipes.

Rowena Bellew was one of those wonders of creation who never really shed a tear except for disappointed rage, but who have always a supply of two crystal drops on demand, which ooze out almost naturally, and hang trembling on the eyelashes until someone kisses them away. Tears such as these are always properly-behaved drops, that never disfigure the countenance, rushing rudely over the cheeks, making the nose red, and blistering the eyelids, but wait, quietly, in the position until (the kiss, perhaps, not being forthcoming) their owner by a blink gives them leave to roll gently, and in a lady-like manner, adown her modest cheeks.

But John Wardlaw could not bear to see a woman cry; these nice distinctions were too much for his sympathising love; he saw that Rowena's eyelids were moistened, and he kissed the coming drops away so soon that half of the play was spoiled.

"My darling! how can you think for a moment that I would willingly deprive you of any pleasure? Heaven knows that I would spend all my substance upon ornaments for you to-morrow, if I did not feel that it would be ruin for both of us, I am so poor, dearest. I would hang you with jewels, if I had the money, or they could make you one whit more beautiful than you are. But don't cry, Rowena; for God's sake, don't let me have it on my conscience to have brought one tear into those dear eyes! Keep the bracelet, love, by all means, and wear it always if you like; but I hope Temple won't offer you anything more—you might give him a gentle hint on the subject. Not for your sake, my darling, nor for the sake of my jealousy, but because I really think he will ruin himself, if he goes on at this rate. And if I am to pay for his presents to you, I would rather have the pleasure of giving them to my darling myself."

The subject was dropped, and as John Wardlaw thought for ever, but it was not destined to die so easy a death. On the next morning Miss Crofton was not present at breakfast, and in the course of the meal Miss Bellew asked Leofric Temple if there was any public conveyance from Sutton Valence to Maidstone.

"You can hire a fly from the public-house here, if you give timely notice," he replied; "but there is only one, Miss Bellew; so if you want it to-day you had better send word at once."

"What for, dearest?" inquired John Wardlaw.

"For my cousin to go into Maidstone," she replied. "she has been fretting to get back to grandmamma for some time past, and fancies the old woman cannot survive without her, so I think it just as well that she should go. She intends to leave Maidstone by the twelve o'clock train; we arranged it all last night."

"Would you like to go back to town yourself, darling?" said her lover, anxiously. "I will accompany you any day that you choose."

"No, thank you," she answered shortly.

He was surprised and not over pleased to hear the news, and would have much preferred Miss Crofton either staying until her cousin left Sutton Valence, or Rowena Bellew returning to London with her. He was no prude, and did not imagine that it was always necessary for an engaged couple to carry about an inspector-general with them, but he was very jealous of Rowena Bellew's character. He knew that, belonging to the stage, she was placed in a more delicate position, under the circumstance, than girls in private life would have been; and he was fearful of compromising her in the slightest degree in the eyes of a scurrilous world. And her growing intimacy with his brother, which had lately given birth to so many jealous feelings in his heart, which he feared were growing stronger as the days went on, was an additional reason to him for wishing to hasten her return to her own home. She had now been over three weeks at Sutton Valence, and she had never intended staying more than a month; what should hinder Miss Crofton's return being delayed for another day or so, and their all going back together? Once more in London, he should feel as if Rowena Bellew was his own again; somehow, until that event occurred, he fancied he should never feel quite as he used to do about it. Still, though she was his *fiancée*, Miss Bellew was Mrs. Wardlaw's guest, and this circumstance, added to her decided resusal, prevented him from pressing the matter further.

He thought he could guess the reason of Miss Crofton's sudden departure. He knew the imperious quality of her cousin's temper; though he loved her so much that he would have died for her, he was too sensible a man to be entirely blinded to so patent a defect in her character. He knew it, but lover-like, he consoled himself with the idea that everyone must have some faults, and that if anyone had an excuse for giving herself airs, it surely was a creature so richly endowed by nature as Rowena Bellew. Many outbursts of her amiable disposition he had not seen, for she was too cold and too cunning to betray herself where reticence better answered her purpose; but he knew that occasionally they occurred, and he could form a pretty good guess that Miss Crofton's revelation of the day before had led to high words between the two cousins as soon as they were left alone, which had ended in the determination of the elder to leave the place at once. But if he had guessed that the recrimination had been all on Rowena Bellew's side, and that she had ordered, more than advised, the poor humble creature who trembled beneath the exhibition of her anger to pack up her trunk and prepare to go home the next morning, because "she would take care she didn't make any more mischief in that house," he would have been nearer the mark.

However, Miss Bellew was quite decided as to the necessity of her cousin's immediate return to town, and therefore the fly was ordered to be at the door at half-past ten, and the affair was a settled one.

When it came round, John Wardlaw saw Miss Crofton for the first time that morning. She was walking, crab-wise, down the staircase, assisting the servant to carry her box. He sprang forward in a minute:—

"Miss Crofton, pray allow me to do that. How could you think of such a thing? I am so sorry to hear you are going."

She made no reply, except by allowing him to take the box from her, and murmuring something about bidding "Good-bye" to Mrs. Wardlaw.

"Mrs. Wardlaw is in the breakfast-room," he answered, as he put the box upon the fly. "I'm sure she won't hear of your going without taking something to eat first."

But Miss Crofton steadfastly refused to eat anything. The servant had taken her breakfast into her bedroom (she said), and she wished for nothing more.

To Mrs. Wardlaw's expressed regrets at her departure, she only replied that she was anxious to get home on account of her aunt, who was very old and feeble, and unaccustomed to the ways of anyone but herself.

"If I had thought Rowena was going to make so long a stay in the country," she added, simply, "I think I should have said from the first that it was likely I should return before her."

"Yes; and why on earth the other didn't go with her," Mrs. Wardlaw exclaimed, when repeating the conversation to Alice afterwards, "I can't imagine. I'm sure she's been here long enough, with her fine-lady airs, doing nothing but dawdle about the garden with Leofric and your brother Wardlaw dangling at her heels. It seems to me that she thinks quite as much of one as of the other. I am sure I wonder your brother Wardlaw stands it as he does; but I suppose he's getting tired of her in his turn. They are all alike. I'd rather by half the fine lady had taken it into her head to go back to London and leave her cousin behind for a bit. I like Miss Crofton well enough. She's a nice, sensible body, and if Miss Bellew would only leave her alone, I think we should get on nicely together. However, it's always the way in this world, and I only hope it won't be long before we see the last of the other one, for the house has seemed topsy-turvy to me ever since they set foot in it."

Whilst she thus lamented, John Wardlaw was driving to Maidstone with Miss Crofton. When the poor lady, having said farewell to her hostess and Alice, held out her hand for his acceptance, he asked her, "Where is Rowena? Is she not going with you?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Wardlaw," was the nervous reply, "I haven't seen her since she got up this morning; pray don't disturb her. I'd rather not; I shall do very well alone."

"But she will wish to say 'Good-bye' to you," he urged.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Crofton, "we have done all that. Don't call her, Mr. Wardlaw; she might not like it. I saw her in the garden with Mr. Temple. Indeed, I shall manage for myself beautifully."

"You cannot go alone," he said decisively, with his foot on the step. His heart was in the garden—where she was said to be—his wishes, too, for he had begun to dislike these constant *tête à têtes* on her part with Leofric Temple; but here was a woman requiring attention; a guest going from his father's house; a lady who had been kind to himself.

He could not hesitate; swinging himself into the carriage, notwithstanding all Miss Crofton's entreaties that he would not take so much trouble on her account, he gave the driver orders to proceed, and threw himself back on the seat by her side.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISS CROFTON PUTS HER FINGERS BETWEEN THE FIRE AND THE WOOD.

> No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
> Though none more common, than to give advice.
> STILLINGFLEET.

ON second thoughts John Wardlaw was not sorry that he had been compelled to bear her company. He felt that he had had some share in the curtailment of her visit to Sutton Valence, and he wanted to tell her that he was sorry for it. But at first he found Miss Crofton very uncommunicative.

"I wish we could have all returned together," were the opening words of his apology. "I begin to be almost tired of the country. You have not received any unfavourable news from your aunt, Miss Crofton, have you?"

"Oh! no—we have heard nothing from town for some days."

"I wanted Rowney to propose breaking up the party as you were about to leave us," he continued. "I am anxious to get back to work again, but she seems to like ruralising better than she anticipated. Has she mentioned any date for our return to you, Miss Crofton?"

"None," was the reply.

"I hope I have had nothing to do with your sudden resolution," he said, trying to look in the face which she quickly turned away from him; "I felt it my duty to speak to your cousin on the subject of the bracelet, and when she asked for my authority, I was obliged to give your name."

"It doesn't signify much," said Miss Crofton. "She had not told me to keep it a secret; she had not even told me directly who the giver was."

"How did you find it out, then?" he demanded.

"I was present when Mr. Temple gave it to her; at least, I was at the window and they were in the garden. My cousin is not always so careful before me as she ought to be."

"What do you mean?" said John Wardlaw, quickly. But Miss Crofton was silent, and looked away from him over the naked fields, from which, since she had last traversed that road, the reapers had gathered in all the golden corn, and left nothing but stubble standing. Did they remind her, prosaic as she was, of youth's brightest hopes cut down by the hand of Time, and leaving their owner nothing to gaze upon but the hard, stern realities of a world of falsehood? They might have done so if they did not.

"I do not understand your insinuation, Miss Crofton," John Wardlaw went on, hurriedly, "or why Rowney should take the trouble to be careful before a cousin whom she has lived with for years. She would surely be as open with you as with myself." (Miss Crofton smiled.) "She is a spoilt child, and cares very little, I fancy, for anyone's criticism on her conduct. And why should she when all she does is fair and above-board? I for one do not blame her; and after all, I am the principal person concerned."

"Oh! Mr. Wardlaw, how you are deceived!" exclaimed Louisa Crofton, as if involuntarily—and then, frightened at her own boldness, she coloured violently, and looked as if she was about to cry.

But he misapplied the meaning of her words.

"With regard to your leaving us," he said kindly, "I was sure when I first heard of it that it was something more than anxiety to return to your aunt that had made you propose the step. I know Rowney's temper is high, Miss Crofton, and I guessed that words had probably passed between you with regard to this business of the bracelet; but I did not think they would have had so much effect upon you as to make you think it necessary in consequence to leave the house."

"I never did," was the reply.

"Why do you go then?" he asked, with surprise.

"Because I am glad to accept any offer on my cousin's part that shall take me away from such a scene of falsehood," she exclaimed, so vehemently, that John Wardlaw turned round in utter surprise at this sudden alteration in a woman usually so diffident and quiet; "because I cannot eat your father's bread any longer, Mr. Wardlaw, and keep my tongue between my teeth, when I think of all that is going on yonder. You are deceived—you are miserably deceived—as others have been before you. If Rowena were to kill me for it the next minute, as I know she would like to do, I could not leave this place without warning you of the truth; you have always been so kind and polite to me, and you are so miserably deceived."

"What do you mean, Miss Crofton—what is the matter?" he exclaimed, almost thinking in his astonishment that the woman beside him had gone mad, so utterly foreign to everything he had hitherto observed in her character was this exhibition of temper.

"Mean?" she said, her vehemence subsiding with its height, and herself relapsing into a species of whine, "I mean what I say, Mr. Wardlaw. You think, I know, that Rowena and I quarrelled when we went to bed last night, and that my journey to London this morning is a freak of temper on my part; but the truth is, she forced me to go, and if I had opposed her orders she would have caused a greater scandal, perhaps, to fall upon your name than is hovering about it now. She'll kill me for this when I meet her again, or she'll try to," continued Miss Crofton, whining lustily; "but I don't care. I can't stand by and see it any longer. No one made of flesh and blood could!"

"A *scandal?*" repeated her companion after her; and as she caught a view of his face, she saw how deadly pale he had become—"a scandal? Miss Crofton, do you know the meaning of the words you use?"

"You may believe it or not, as you choose, Mr. Wardlaw," replied Louisa Crofton, rather hurt at her knowledge of Johnson's Dictionary being the only thing called in question; "but the word does as well as any other. You think that all Rowena's walks and talks with your brother mean nothing; but I know better, and however angry I may make you own, you will remember some day that I have warned you."

"What proofs have you to bring forward of the truth of your assertion?" he demanded, coldly.

"Oh! Mr. Wardlaw," exclaimed poor Miss Crofton as she turned round and caught his arm; "pray don't speak so angrily to me. I am only doing it for your sake; indeed I am. You'll tell it to Rowena, and I shall be afraid to meet her again; but if it puts a stop to this sort of thing before it is too late, I'd even bear her anger for the sake of it. Gracious knows, I couldn't have much more of it than I get now."

She was a plain-featured, middle-aged woman, and dressed in the most dowdy fashion, but there was an earnestness in the faded eyes, all the more remarkable because so seldom seen there, and a humble, pleading tone in the thin, cracked voice, that arrested the indignant answer which was rising to the young man's lips, and caused him to substitute a more patient one.

"Let me hear the worst you have to tell me," he said, quietly. "I know I shall not believe it, but I will credit you with having a good intention in apprising me of your fancied discoveries. What has my Rowena done?"

Before that possessive pronoun Miss Crofton shrank into the furthest corner of the carriage, and the words she had prepared in which to communicate her warning to him, fleeing into the remotest recesses of her memory, refused to come at call. The use of that loving pronoun served to tell her, as John Wardlaw intended that it should, that she could say nothing against Rowena Bellew without injuring his cause; could do nothing to separate her from her lover, without straining his closest tie; could repeat none of her follies or her sins, without blackening a character which was dearer to him than his own; and, looking at it from this point of view, Louisa Crofton began to think that perhaps she had better leave the subject altogether alone. So she was silent.

"I am all attention, Miss Crofton," John Wardlaw said, presently.

"I think I would rather not say any more, Mr Wardlaw, please," she then replied, hesitatingly. "I see I am not likely to do any good; I dare say you wouldn't believe me, and——"

"I am quite sure that I should not," he returned, proudly, "but I intend to hear it, nevertheless. You have said too much or too little, Miss Crofton. You have accused Rowena of doing more than walk and talk with my brother Temple. I ask what proofs you have to give me of your assertion; and I must have them, or I shall tell the flyman to turn back again to Sutton Valence, that I may bring you face to face with your cousin. It is no light suspicion that you cast upon her; it must be either proved or disproved."

The bare idea of being confronted with Rowena Bellew put spurs to Miss Crofton's energy; she turned to John Wardlaw with desperation.

"Can't you see it for yourself?" she said. "Haven't you observed how she courts his company, and is quite indifferent to yours? Did you never watch their eyes meet, or hear them whisper together? Oh! there are a thousand things that I've seen, if I could only think of them now; but you have flustered me so that they seem to have gone clean out of my head. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And Miss Crofton sat with knitted brows, and hand shading her eyes, as she strove to remember the many signs and tokens by which she had been assured, during her stay in Sutton Valence, that foul play was going on between Rowena Bellew and the young cavalry officer.

"Are these all your proofs?" sternly asked the voice of John Wardlaw, when a few minutes had elapsed without her speaking further.

She knitted her brows again, and commenced to think afresh. It was very strange, but when she came to consider the subject, although she was as certain what she had said was true as that she was alive that day, it did not seem as though there was any tangible proof that she could lay hold of to bring forward as witness of her faith. The only real thing she had seen was the presentation of the bracelet, and that had been accompanied by a kiss.

She said so now, tremblingly, and as if in apology for her having mentioned the subject at all. A dark flush mounted to John Wardlaw's forehead as he heard the intelligence, but the next minute he repeated his former question:

"Is this all, Miss Crofton?"

"I can't remember anything particular to tell you," she replied, "and so I suppose you will think I am altogether mistaken, but I am not, Mr. Wardlaw; and if you don't believe me now, and take measures against it, you will believe me some day. Rowena has been engaged three or four times to my knowledge, and she has played the same trick on every one of them. There was Mr. Swinton, and——"

"Be silent!" exclaimed her companion, in a voice which made Higgs jump upon his box, and warn the speaker of the proximity of a stranger. "I don't wish to hear any stories about Miss Bellew from your mouth, but I'll tell you what I think of you, Miss Crofton. I think you are a spiteful, malicious, envious woman, who cannot bear to see the universal admiration which the young and lovely of your sex command. I think that you are unworthy the name of cousin to a creature like Rowena Bellew, who is too conscious of her own want of evil intentions to stoop to conceal from you what you basely try to turn to her disadvantage. You first accused her of the greatest deception and want of faith towards me, her lover, and when I naturally demand your proofs, you have none to tell me, except such as all the world knew before. As to the base interpretation that you choose to put upon her most innocent deeds, I am above listening to it, or attempting even to discover if it is true or false. I was sorry this morning when I heard that you were going to leave us; now I am glad to think that Rowena will have lost so cowardly a spy upon her actions. I have pledged myself to marry her, Miss Crofton, and I consider I have as good a right to stand up for her as if she were already my wife. If a man dares to come to his friend with insinuations such as yours against the woman who bears his name, he knocks him down; but when the would-be betrayer is a lady, there is nothing to be done but to bear it quietly, and request that the subject may be dropped thenceforth and for ever; as I now do to yourself."

He leaned back in the carriage as he spoke with folded arms and head turned the other way, as if determined to speak no more, and Miss Crofton had nothing left her but to weep copiously, which she did until they arrived at the railway station.

Then he leaped out, procured her ticket, and handed her into a railway carriage, and as the train left the platform, lifted his hat from his head with the profoundest politeness; but beyond these attentions he did no more. From the moment that he had ended telling her his opinion of the communication she had made to him, he never spoke another word to her, and she was much too miserable and frightened to attempt anything like a reconciliation between them. As the train swept past the long station, and she saw the last of his handsome, grave face, looking so uncompromisingly stern as he waved his adieu, Louisa Crofton's eyes again overflowed with tears, and had it not been for the other occupants of the carriage, she would have wept aloud.

"Now, what good on earth have I done?" she sighed to herself, as she reviewed the drive from Sutton Valence to Maidstone. "None at all. He only hates me for having attempted to undeceive him, and will worship her, probably, all the more, for the supposed injury I have tried to do her; but not for long, I'm sure of that. The day will come when that young man will tell me he is sorry that he used the words to me that he did. But it's little thanks one ever gets for putting one's fingers between the fire and the wood. I do believe, if it is ever so true, people would always rather find out a thing for themselves than have it told to them. I suppose it seems like hinting to them that if they were not stupid they would see it as clearly as their neighbours. Well, it's the last time I'll try to advise anyone—be he whom he may." And even in her simple way of reasoning, Louisa Crofton had hit upon the truth. There is a feeling as though our own sharpness must be held at little count when our friends undertake to do our business for us. We are seldom grateful for the trouble they take to make the scales drop from our eyes; nor for the emphasis with which they inform us that "everyone" sees our blindness but ourselves; we feel very much inclined to tell them to go home and keep their advice for those who want it; and in nine cases out of ten we do just what we feel inclined.

John Wardlaw felt, as the London train became a wreath of smoke in the distance, and he walked away from the station, that he hated Miss Crofton; he hated the very remembrance of the whining sound of her voice, and the thin curls which decked her poor toil-worn face, and the scared look in her eyes, and the apparent simplicity of her conversation. As he recalled them, he came to the conclusion with himself that she was an arrant busybody and spiteful old maid, and he wondered he had ever thought as well of her as he did. Not that he so entirely disbelieved her assertions as he had intimated to herself; on the contrary, they had left a soreness on his already chafed and wearied spirit, and revived to such a degree the miserable doubts which had before assailed him, that the very reason he hated the author of the mischief was the cause of its power over him. He dismissed Higgs, and told him he should walk back to Sutton Valence by-and-by. He had business in Maidstone—so he had. His business was to walk off, or reason himself out of this wretched state of indecision and misery before he met her again. If they came together before he had, in a measure, lost the echo of Miss Crofton's cruel words, he might insult his darling by blurting out the foul suspicion to her face.

If she was a little fond of admiration from the crowd, what then? She had been used to a public life, and actresses thought very little of mere compliments. He didn't like the idea of his brother having embraced her; but it was most likely entirely Temple's fault, and most certainly unlicensed by her usual speech or manner towards him. Temple was a presuming brute (at the inward mention of him even John Wardlaw set his teeth), and he would take care to let him know on the quiet that he had better look out, and not repeat the offence, or he should find him taking means to prevent his seeing his future wife at all. But, at the same time, such a thing might have happened without Rowena having sanctioned it. She always mentioned Leofric Temple as her future brother-in-law, and he knew that between such connections the familiarities of nearer kindred were permitted by the world. He didn't suppose for a moment that Miss Bellew cared about receiving such an attention from Leofric Temple; he gave her credit for better taste than that—but she may have taken it quietly, thinking little of it, as she did of the bracelet of turquoises and diamonds. However, it should not happen again. Their visit would soon be over; and if he could persuade her to shorten their engagement, and take him for love's sake, before long his darling might be established in a house of his providing for her, and then he should take upon himself to choose who should be their visitors or not. As for the other charges brought against her fair fame by that she-dragon, her cousin (poor Miss Crofton was becoming blacker and blacker as Rowena Bellew's character cleared), they were too nonsensical to engage the attention of a sensible man. Whisperings, eyes meeting, walks and talks—as if these were not things which occurred every day, and between all stages of intimacy! If every look and turn of others was to be canvassed and misinterpreted by old women who had nothing better to occupy their time, this earth would indeed become a nest of scandal and misunderstandings. No! he was above such small things. Thank heaven, he had no doubts or fears, excepting such as were incidental to a man in the possession of so beautiful a creature in a world of robbers. But he had her, and he would hold her, come what might, against the world.

He attacked his subject on all points, and satisfied himself that Miss Crofton's ghostly fears had no foundation except in her own imagination, rendered fertile by envy. He reasoned very ably, without doubt, and he walked a great deal and thought a great deal; but when he returned that afternoon to Sutton Valence he didn't look much the happier for it. He would not contradict himself and insult Miss Bellew by asking her if what he had heard was true; but neither his reasoning nor his walking had possessed the power to lift that heavy weight off his breast—to soothe the rawness of the feeling with which he remembered his conversation on the road to Maidstone—nor to chase away the chilling doubts which lay cold and heavy at his heart, whenever he recalled it.

He returned to Sutton Valence, appearing in the eyes of his family (excepting for a pallor which elicited a comment even from the selfish spirit of Rowena Bellew) unaltered from the moment that he had left it; but, although he had never acknowledged the date of the change, even to himself, from the morning that he accompanied Miss Crofton to the railway station, John Wardlaw in heart was never the same man again that he had been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WINIFRID BALCHIN.

> Her big swoll'n grief surpassed
> The power of utterance.
>
> Ovid.

SUTTON VALENCE possessed its club, and was especially proud of the possession. In all the Suttons of Kent there was not another club that made such large allowances to its members in times of sickness, or gave such noble festivals at each returning anniversary of its establishment, when all the villagers turned out into the fields together, and the inhabitants of places round about flocked in by the dozen to partake of the dinner, fit for the discussion of a lord mayor and provided for them in tents, at half-a-crown a head, by the indefatigable Higgs, landlord of the "Royal Hussar," and caterer, canvasser, wit, drudge, and factotum, for the whole of the parish.

"It don't pay me, sir; it don't, indeed," he had been used to say to John Wardlaw, in the days when, boy-like, he would run down to the tents to inspect the spread provided for the expectant revellers. "They will have the best of things, you see; and they do eat such a mortal quantity, that if it wasn't for their eating causing them to be so dry, I shouldn't make a penny by it. Why, only look, sir, here's fowls, and 'am, and roasted ducks, and beef, and mutton, and I don't know what besides; and they will have it, sir. It's not a bit of good representing it to them. And to see them feed; well, that is a sight!"

"You should salt the dishes well, Higgs," John Wardlaw would laughingly suggest.

"Salt 'em, sir!" Higgs would reply, shaking his fat sides at what he thought an excellent joke. "Lor' bless you, they drinks up all their money as it is, and it wouldn't be any manner of use to me their doing more, so I may as well save my salt. There ain't many in Sutton Valence as go home on their own legs—club-night, sir."

And Mr. Higgs' assertion being perfectly correct, the quiet residents of the place were, generally speaking, glad when club-night was over.

The day, although affecting to be an anniversary, was usually left an open question until the harvesting, both of corn and hops, was over. Then the magnates of the village, comprising Higgs aforesaid, Balchin the parish clerk, and one or two small farmers, feeling they had earned a right to a holiday, met together and fixed the date for the annual festival. From the moment of its decision the excitement prevailing in Sutton Valence was great. The girls got together their smartest things to join in the evening dance, and the boys saved every spare farthing for the purchase of yards of blue satin ribbon, the colour of the club, wherewith their mothers made rosettes to pin in their hats. Morning, noon, and night, the talk still ran on the great events of the coming day; of how many ducks and geese Mr. Higgs had put up to fatten; of the arrival of the two large tents from Maidstone; of how the rector had promised to lend the school-benches, the same as last year; and how the gardener at Castlemaine had been given orders to let them have as many evergreens to ornament the tents as were wanted. For although the gathering of the Sutton Valence club was totally unconnected with parish matters, a thing which was got up by the people themselves and concerned them only, no one was more pleased to contribute towards its prosperity, nor readier—when a labourer broke his arm, and received his weekly allowance from its stores—to acknowledge how excellent an institution it was, than Mr. Stuart. The only thing which annoyed him was the drinking which accompanied its festivities.

"I'd rather provide the liquor myself, Higgs," he would say, "and pay you double its value, than see them so degrade themselves."

"I'm sure you would, sir," Higgs would answer, standing bareheaded in the presence of his minister; "but it wouldn't be the same thing to them; and, begging your pardon, they wouldn't enjoy it half so much. Most of them keep the savings of harvest-month to spend on club-night; and I don't believe, if you was to pile the choicest of wines upon the table, that e'er a soul among them would drink them with half the relish that they do their own savings. I'm sure, if they could only take it down without its hurting them, I'd be the first to be pleased at it, but that is an unpossible thing, sir, and the best comfort is that it only comes once a year."

"To be sure," Mr. Stuart replied; "and although there are less hurtful callings than yours, Higgs, as long as you pursue it honestly we can scarcely blame you for trying to make the best of it. But I think, after a certain quantity, you should refuse to let a man have beer. You publicans might put a stop to this sort of thing if you chose."

"Well, sir," said Higgs, ruefully, scratching his head, "when you come to speak of a certain quantity, I think it's rather hard lines to expect that the publican is to choose for everybody. Why, it would be an unpossibility, sir. One man can take a couple of gallons easy, whilst another can't stand a quart; and how on earth I'm to guess at their different constitutions beats me altogether."

The rector laughed.

"I am afraid it would be rather puzzling when put into execution, Higgs. The only cure is to have no public-houses at all. I wish there were none in my parish."

"I'm very sorry, sir, I'm sure," said Higgs, "to happen to offend you; but it isn't my fault that I keep the 'Hussar.' I was born into it, as you may say; and when bread drops into a man's mouth he can hardly be expected to keep his jaw shut."

At which juncture the rector usually felt himself defeated, and after a brief caution as to the proper conducting of the particular festival then on hand, would walk onwards, with a sigh for the apparent impossibility of correcting the prevailing vice of England—a sigh which has doubtless found its echo in the heart of many a minister, trying hard to lead his people in the right way without offending them, and who has wished, like Mr. Stuart, that there was no public-house in his parish.

But for the credit of Sutton Valence it must be said that its club was no worse in this respect than any other club, and better, perhaps, than some.

The proceedings generally commenced early in the day, when a procession of the members, wearing blue rosettes in their hats, preceded by a discordant brass band from Maidstone, and followed by all the children and dogs of the village, paraded proudly up and down before the houses of the gentlemen residents, in order to show that there was no humbug about them. It is true that the younger clodhoppers might have shuffled a little less awkwardly in the rear of the procession, that every member having a different head-gear marred the uniformity of the whole effect, and that the old men in smock frocks, who had already had a little drop to keep up their spirits, ought to have known better than to have capered like lambkins just at the most impressive part of the proceedings; but these minor disadvantages winked at, the march of the Sutton Valence club was acknowledged to be a noble sight. Having thus treated those who were unhappy enough not to belong to the fraternity, the club was used to throw itself at once with energy into the amusements of the day. The field where the tents were pitched gained, the younger part of the population was soon busy patronising see-saws, swings, and "johnny-go-rounds," whilst the lads and lasses joined in the more dissipating sport of "kiss-in-the-ring," or in dancing polkas to the strains of the discordant band. Many a show and booth found its way to Sutton Valence—no one knew from where—at the annual gathering of its club, and one or two flys, that had nothing better to do, came in from Maidstone, and found employment all the day in taking the revellers for penny rides up and down the village street, whilst itinerant possessors of Aunt Sallies, knock-'em downs, and shoot-in-the-rings, made Farmer Marsh's shorn field, which looked so innocently bare in the morning, appear like a miniature racecourse before night. Of course it was a grand day for Sutton Valence—a day to be looked forward to and counted on for months beforehand—the one day of the year for all there, both old and young. It had been fixed to take place about a week after Miss Crofton's departure. It was then the commencement of October, and both the harvests were well over. The hops were already drying in the kilns, and the corn was being threshed out in the barns; the hard work of the year was done, and the people had time to think of enjoying themselves.

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In common with their neighbours, the family of Jacob Balchin had always been present upon these occasions. The parish-clerk himself was one of the oldest members of the club, and the young men, although not much given to laying themselves out to please the fair sex, had a very good idea of pleasing themselves, and had never failed hitherto in saving up their five shillings apiece wherewith to thoroughly enjoy the club-day. This year, however, Joe appeared in a new character, and had an additional and a softer reason for wishing to come out strong on the grand occasion. For the last few months he had been courting, in his rough sheepish manner, a certain Polly Willett, the sister of his friend Andrew, for whose repulsion at the hands of Winifred he had not yet forgiven his sister. Polly Willett was just as coarse for a woman as her enamoured swain was for a man, and so they suited each other exactly, and their courtship was a mixture of loud laughter, dead silence, nudges with the elbows, and questionable jokes.

"I suppose you ain't coming up to the field *that* figger," said her elder brother rudely to Winifred, on the morning in question, as, stripped to his shirt and trowsers, he was performing his toilet by the aid of a tiny looking-glass which hung against the sitting-room wall.

His sister was dressed in the same morning gown of cotton that she had worn during the week, and the country cut of which showed how painfully thin she had become during the last few months. As her brother spoke to her, she turned her large blue eyes upon him, round which dark circles told tales of either sleepless nights or weeping days, and said, quietly, that she was not going up to the field at all.

Joe turned straight round from the looking-glass, so great was his astonishment at this intelligence, even though he was just in the midst of tying a knot in the crimson handkerchief about his neck.

"Not going, you fool!" he drawled out with the utmost contempt; "why, you must be as mad as—mad," he wound up with, finding himself powerless to hit on anything madder than a mad woman.

At this moment Balchin himself came down from one of the upper rooms, arrayed with the utmost care in his Sunday suit of black, and looking, with his fat, oily, sanctimonious face, the very pink of Christian parish-clerks.

"Look here!" said Joe, in his loud coarse voice, as his father appeared, "the gal ain't going up there today."

"Who says so?" demanded the clerk almost as coarsely.

"*She* do. She's got some of her lady-airs on 'er again, I suppose, and our company ain't good enough for such as she."

"It isn't that, father," said Winifred, quickly, "and Joe knows it isn't, but he loves to make me out always in the wrong. It's my head that aches so. I ain't fit to go out in the sun, and the lads will do well enough without me."

"Well enough?" growled Balchin; "I should think they would, and better a deal without you than with you—a whining, weakly creature like you. Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sitting there day after day, and never making an effort to appear like other folk. What's the matter with you?" he almost shouted in the girl's ear; "air you *dying*, that you sit there like a statty, and haven't a civil word for male or female?"

"Oh! I wish I was, I wish I was," sobbed the frightened girl as she buried her poor little face in her printed apron.

"Aye, that's right," said Balchin, mockingly; "whine away—just like your mother. There'd been a couple of you if she had lived. Lord! as if I hadn't had enough of her tears, that she need go and leave me a moral copy of herself to remember her by. Now stop that, will you," he continued, altering his tone to one of the sternest command, "or I'll drag you up to the field as you are. If you want to be left at home in peace, stop your water-pipes, and lace up my boots."

And throwing his heavy form into a chair, he thrust out one of his feet and placed it in the lap of the girl, who drying her eyes, obeyed at once his summons.

Whilst the father was holding this colloquy with his daughter, Joe chuckled incessantly before the looking glass, as if the joke was an excellent one; and his shadow, Bill, who, already dressed, was lounging on the door-sill, echoed his brother's merriment every time it occurred, in a feebler but scarcely less irritating manner. As Winifred, bending over her father's huge boots—the lacing of which, owing to her misty and blurred vision, was attended with some difficulty to her—heard the enjoyment evinced by the young men at her discomfiture, tears for their unkindness again began to course rapidly down her pale cheeks.

"Why, what are you doing?" exclaimed Balchin in a tone of the greatest disgust as some of the drops fell on his brightly-blackened boots; "making my boots as dull as ditch-water on a day like this. Ugh! get along with you," and giving the kneeling girl a push with his foot as he spoke, he knocked her from him on the floor, and rising, completed the office for himself. This last sally on the part of their parent was too much for Joe and Bill, who joined in loud peals of laughter, whilst Winifred rose slowly and left the room. She was slightly hurt in body; she was too weak to bear even ordinary rough treatment with impunity, but that was as nothing compared with the pain she experienced at her heart, when she thought of the circumstances which surrounded her life.

Presently her father's voice was heard at the foot of the little staircase.

"Winifred, air you there?"

"Yes, father," she answered humbly.

"Is it truth that you're not coming up to the field to-day?"

"Yes," she replied; "I'm not well. I don't think I could stand the bustle and the noise."

"Well, you'll have to bide on bread-and-cheese, then, for there's nothing else in the house; and as long as you choose to give yourself these airs, I'll be blowed if you shall eat *my* meat to keep 'em up on!"

It was a fatherly farewell for a man to give his child; and, delivered with the emphasis it was, left a pleasing resonance on the ears of the wretched girl, who wept herself into hysterics as soon as Balchin and his sons had quitted the house. She never looked after them once. She could have seen the gay procession start from her bedroom window, with her father, looking the very essence of amiability, at its head; Joe, Bill, and Tom, the former with Polly Willett, dressed in every colour of the rainbow, clinging to his arm, amongst the younger men, and the Twins and little Benny shouting, with the rest of the juvenile population of Sutton Valence in the rear. She heard the band strike up "The Roast Beef of Old England" as they set off, but not even the unusual delight of a brass band could turn the thoughts of Winifred Balchin from her heavy grief, and the remembrance of the want of sympathy she experienced from those at home. Everyone seemed to have forsaken her that day; even Tom, dear Tom, who always stood up for his sister, and little pet Benny, had been both too much engrossed with the yearly dissipation to notice that poor Winny did not make one of the crowd.

The hours rolled on, one after another; the sound of the church clock tolling them out was unnoticed by her; the sight of the hot bright sun streaming in at the latticed window sickened her; still she lay with her face downward on the bed, longing to shut out sight, and sense, and sound together. In the meanwhile the tent dinner was drawing to a close, and the clerk rose to make a speech. Everyone was silent then, for added to the respect in which his character was held in the parish, Jacob Balchin was known to be the best hand in Sutton Valence at giving a public toast.

"I rise, gentlemen and misters," he commenced, "to propose a toast which I think I *ought* to propose, having been parish-clerk of this here parish for fifteen years come next Christmas. (Hear, hear.) The toast, gentlemen, which I wishes to propose is the health of our minister, the Reverend Mr. Stuart, of his good lady, and of his daughter, Miss Henrietta Stuart, as we've seen spring up amongst us. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, we are mostly fathers. I suppose I couldn't count twenty at these tables to-day as isn't fathers, and we must know what a father's feelin's is. I shouldn't take it on myself, perhaps, to speak of myself at such a time—(cries of "Yes, yes")—but if I might make so bold as to mention it, I may be supposed to know those feelin's as well as any here. I am the father, gentlemen, of a family left without their mother, and though to fill three places is perhaps more than any man can attain unto, yet, to the best of my ability, I have tried to be father, mother, and parish clerk unto those children and the parish." (Loud cheers.)

Here the speaker twinkled away a tear from his moistened eylids, and a woman, who was peering with others into the entrance of the tent listening to the speeches, was heard to exclaim, "And so he has been, bless 'm."

"Wherefore, gentlemen," continued Balchin, "as I said before, I may be supposed to know a father's feelin's, and what our good minister have felt at having seen his young lady grow up amongst us, now for eighteen or more years, in such 'calth and 'appiness—which long may it continue for all of them—and therefore I calls upon all present to join me in drinking of their good 'calths, with three times three. Gentlemen and misters, I give you the Reverend Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Stuart and their young lady." Which being drunk with the usual honours, Balchin sat down in his seat again with tears of emotion standing in either eye. To propose this toast was his yearly custom, as he knew that through some channel or other it always reached the ears of Mr. Stuart again, and he imagined it affected that gentleman's opinion of himself far more than in reality it did, for Mr. Stuart was a man of the world, and saw through such things.

Still the feasting, the courting, and the jesting went on, and the hot day was long past its meridian, and evening shadows began to creep up the village street, and reflect mimic trees and houses upon the flags of the paved pathway.

And still Winifred lay upon her little bed, face downwards, and wished that she was dead.

Once Tom had remembered his sister, and ran home to see her. It was in the afternoon, and finding her in that position, he had persuaded her to rise and take some tea, as she had tasted nothing since the morning. And sooner than keep him from his amusements, Winifrid had risen and come down stairs again, and partaken of the meal which Tom so kindly stayed to prepare for her. But then she persuaded him to return to his companions, assuring him that she was even better and happier alone.

"I am out of sorts, Tom," she said—"mind and body—and the more I bide quiet the sooner I shall be cured; so leave me to myself, lad, and I shall be well again by the morrow."

And taking her at her word, the boy ran off and resumed his interrupted sport.

It was not a day when the residents of Sutton Valence cared to walk about the village, and the "Royal Hussar" being deserted, even Captain Wardlaw had not much inducement to stray from home His family had passed the evening chiefly in their garden, and had retired to rest rather earlier than usual. Leofric Temple was spending the night in Sutton Valence, and the room he occupied whenever he did so, was situated on the ground floor at the back of the house, and opened, with folding glass doors, on to the lower terrace, which was also easy of access from the side of the house by a gate which opened upon the village street. On the evening in question, it being about half-past ten o'clock, and the village gaiety was at its height, he had not been in his room many minutes, and was enjoying a cigar, with the windows open, preparatory to undressing, when a light footstep came cautiously up the gravel path in front of him, and a slight childish form enveloped in a large cloak stopped before the folding doors. Seeing them ajar, it hesitated, but Leofric Temple guessed who it was, and stepping forward, "I am alone, Winny," he said in a whisper.

Then the little figure advanced quickly, and entered the room, and he took the precaution to turn the key in the door, and close those which led into the garden, before he addressed her again.

"What do you want?" he said carelessly.

The girl had sunk into a chair by this time, and as he spoke she lifted her weary eyes to his. How sharp the oval of her face had become!—every appearance of rounded childishness seemed to have deserted it at once; it only served now for a frame to encircle those two weird, hungry-looking blue eyes.

"I am wretched, Leo," she commenced.

"My dear child, whose fault is that?" he demanded with assumed levity.

"I have been at home all day, alone," she continued, without answering his question, "until I felt as if I could stand it no longer. Leo, do you know what they say in the village; I've heard it every day for a week past, they say that you're making up to your brother's lady, and that you've the best chance of getting her of the two?"

"Well, Winny—what then?" said Leofric Temple.

"It isn't true, Leo?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Of course not," he replied; "you ought to know better by this time than to believe village gossip."

"It *couldn't* be true, could it?" she demanded feverishly. "I ought to have known better, oughtn't I, than to believe it for a minute?—but I've felt so ill lately, I sometimes think my head is strange. There's no one can't hear us, Leo?" she added, looking round the apartment with a sudden look of fear.

"Not that I know of," he replied. He had taken a seat on the bed, and had resumed the cigar which her entrance had interrupted, "but there's no telling. The sooner you go, Winny, the better. How could you tell I should be here to-night?"

"I guessed it," she said. "I saw you riding in this morning, and you couldn't have gone back to Maidstone without my seeing you. Must I really go, Leo?"

"I think you had better," he replied, in a tone which intimated that he wanted to get rid of her. There had been a time when all his entreaties would have been for her to stop. She rose directly.

"You must answer me one question first, Leo," she said, "and then I'll go fast enough. You must look me straight in the face and tell me that it's all a lie, and that you've never courted this lady as is staying with you, in any way, nor ever will."

She spoke so earnestly, and had moved so close to his side, that Leofric Temple's eyes drooped before her fixed gaze, and he turned away ostensibly to knock the ashes from his cigar.

"Upon my word, Winny," he said, "you'll ask me to swear that I never looked at a woman before yourself next."

"Not *before* me, not before me," the girl replied quickly; but *now*, Leo, now that you have loved me for so long, and said you loved me only. Tell me it is not true *now*."

"You press me rather hard, my dear child," he answered awkwardly.

"Not if you are *true*," she said fiercely; "not if you are an honest man."

"Are any men honest in that way, Winny?"

He said this because he had nothing else to say. But, in his hesitation, the girl, made quick by love, appeared to read her doom.

"Leofric, are you *tired* of me?" she asked, hurriedly.

He did not answer. Then she seized his arm and shook it violently, whilst her whole frame trembled with agitation.

"Answer me," she exclaimed; "say it at once. Are you tired of me, Leofric? Have you left off loving me?"

"My dear Winifred, I wish you women would learn to be satisfied with what you get."

"Leofric, have you ceased to care for me; don't you love me any longer? tell it me quickly, tell it at once, or I shall suffocate—I shall die." And the hoarse tones of her voice, and the choking sound in her throat, really seemed as though her words would come to pass.

Still he was silent.

"You don't say you don't," she exclaimed, with the desperation of one kept in suspense. "At any rate, you don't love me as much as you did, Leofric."

"Well, perhaps not *quite* so much," he answered slowly. He wanted to be quit of the girl, and to let her know the fact as soon as possible, but even his coward heart felt self-reproachful as the cruel words dropped from his lips.

"Not *quite* so much!" she gasped; "*not*—not quite so much. Oh, Leofric! God help me!" And sinking into the chair again, she burst into a storm of tears. Not childish tears for a lost playfellow, or a broken toy, but wild womanly sobs, which gathered strength as they proceeded, and seemed as though they would never cease. Backwards and forwards the girl rocked herself, nearly stifled with her emotion; whilst the broken sentences which fell from her were all expressive of the utmost despair.

Leofric Temple became alarmed. He drew nearer to her side.

"When I said not quite so much, Winny, I meant not quite in the same degree, perhaps as I did. It can't be expected to last for ever, you know; but I shall always love you, Winny—I shall never forget you, and the days we have passed together, whoever else I care for. And pray don't cry so, there's a good girl. There is no harm in what I said, after all."

But she repulsed his touch; she refused to listen to his words; she flung herself from right to left—the very embodiment of despairing passion. Suddenly she started up, and, throwing herself at his feet, clung convulsively about his knees.

"Oh! Leo, say it isn't true! I can't bear it! I can't stand it! I shall die! I shall go mad! Say you love me! oh, try to love me! Try to feel for me as you once did, and I will follow you like a servant to my life's end, and be content only to look upon you, and know that you are alive. Oh, Leo! for my sake—for God's sake—say that it isn't true!"

She was not a refined and educated lady—this poor little simple daughter of a parish-clerk. She had never been taught that where a woman has been repulsed by one of the other sex, her native pride and dignity should come to her aid, and help her to conceal her real feelings. It did not occur to her, that to leave her wavering lover with a look of scorn and a cold averted eye would have been the best means of maintaining her self-respect. She only felt that a grief too awful to be contemplated—too sudden to have been expected—was coming upon her, and that the dark waves of life were rising above her head, and submerging in their depths everything that she most treasured on earth; and she caught at the one hope of saving his love by an appeal to his feelings, as, to use a time-honoured simile, a drowning man catches at a straw.

To do Leofric Temple credit, he felt for the pain she was enduring; but the power which Rowena Bellew's beauty had obtained over him so chilled, in retrospect, all feelings that he had formerly experienced, that he could not inflict a double death upon the despairing girl before him by holding out any fallacious hopes to her of retaining the love he had once professed to bear her.

She read her sentence in the disinclination he evinced to meet her eyes, and in his evident avoidance of a direct answer to her questions, no less than in the faltering assurements he continued to pour upon her, that he should never cease—of course he should never cease—to regard her with a certain interest and affection, whatever came to pass to both of them. Interest and affection! and in limited quantity; when she wanted to drain his heart dry of love, and could be satisfied with nothing less than all.

She unloosed her hold of his figure, and, still on her knees before him, poured out the extent of her passionate grief. Sob after sob broke from her youthful breast, and shook her fragile frame with their violence; whilst cries to Heaven for death, and oblivion, and forgetfulness, were intermingled with laments for her perished hopes.

"O my God!" she exclaimed, as the whole bitter truth broke upon her senses, "why can't I die before you here? Why am I so strong that I must live without you? Oh! I wish I was with mother! I wish I was under the ground along of mother! Do you know what you have done?" she almost shrieked, rising hastily to her feet, and speaking with such vehemence that Leofric Temple was afraid the whole household would hear her. "Do you know what I am, and what other people will call me? Look at me!" said the poor girl, throwing her arms wide apart. "Here I am, whom you said you loved, and who loved you so that I gave you all—all!" she continued, her voice breaking down into quivering sobs; "and you have the heart to leave me to—to—to my father and the world."

Then her passion seemed almost spent, and she sank down feebly in a chair and shivered. He tried to soothe her by representing that her fears of discovery made her view the matter in much too serious a light; that it had been a great misfortune for both of them that they had ever met, but as it was, the only thing left was to make the best of it; that such things happened every day, and no one was the worse or wiser; and that as it could not have gone on for ever, as a parting between them must have taken place some time, however painful, it was less so now than later. He put his hands upon her, but she moved away from beneath his touch with a shudder, and sat silent for a few minutes, and very quiet, though trembling violently; then she tottered to her feet and sought the door.

"Winifred!" said Leofric Temple, "don't go like this; give me a kiss, child. Say we part friends."

She turned upon him with one long yearning look of utter despair portrayed in her sad eyes, and shook her head. But as she saw him standing there and looking so ashamed of himself, the Angel which broods in the breast of every woman who loves, stirred within her, and, rushing into his arms, she covered his face with kisses.

"My love!" she faintly exclaimed, as she lay with her head upon his breast, "my *own!*" with emphasis. "My heaven! my all! Good-bye."

Just for a minute her fair pale face with its closed eyes rested upon the bosom of the man who was faithless to her, and then rousing herself, she suddenly started forward and made for the window. Touched by the evident depth of her grief, Leofric Temple would again have detained her by some words of attempted comfort, but this time she firmly repulsed him.

"Don't speak!" she said. "Don't touch me; only let me go."

And so he watched her slowly drag her weary little feet along the garden-path, until she had passed silently through the side-gate and disappeared from his sight.

As he reclosed the glass doors, and commenced his preparations for going to bed, Leofric Temple did not feel particularly comfortable. His philandering had thriven well in another quarter, and he was almost ripe for emulating the example of Jacob, who came with subtlety and stole away his brother's blessing; but the remembrance of Rowena Bellew's most beaming smiles had no power to wipe out the picture which self-accusing memory presented to him, of a pale wasted face, and childish pleading hands held up in prayer to him for that which was by Nature's right their own, and which haunted him throughout the sleepless night which followed his last interview with Winifred Balchin. Long after that poor child, worn out with a day of so much excitement and pain, had sunk into her feverish slumbers, the man so unworthily repaid her love was lying awake and discontented upon his restless couch.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MAIDSTONE BALL.

My mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin this fearful date
With this night's revels.

SHAKESPEARE.

"ALLY, my dear! I wish you would move away some of your property," said John Wardlaw, good-naturedly, as he attempted one morning to find a place for his sketching block amidst the pyramids of artificial flowers, lace, and other items of female frippery, with which the table was crowded. 14

"*My* property, Jack?" exclaimed Alice, wheeling round on the music stool from the piano before which she was seated, "it's not mine, it's Miss Bellew's; why, what use do you imagine I am likely to have for French flowers and Brussels net?"

"I didn't particularly examine what the nuisance consisted of," he replied, laughing. "I only knew it was in my way. But I see now that it does look more as if it belonged to her than to you. Is it necessary to Rowney's packing up that she is to leave half her adornments in the sitting-room? Because I suppose that is what this pile portends."

"I believe it portends the Maidstone ball," said Alice; "at least I heard Miss Bellew speak to Leo about going to it to-morrow night. And she has said nothing before me about packing up."

"The Maidstone ball!" repeated John Wardlaw, contracting his eyebrows. "You must be mistaken, Ally. If Rowena had such an intention, she surely would have mentioned it to me before now."

"Perhaps I am," replied his sister, resuming her practising; but her tone was expressive of disbelief in her own supposition.

Her brother, having pushed the miscellaneous heap to one side, pursued his occupation in silence. He hoped, for Miss Bellew's sake and for his own, that Alice was mistaken. Since the affair of the bracelet, he had felt diffident of finding fault in any degree with the actions of his *fiancée*, and had passed over two or three things that his sense had told him at the time he was a moral coward for not opposing. Two days before, she had wonderfully annoyed him by leaving, in direct opposition to his expressed wishes, her card at the lodge-gates of Castlemaine, with a request that she might be permitted to see over the grounds. Leofric Temple had upheld her in the design, and been her cavalier on the occasion, John Wardlaw positively refusing to have anything to do with what he considered such an unblushing attempt on her part to push herself into acquaintanceship with the Stuarts. It was true that the act was not an uncommon one, and that during the summer months the famed beauties of the rector's garden and hothouses attracted many strangers over from Maidstone, who easily obtained a view of them by the same means; but, under the circumstances, considering that the Stuarts had had it in their power to show Miss Bellew every attention, and had even refrained, during her stay, to call upon the family with whom she was to become connected, John Wardlaw would rather have forfeited almost anything he possessed, have paid the most fabulous sums for flowers for her private enjoyment, sooner than have let her degrade herself so far as to court the notice of people who had had no hesitation in showing him openly that their wish was to avoid an encounter with her. He had had some words with his half-brother on the occasion for having seconded so ignoble a desire on Miss Bellew's part, and he had shown the latter his displeasure by his looks; but further than this, and a haughty toss of the head as a response from her, the matter had been allowed to rest quiet.

But with regard to this ball at Maidstone, he felt that he should be worse than coward if he did not speak. It was to be a large public ball, given at the principal hotel in the town, and if Rowena Bellew went to it, she must go without any *chaperons* but his brother and himself. John Wardlaw hoped to marry this woman; he trusted to bring her some day to his father's house and amongst his brother's acquaintances as his wedded wife; and his wife's name must have no stain resting upon it, however slight. He had engaged himself to her despite her profession, because she had been brought up to the stage, and belonging to it was not her fault; added to which, where he loved (or thought he loved), the nature of John Wardlaw was large enough to overstep such minor obstacles as a smaller soul might let itself be wrecked upon; but now that he was engaged, he could not allow her to presume upon her calling, to set at defiance the laws which ruled society. He knew that the Maidstone ballroom would be filled with officers from the barracks and their friends, besides numbers of families of the tradesmen of the town; and the appearance of an entire stranger amongst them, and one of such a remarkable order of beauty as Rowena Bellew, could not fail to attract universal attention. Then it would leak out who she was, and under what circumstances she was present at the assembly, and the next thing would be that her partners would think themselves justified in treating her as they would any other actress who appeared in public under the sole guardianship of a couple of young men who were not even related to her. As he thought of this contingency, his cheek burnt; his hand clenched itself over the harmless weapon in its grasp as if it was a dagger, ready drawn for the punishment of presuming usurpers, and pushing away his materials, he rose hastily from the table and left the room to seek the object of his thoughts. He must speak to her and learn the truth from her lips, therefore the sooner it was over the better.

Miss Bellew was not far off, only in the drawing-room, on the other side of the passage, busily employed in writing letters. As her lover entered, she hastily pushed the paper she was employed upon under the blotting-case, and the faintest of blooms rose into her cheeks.

"I am not come to disturb you for long, Rowney, darling," he commenced, "I only want to ask you a question. Alice told me just now that you are thinking of going to the ball at Maidstone to-morrow night—it is not true?"

"Why not?" she said, with affected innocence, "would there be any harm in it?"

"There would be a great deal of annoyance to me in it," he answered. "I should be very sorry for you to appear at a public ball down here, and therefore I hope you will give up the idea."

He could scarcely tell her all that he had thought to himself on the subject without giving her offence, and he hoped at first that an earnest request on his part might have the desired effect on her. But he hoped too much.

"I can't do that," she replied firmly. "I have promised your brother that I will go, and I have made all my arrangements for doing so."

"Without a word to *me*, Rowney?" he said reproachfully.

"Am I to ask your leave before I do anything?" she demanded, elevating her pencilled eyebrows with mock surprise. "I really was not aware of it, Wardlaw; you seem to forget that we are not married yet. Mr. Temple asked me to go with him to the ball, and I consented, and have procured my ticket, so I am not likely to change my plans now to accommodate a freak of fancy on *your* part."

And she threw herself back in the lounging chair which she occupied with an air of having altogether disposed of the subject.

He took the seat beside her.

"Don't speak to me like that, Rowena; I have done nothing as yet to deserve it. My freak of fancy, as you call it, has some very solid ground to go on. In the first place, you have no lady to *chaperon* you to this ball. That is my chief objection; and in the second, as Mrs. Wardlaw does not mix in any gaiety of the kind, and your cousin has left you, you are placed here under rather peculiar circumstances, and I want you to keep quiet till we get back to town."

But she utterly contemned both his reasons as the height of folly, and his motives as the offspring of an uncalled-for jealousy.

"You have always been absurdly jealous of me from the commencement of our engagement," she pouted. "I believe that you would like to have me shut up in a box, and keep the key yourself. It is most unjustifiable conduct on your part, Wardlaw, and I consider it positively insulting."

When he acknowledged his weakness in this respect, but told her to lay it all to the passion which her beauty had inspired in him, and to ask herself if any man would not be jealous under the same circumstances, she merely threw her head about, and said she couldn't see that it was the slightest excuse for his conduct.

But when he again recurred to the subject in hand, and began to press her to comply with his wishes, he found her determinately fixed to follow her own will.

"As for a *chaperon*," she said, "I have been out scores of times without one to balls in London, both private and public, and never felt in want of the article; in fact, I wouldn't submit to be tied down to obey the rules and caprices of a stupid old woman. People go to balls to dance, and I can do that for myself. And in fact, I promised your brother, before I came here, that the first respectable ball in Maidstone I would accompany him to. And therefore, if I were disposed to follow your advice (which I am not), couldn't think of breaking my passed word."

He saw it would be of no use, and so he forbore to press her further.

"Very well, then," he said, rising from the seat he occupied, "if you are determined, I suppose it must be; but I must say that the last thing I wished was to go to this ball myself, or to take you there."

In general, Rowena Bellew was so little emotional, and so perfect an actress in daily life, that it was seldom she was surprised into betraying the few feelings she possessed; but as the last sentence escaped John Wardlaw's lips a less suspicious person than himself must have observed the sudden start, tiny though it was, and the slightest of rising blushes, which denoted that it was unexpected on her part. His face instantly assumed a double expression of perplexity and pain.

"Why, you surely never thought of going alone with Temple?" he exclaimed. Finding that she had unwittingly divulged her secret thoughts, Rowena Bellew attempted to gain her object.

"Yes, I did," she answered boldly; "why should I not, Wardlaw? I know you don't care about dancing, and he does; so why should I trouble you to drive nearly ten miles there and back to see me amuse myself for a few hours? We shall not be gone long, and I know you would much rather stay at home with Alice, particularly as I must be thinking of going home myself in a day or two more. Mr. Temple will take every care of me, I am sure; and though, *of course*, I am never so happy without you, yet I really would much rather that you did not put yourself out of the way to accommodate me."

She threw a loving glance at him from beneath her drooping eyelids as she concluded, but John Wardlaw was not to be duped for ever. He disregarded both the words and the action.

"Nonsense!" he said, frowning, "you know how much trouble I consider it to look after my own property. I am your future husband, Rowena, and, under present circumstances, your proper guardian, not Leofric Temple; and when I prove careless of my trust, it will be time for you to delegate it to him. In the meanwhile, if you have set your heart upon attending this ball, I shall certainly go to see you safely there and back. Have you yet engaged Higgs's fly?"

"I believe Mr. Temple has made all the necessary arrangements," she answered coldly.

"Very well, dear; don't let us say anything more about it, except to anticipate a very pleasant evening together. Now, I won't keep you any longer from your letter-writing."

And kissing her white forehead, he left her to herself again. But if no more passed between themselves upon the subject, it was not the last that Rowena Bellew had to say about it. Leofric Temple was not at Sutton Valence during that day, but when he appeared on the following afternoon the first words with which she greeted him were:

"He insists upon going with us, Temple. What shall we do?"

"Just the same as without him," replied the other, laughing, "let him come if he likes; what's the odds?"

"I think it is the greatest nuisance possible," she said; "he may choose to stick to my side all the evening."

"Oh, nonsense, beauty!" replied Leofric Temple, "you're quite sharp enough to devise a means of getting quit of him whenever you think fit. For my own part I think his presence will be rather an advantage than otherwise."

"How?" she inquired, opening her eyes.

"I'll tell you by-and-bye; 'walls have ears;' in the meanwhile everything is as it should be, and if poor Wardlaw likes to have a dance this evening, I think it's very hard of you to grudge it him."

She laughed lightly. She was a woman who would have laughed at an execution, or a shipwreck, or any calamity which did not personally concern herself.

John Wardlaw dressed himself for the evening's amusement with a heavy heart. He could not shake off the feeling which possessed him that something unpleasant would happen before the night was over. But when, on descending to the lower rooms, he encountered Rowena Bellew ready attired for the ball, she looked so beautiful that he was almost ready to retract his former opinions, and acknowledge that it was worth while setting society's rules at defiance only to see her thus. Her dress, of pure white crape, covered with tulle, and decorated with drooping bouquets of the graceful purple wistaria, became her admirably, and her lovely head and face being left, except for its own wealth of hair, perfectly unornamented, added to the attractions of her whole appearance. The jealousy of a lover, perhaps, might have made John Wardlaw wish that the white silk bodice had not been cut quite so much off the rounded shoulders, or that the sleeves of her dress had been a little more than some four inches in depth; but, taken altogether, she looked so charming, that he had not the heart to find any fault with her appearance, particularly after their little difference of the day before.

"She will come to think at last that I am always cavilling at her actions," he thought. She will learn to consider me her severest judge, instead of her fondest admirer. I must take her as she is, and be thankful. She is far too lovely to be improved by any suggestions or alterations at the hand of man."

Whether gratified by the approval so evidently pictured in his eyes, or desirous of making some atonement to him for her ungracious conduct of the day before, Rowena Bellew appeared kinder on that night, and more anxious to please John Wardlaw, than perhaps she had ever been. As the clumsy ill-lighted fly rattled with them on the road to Maidstone a thrill of delight penetrated to the inmost recesses of his heart, as he felt her little hand slip itself furtively into his own, and the tip of her satin boot, at the same moment, come in contact with his foot. He pressed the first warmly, and let the second rest quietly where she had placed it, whilst he abandoned himself to the delicious thought that she must feel for him as he did for her, or a nature usually so undemonstrative would never permit her to make such advances to him. But once or twice as they passed a carriage on the road, or a public-house flaring with gas, the hand was quickly withdrawn from his, and as John Wardlaw raised his eyes to watch the passing light flash upon her fair face, he could distinguish nothing there but the same expressionless statuesque loveliness that had ever characterised Rowena Bellew. But he knew how much she disliked her fondness for him being remarked upon; she had often told him that it was the one sensitive point in her nature, and her lover believed rightly that it was the presence of his half-brother which disturbed her. As it was, however, he persuaded himself that he admired her all the more for the modesty which actuated such a feeling on her part.

The ball was a very crowded and successful one. The arrangements, as might have been expected at so important a town as Maidstone, had been made and carried out in the very best style, and the dancing was kept up with energy during the whole evening. As John Wardlaw entered the ballroom with Miss Bellew on his arm, and heard the buzz of admiration and inquiry which was caused by her appearance, he could hardly say whether he liked or disliked the public commotion which her beauty caused. He was proud of it, but he was jealous at the same time, and as it arose he glanced downwards with some uneasiness upon his future wife. There was no doubt, however, as to what feeling it created in the lady's breast; she was undeniably pleased at the ovation paid her; although she looked as calm and unconcerned under it as if not one of the numerous remarks made upon her had reached her ears. Soon the masters of the ceremonies had enough to do in requesting permission to introduce partners to the fair stranger, and after having secured one waltz with her, John Wardlaw had his divinity whisked away from his protecting arm, and swallowed up by a host of admirers, all eager to be allowed to put her name down on their cards. Her own was filled before she had been in the room half-an-hour; and although he kept her pretty well in sight, her lover had no further opportunity of exchanging a word with her until twelve o'clock struck. Then John Wardlaw caught a glimpse of a white crape dress, looped with the pale wistaria blossoms, with a pair of moustaches in tow, making its way amidst the crush for the staircase, and he followed it in time to meet her again just as her companion had managed to secure a seat for her at the table. She had been dancing without intermission the entire evening, but she looked as fresh and cool as if she had been sitting still the whole time, and as with his ungloved hand he touched her smooth shoulder, to intimate his presence to her, it felt as cool as it looked.

"Are you not very tired?" he asked anxiously.

Miss Bellew's partner, a fierce-looking officer, with a pair of most formidable moustaches, here turned sharply upon John Wardlaw, as if to demand his right to engross the lady's attention. But the look he encountered was quite as defiant as his own.

"Not at all," replied Miss Bellew. "I am engaged for about twenty more dances than there are down in the list."

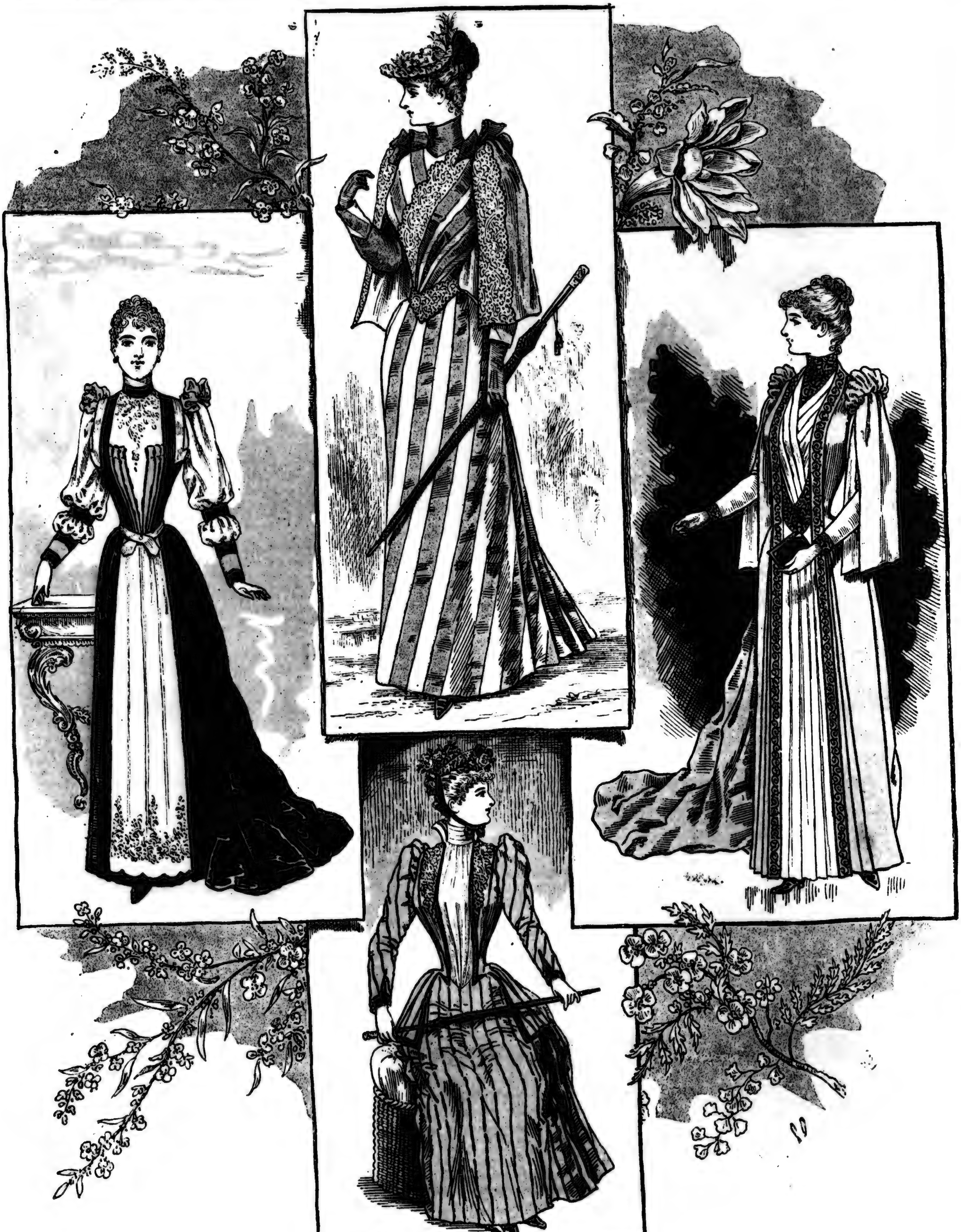
"I am sorry to hear that," he answered. "I suppose then there's no chance of my getting another?"

"Not the slightest, *mon cher*," she said, laughing affectedly; and then, seeing the indignation of the gentleman who had taken her down to supper at her patronage of a usurper, she added, "Major Montague, I must introduce my friend Mr. Wardlaw to you. He occupies the high post of sanctioned guardian to my morals and manners, so you must be very careful what you say before him."

Generally speaking, there was nothing that delighted John Wardlaw more than to hear Rowena Bellew acknowledge, of her own accord, his right to be considered as her life protector; but there was something so light and frivolous in her tone to-night, and the information, in a public place, and to an utter stranger, appeared so uncalled-for, that it jarred upon him with a sensation much more like pain than pleasure. As the words left Miss Bellew's lips, the two men drew themselves stiffly up after the wont of Englishmen, and made the slightest possible bend in the direction of one another. And then Major Montague fidgeted about as if the information had not altogether pleased him; and John Wardlaw took heart from it to bend over Rowena Bellew's shoulder and whisper in her ear:

"If I am your sanctioned guardian, darling, let me exercise my authority by forbidding your knocking yourself up to-night. Remember we have a long drive home."

(To be continued.)

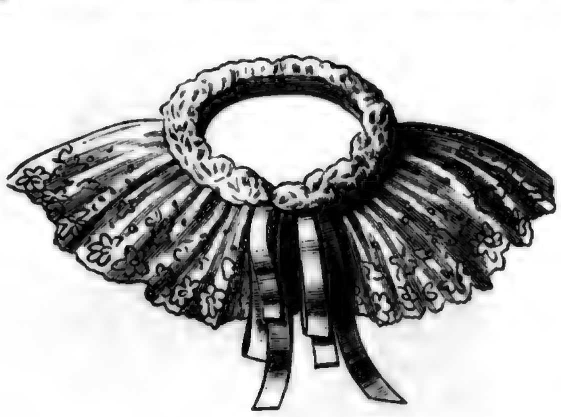


DRESSES FOR INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WEAR.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

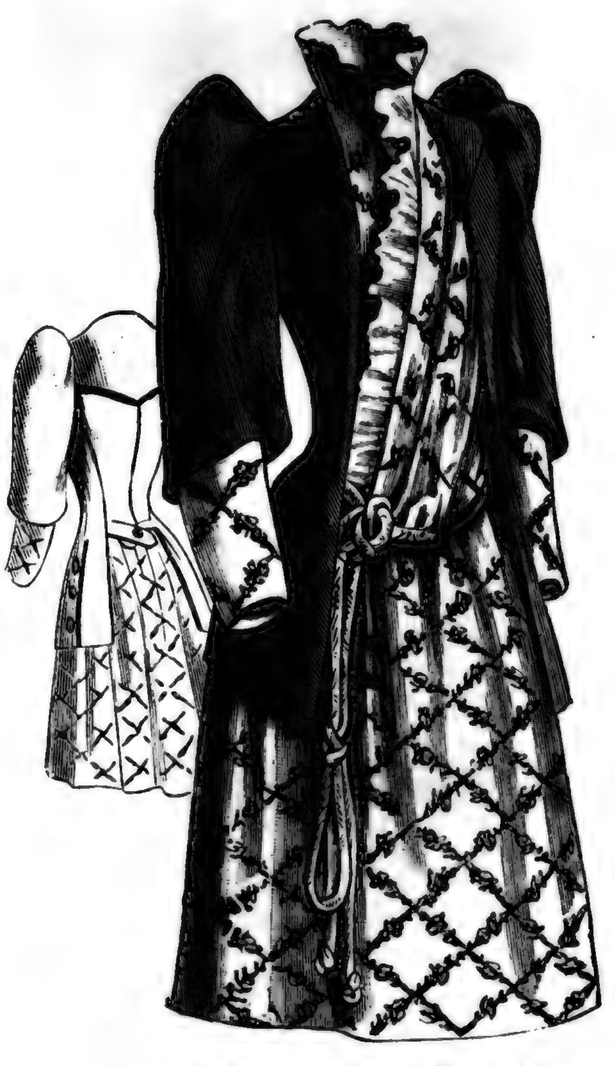
Current Fashions for Children.

At this time of year the one ruling idea in the nursery and the schoolroom is the annual trip to the seaside. While the children, big and little, are busy making elaborate plans for their own enjoyment, their mothers and nurses are still more busy with needle and thread preparing for the campaign, refurbishing old frocks and jackets for the mornings on the beach, and making new dresses and trimming hats for the quieter, but equally delightful pleasures of walking or driving in the afternoon with their elders.

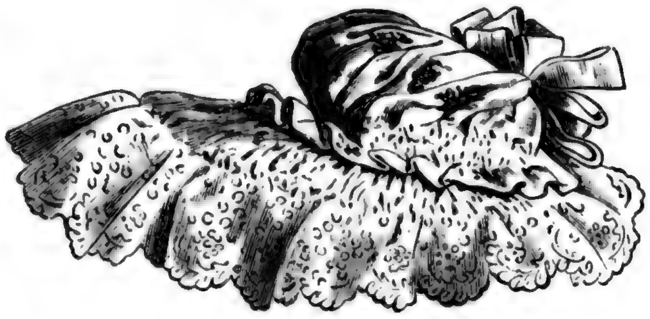


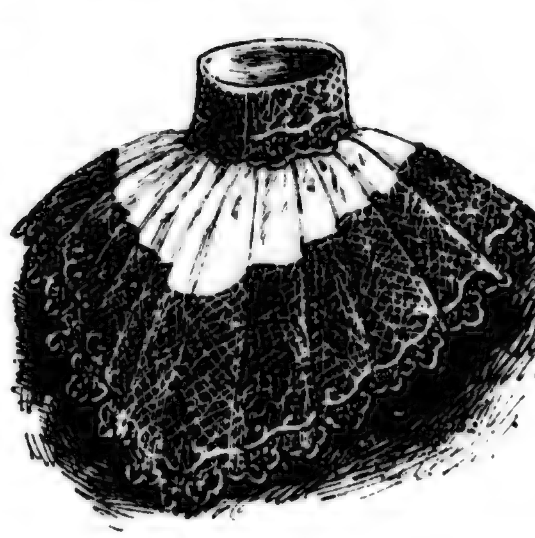
Fashions for seaside vary in many respects from those that are suitable in town and country ; the effects of sea air, and, in some cases, of salt water, have to be taken into account, and the materials and colours of dresses, the trimmings of hats, and the shapes of outdoor garments, all have to be chosen with a view to their adaptability for an outdoor life, through considerable and frequent changes of weather.

One of the first things to be abandoned is feather trimmings for hats, for nothing could be more unsuitable for seaside wear than ostrich feathers, which become very dismal-looking affairs after a little exposure to sea-fog. A very useful style of hat, for girls of fourteen and upwards, is of straw, in black or any dark colour, with a moderately wide brim lined with velvet. Striped gauze is folded in pleats round the brim and arranged in a puffed bow in front, and close to this is a pleating of very wide broché satin ribbon. One end of the pleating forms an aigrette with a pleating of black lace rising above it ; at the other end each pleat is cut in a sharp point, falling towards the back on the right side. There is nothing in this trimming likely to be affected by salt air, and it is stylish and out of the common.



No. 2. Dress of Printed Foulard.

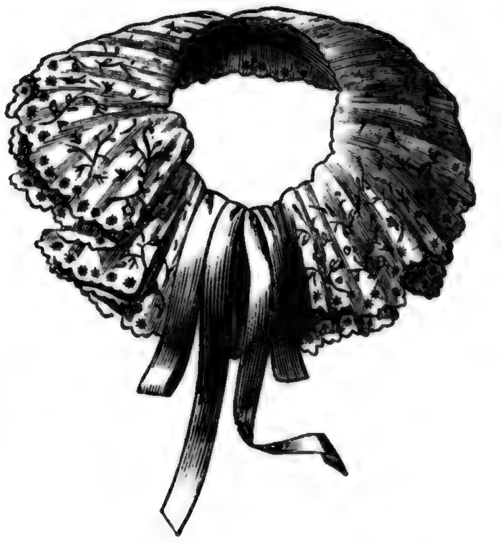




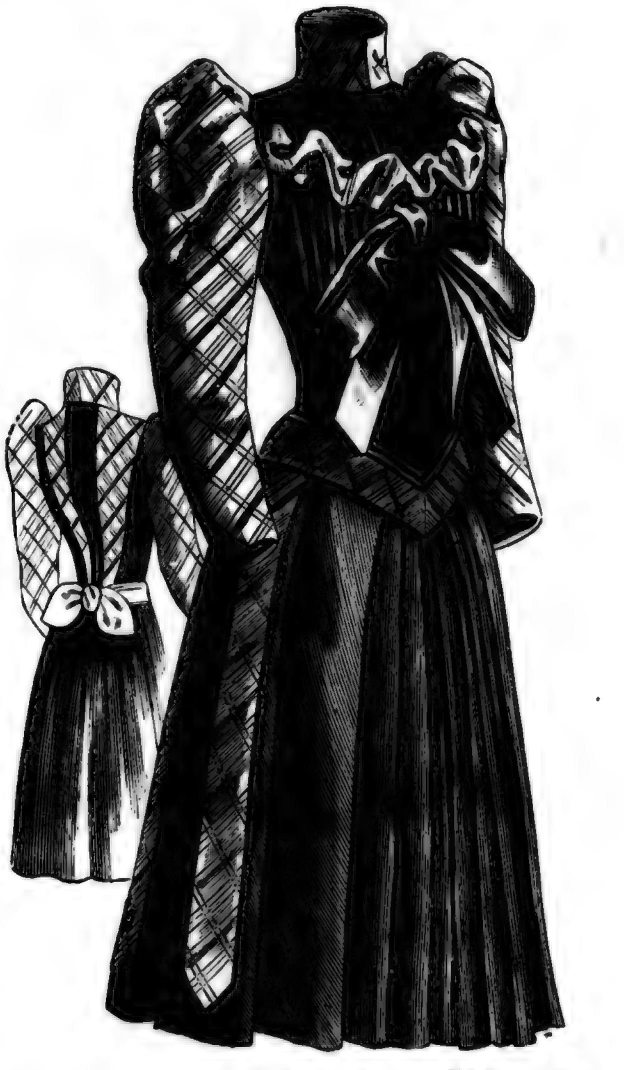
No. 1. Lace Collars and Child's Summer Hat.

Nos. 4 and 5 are broad-brimmed straw hats for younger girls. No. 4 is in beige straw, with the brim bent in a point in front and caught up against the crown at the back with a bow of cornflower-blue ribbon. A large bow of wide blue ribbon is placed in front, and the brim is edged with a light wreath of cornflowers in shades of blue. No. 5 is a pretty white straw hat, with a band of straw lace let into the brim, close to the crown. The trimming consists of bows of white ribbon, and sprays of lilies of the valley with their foliage. Other flowers, such as forget-me-nots, poppies, wild roses, or honeysuckle could be substituted for the lilies.

Although simple, seaside fashions need a little careful attention to style ; no mother likes her children to look worse dressed than those of other people, and smart clothes alone are not enough ; the plainest dresses and jackets, if well made in new and good styles, are infinitely more effective than over-trimmed but badly-made garments. As a stylish outdoor wrap for bad and doubtful days, the cloak illustrated at No. 8 may be recommended. It is made of beige cloth in ordinary paletot shape, except that the skirt is full and mounted with gathers in front, and a fluted pleat at the back, on a bodice fitted by a curved seam at the back, and double-breasted in front. The fastening of the bodice and skirt is down the left side. The front and back, and the band hiding the join between the skirt and bodice, are ornamented with appliqué embroidery. The paletot is finished off with plain coat sleeves and a deep cape, with pleated fronts fastened down by buttons ; the cape is open at the back, and buttoned down in the same way, and the fulness on the shoulder is gathered up. The turned-down collar is ornamented with embroidery.



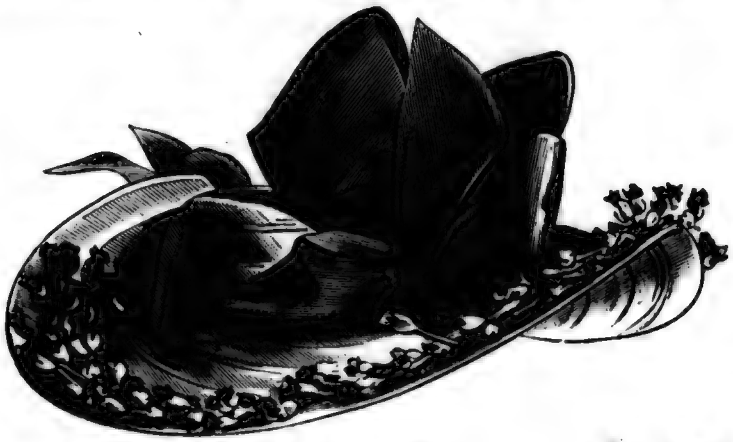
No. 6 is a new interpretation of the favourite sailor dress for girls of from six to ten years ; the skirt and jacket are of fine navy blue serge, the skirt mounted in wide double box-pleats, the jacket long and open in front, but pleated at the back. The lower parts of the jacket fronts are laced together with blue or white cord ; the chemisette is of fine white woollen, tucked at the sides and with a pleat edged with a jabot frill down the centre ; the turned-down collar, revers, and cuffs



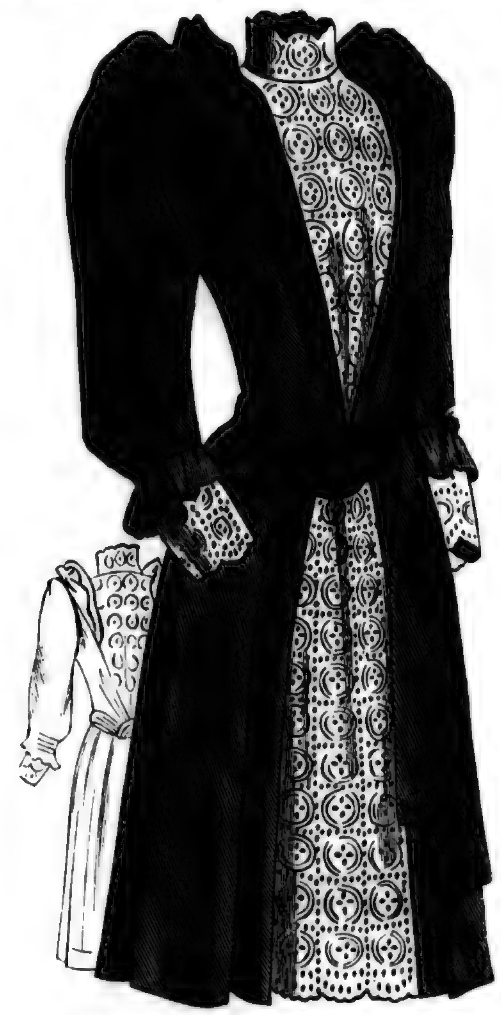
No. 3. Costume in Woollen and Bengaline.

are of the white woollen, with gold embroidered anchors at the corners, and the back of the jacket is drawn in at the waist by a buttoned tab of white woollen.

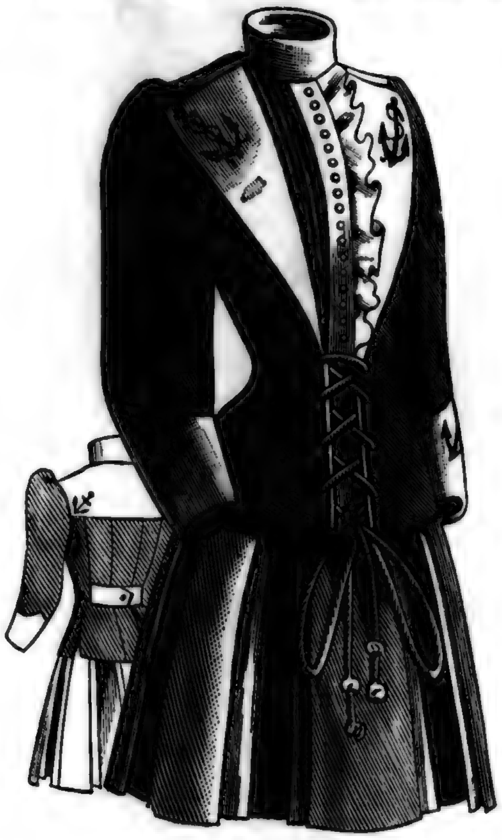
A pretty dress of printed foulard is shown at No. 2; the skirt is cut on the cross, and is made of foulard with pompadour wreaths forming a check pattern on a white ground, the left side of the blouse front is cut with the skirt, and crosses over to the right; on the right side the full skirt is mounted on a plain bodice, and both sides are joined to the jacket fronts at the shoulder and under arm seams. A frill of plain white foulard makes a high collar and marks the line of the opening. The open jacket is of old blue foulard; it has long basques with buttons at the sides, but the back is short and ends under crossed tabs; there is a deep turned-down revers collar of the blue foulard, and puffed sleeves of the same, finished off with deep cuffs of the pompadour foulard. A cord girdle is joined on at each side, and knotted with long looped ends on the right sides.


No. 4. BEIGE STRAW HAT.

No. 3 is a more serviceable and warmer dress made of fawn, woollen, and plaid bengaline. The woollen skirt is mounted in fine pleats in front, but at the sides in two wide box pleats, with a pointed band of cross-cut bengaline down the centre of each pleat. The front of the bodice is pleated throughout, and ends under a pointed band of bengaline, tied with short ends at the back, and bordered on the upper side with two flat pipings of the woollen. The pleats are interrupted, and the material forms a puff across the chest, giving the shape of a rounded yoke to the upper part. Only the centre of the bodice is pleated at the back, and the pleats are framed by shaped bretelles of bengaline. The sleeves, raised at the shoulder and plain below the elbow, are of plaid bengaline, cut on the cross.


No. 7. DRESS IN PRINTED VOILE.

The last illustration, No. 7, is a good model for printed voile, foulard, mousseline de laine, or muslin, a very fashionable material this season, although for sea side wear the preference might reasonably be given to a light woollen or silken fabric. The pleated skirt opens, redingote fashion, over a front of embroidery. The bodice opens front and back over embroidery, and the opening is framed by a double folded bias band of plain surah, beginning half way down the back, gathered up on the shoulders to form epaulets and ending in front under the folded sash of surah; the sash is loosely knotted on the left side, the long fringed ends falling down on the skirt. The sleeves are full at the back and finished off with a frill of plain surah and under-sleeve of embroidery.

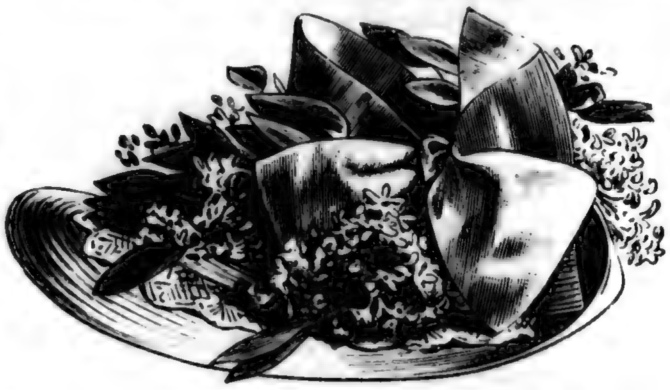

No. 6. SAILOR DRESS.

A very neat little costume for every day wear is made of soft woollen in a small blue and white check pattern. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with four rows of white braid in graduated widths; the front part is mounted with a gauged heading on the edge of a plain waistcoat of white cloth, or other white woollen with a rounded point. The jacket, of the check, opens over this, the front corners are rounded off, the back ends in a pleated basque. Revers on the jacket fronts, the collar and cuffs are all of the white cloth.

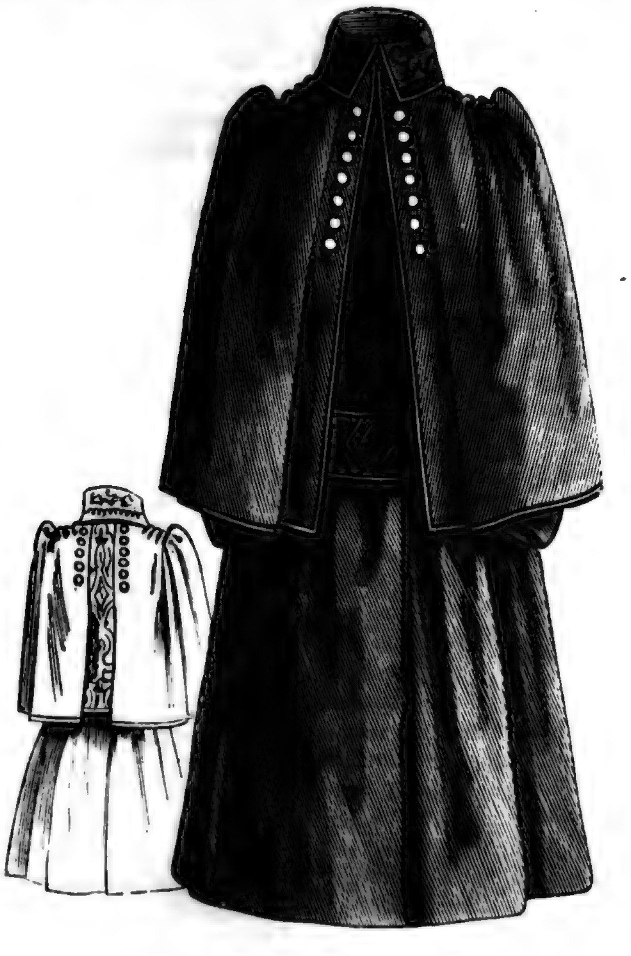
Another useful dress consists of a skirt of écru embroidery over Indian-red silk, and a blouse of silk in the same colour with écru spots. The blouse is fastened on the left side under a tab, and this and the collar are edged with a very narrow doubled frill of écru silk. The full sleeves are finished off with deep embroidery cuffs, and a red ribbon sash is tied on the right side.

Nothing gives a prettier finish to a girl's dress than one of the deep full collars now so fashionable. Three styles of collars are illustrated at No. 1. The first is of fine embroidered muslin, with a puffing of muslin drawn up with ribbon tied in front. The second is of open Irish point lace mounted on muslin, and the third is a double flounce of embroidered white chiffon tied with ribbon in front. The child's summer hat is of embroidered cambric, with a white ribbon bow at the back of the crown.

Another fashion that is very much in vogue for children's dresses is to have deep added basques of embroidery, lace, or the dress material, put on in such a manner that they fall over the pointed band that is fastened in front. The basques are either flat or pleated, and begin on each side about 3 or 4 inches from the centre of the front. This kind of basque is chiefly used with dresses cut in Princess style, bodice and skirt in one, and is altogether an added ornament, but corresponding with some other part of the dress, such as a portion of the under skirt, the collar, and cuffs, which are also made of lace or embroidery.


No. 5. WHITE STRAW HAT.

Embroidered washing materials, such as zephyr and cambric, are much used for frocks for very little children; these are generally made with high necks and long sleeves, but for summer wear there is no objection to the cool short sleeves, the long sleeves being always the part of a frock that is most liable to be soiled.


No. 8. BEIGE CLOTH CLOAK.

Pinafores are made in brown holland for nursery wear, and in muslin trimmed with embroidery for wearing in the drawing-room and dining-room.

Myra's Hints to Correspondents.

Fashion is not nearly so inconsequential a dame as she is generally depicted; it would indeed be difficult to fix upon a single fashion which stood out distinct by itself, and was neither the result of some other mode that preceded it, nor to some extent the cause of one or more of the modes that followed it.

The present fashion of dresses resting a few inches on the ground at the back may, for instance, be clearly traced to that of long jackets; the short skirt was all very well under a jacket with basques about five or six inches deep at the outside, but when the basques lengthened the plain, closely clinging skirts had to be lengthened also, not in front, of course, but at the back, where the effect of a long jacket over a short skirt is seen at its worst.

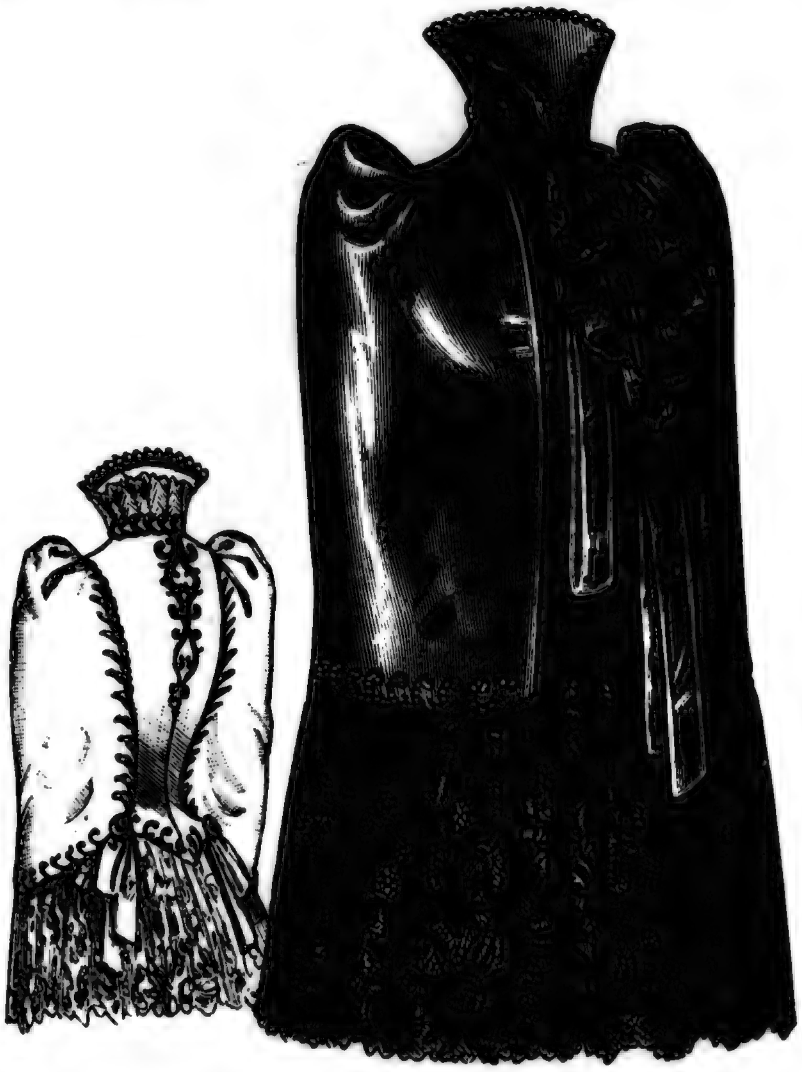
Plain skirts again are the cause of the revival of gored skirts, which can be made to fit the figure far more closely round the hips than a straight skirt, and at the same time do much towards mitigating the barrel-like effect of a plain straight skirt on any but the most slender figures. There are two varieties of flat skirts, those which are cut in sloped gores joined by seams, and those which are made without seams, with the exception of one seam at the back. This last style of skirt is chiefly used for cloth, woollens, or other materials, made in very wide width, as the width of the material must be some inches more than the depth of the skirt in front; the style is only possible on well-moulded but slender figures, and should be carefully avoided by the very thin and the stout, especially when the hips are large. Very few fabrics besides woollens, some few brochés, and mantle silks can be made up in this way, and as a rule the skirts have no trimming, but owe their style to the manner in which they are rounded at the edge, and the mounting of the pleats at the back. The pleats are folded one over the other, with a box pleat in the centre, and spread out in fan-shape at the foot, forming a slight train.

Gored skirts cut in the ordinary manner are trimmed in many ways, but chiefly with narrow bands of passementerie, or a light embroidery design worked in the seams, and round the edge of the skirt, following the line of the small train. A rather striking dress is made in this way of vieux rose silk, with black passementerie on all the seams, round the edge, and striping the sleeves. The bodice cut in a low square is also trimmed with passementerie, and at the back wide black fringe is added, giving an appearance of additional slenderness to the waist. Both bodice and skirt are moulded on the figure without the shadow of a fold or crease anywhere, but the sleeves, on the contrary, are very much raised and draped at the shoulder.

A dress made in this manner is undoubtedly stylish, if well carried out, but the greatest admirers of straight lines might hesitate a little before adopting it. Rather short figures would gain height by it, and the moderately stout would also find the long lines much more becoming than the pleated basques, panier draperies, and other fussy arrangements that prevail in some summer costumes. For the stout there is no safety outside of straight lines and stripes, and flat trimmings which neither increase the bulk nor draw attention to it.

Bodices continue very fanciful in style, and the draperies that have been banished from our skirts have found a new home on our bodices. Diagonal fastenings are very popular, the draped side of the bodice crossing over the other, which is generally quite plain. A pretty variation on this is to make the side that crosses over fall in a coquillé drapery from the chest to the waist, the folds of the coquillé gradually diminishing in size, or else the coquillé begins at the shoulder and ends below the chest, where the double-breasted bodice buttons to the waist.

Corselet bodices of silk or velvet are now made with deep basques, and are cut in a low, rounded shape, front and back; the front also opens in a point to the waist. The under bodice is plain, if of embroidery, but generally full if made of the dress material or of lace. Another pretty style, very useful or renovating last year's dresses, is to cut the bodice in a very low square, back and front, and to complete it by a high under bodice of lace or embroidery. To conceal the join ribbon is draped in folds over the shoulders and across the chest and back, and fastened on the chest with a bow. If the sleeves are not high enough for present fashion a pleated epaulet of lace may be sewn on under the ribbon, deep on the shoulders but running off to a point under the arms. The sleeve will make the lace stand up sufficiently to look well.



The Portland Mantle.

Mantle of black bengaline, the front and back pointed at the waist, the front covered with lace. Pèlerine sleeve joining the side-seam at the back, the fronts straight and open. Lace flounce round the edge of the sleeve and back. Medici collar; trimming of jet passementerie.

The Cut and Paper Pattern of the Mantle is given with this Number.

Many other devices are resorted to for raising sleeves that are not quite high enough, such as loops of ribbon or silk over a velvet roll; epaulets of another material, puffed at the shoulder and ending in a point above the elbow, lace ruches, bows of ribbon, etc., etc.

For dresses made of very thin material, muslin gauze, grenadine, crêpe, and so forth, nothing is so pretty as the plain and rather tight silk foundation sleeve with a full transparent sleeve over it, gathered up at both seams and lying over the other in soft, loose, bouillonné folds.

Both capes and jackets made of the dress material are fashionable, especially for travelling costumes made of the soft, hairy, spotted, striped, and plaid woollens that will be so largely used for this purpose.

When the jacket is long it is far more becoming to have it of the dress material, as the division between the skirt and jacket almost entirely disappears. Little capes with collars and revers of light-coloured embroidered satin make admirable wraps for cool days at the sea-side.

Long lace pèlerines with velvet or jetted yoke-pieces made their first appearance, like most of this season's fashions, long before they were wanted. These three-quarter length lace capes are many of them very elegant, especially those which are only ornamented with handsome cut jet trimming on the yoke and collar. Lace pèlerines very slightly embroidered with gold are also effective, but when too much gold is introduced the lace is stiffened to such an extent that it falls in hard lines that are altogether different from the soft folds in which lace should fall.

A very pretty mantle, for those who think the cape already a little too *banal*, has the wide mantelet ends of lace gathered at the neck under a jet ornament. The narrow back is of sicilienne, ending in a lace basque with jet drops, and the pèlerine sleeves, open in front, are also of sicilienne and entirely covered with a long fringe of jet beads falling a little below the edge of the silk. The silk Medici collar is enriched with bead embroidery.

Light colours are preferred for morning and breakfast gowns, and light woollens, especially plain crêpon and printed mousseline de laine, are the materials chiefly employed. A pretty model is in pale pink crêpon with a flounce of white crêpon at the edge. The front opens over a draped chemisette and tablier of white crêpon drawn in at the waist by a pink silk girdle. The sleeves are pink, with ruffles and fluted epaulets of white crêpon, and Figaro jacket fronts of pink passementerie complete the gown. Another lovely model is in turquoise-blue crêpon. The front is gracefully draped by a gold passementerie girdle studded with turquoises. The back is in plain princess shape, with a long train. The sleeves fall in long bag puffs below the elbow, and are gathered into cuffs of gold passementerie and turquoises.

Corsets are not only very elegant, but made in different styles according to the description of dress with which they are to be worn; corsets for day wear differing in shape and material from those worn with evening dress. In any case, however, both fashion and hygiene are consulted, and no attempt is made to force the figure into unnatural shapes.

Broché silks are the most fashionable materials for corsets, and they are lined with silk or linen. For summer wear, corsets are being made of an open, net-like fabric over coloured silk, and some ball dresses are accompanied by corsets made of the same material as the dress.

A bodice of some kind is always worn over the corset, not so much to protect this as to soften its hard outlines under the dress. Bodices are made of cambric, nainsook, the finest longcloth, or surah. Many ladies, however, prefer, as ensuring a more perfect fit, woven bodices in silk or lisle thread, which cling to the figure and mould it like a jersey. These may now be had of all good ladies' outfitters.

Myra's Answers to Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employment for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring uch answers by post,* 12 *postage tamps should be enclosed.*

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

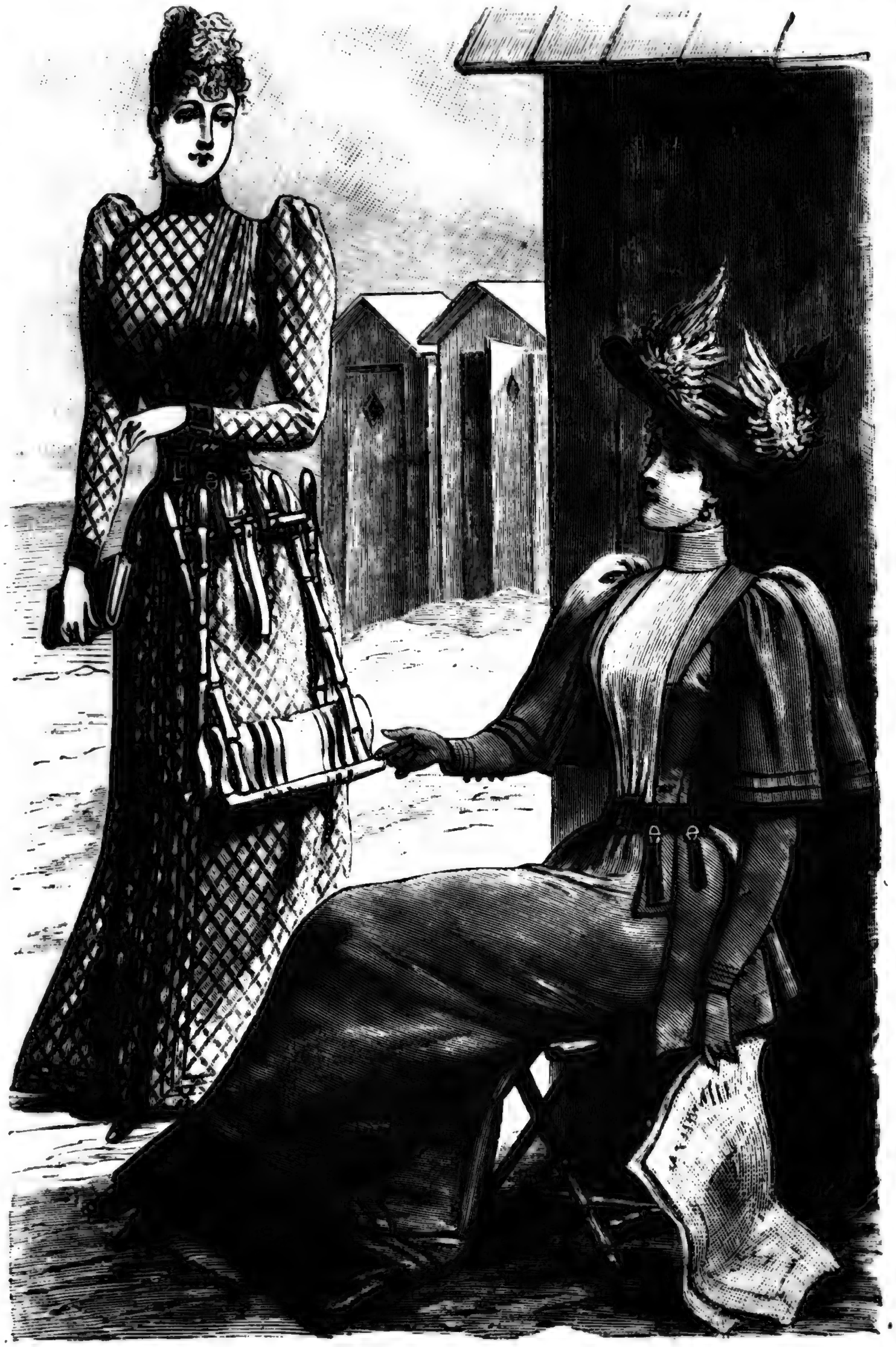
1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The foundation of the lace mantle is generally a kind of habit-shirt of black silk, with a square tab basque falling three or four inches below the waist, and the front and back parts joined at the waist by an elastic band covered with ribbon. The silk is covered with plain net, and it is a great improvement to have a small cap over the shoulder, like a short sleeve without an under part, made of net, and on which the lace pèlerine can be secured and made to rise well at the shoulder. We give with this number the pattern of a mantle which will, perhaps, answer your purpose.

CARMEN.—1. An under-skirt of pale green velvet, studded with rows of jet cabochons, and a plastron, Medici collar and sleeves to match, would be novel and stylish, and so alter your dress that no one would recognise it. Alter the draping a little, and if possible copy the pretty moyenâge dress on page 14 in this number. 2. You would find a printed mousseline de laine more serviceable for travelling than muslin, as it soon shakes out and loses all signs of creases. You will find plenty of models to choose from in this number, see especially pages 11 and 14, and the coloured plate, which is a charming dress.



TRAVELLING AND SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. Princess dress of grey and brown check woollen, cut on the cross. The fronts fastened from the left shoulder over a narrow band of brown velvet, the skirt open in front over a narrow tablier to match. Trimming of brown braid. Collar and cuffs of velvet fastened with silver buckles. Capote of frosted tulle trimmed with gold crépon. Quantity of material required, 8 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress and mantle of beige cloth. The skirt bordered with bronze velvet headed by bronze braid. Jacket bodice with deep basques open over a plastron of crépon and short waistcoat fronts. Open pèlerine mounted on a rounded yoke at the back, the yoke ending in revers in front. Braid trimming. Black straw hat trimmed with bronze velvet and yellow wings. Quantity of material required, 9 yards.

Both figures wear the newly-invented band with attachment for carrying a camp-stool; fig. 1 shows the method of attaching the stool; fig. 2 shows the band only with the camp stool in use. The band can be had at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

NETTA.—We prefer No. 3 of your patterns, the rich Indian red. You could make a very stylish costume of this with a plain skirt and very deep jacket, quite as long as that on page 11, but opening over a pointed waistcoat of velvet in a darker shade. Put pocket flaps of velvet on the basques behind the arms, deep mousquetaire cuffs of velvet and collar of velvet. We shall be giving designs for yachting dresses in our next number; a material that is very much employed with serge is blue and white striped drill, the stripes a little over a quarter of an inch wide. Send to Mr. Egerton Burnett, Wellington, Somerset, for patterns of serge and drill.

MRS. D.—1. Very pretty pinafores for little girls are made of fine printed cambric with small patterns, or of spotted or fancy muslin, drawn in round the neck and waist with coloured ribbon run through a casing. There is a lace edging round the low neck and bows on the shoulders. 2. The newest smocked frocks are cut in a low square over a white chemisette, which is also smocked. The front and back of the bodice are joined over the shoulder by smocked bands, and the sleeves are white, like the chemisette, and smocked at the wrist.

MILLY.—There are two bodices in this number which could be taken as models for altering your dress. One is fig. 2 on page 9, the other the travelling dress on page 30. In either case the centre of the front is cut away and replaced by another material; in the travelling dress you could make the flat plastron and the draperies of the new material. Faille or bengaline in a dark, dull shade of red would look very well, and you could make gauntlet cuffs of the same.

NOVICE.—Four dresses ought to be quite sufficient; the broché alpaca and figured mousseline de laine will both be useful, but you should also have a useful tweed costume (more dreadnought than alpaca and preferable to serge for travelling), and as a better dress you would find black embroidered net or lace over shot silk more useful than anything else. This would be quite sufficiently dressy for table d'hôte dinner. One hat and one bonnet, one thin light mantle, a cloth jacket or cape, and a waterproof cloak will also be necessary. An en-tout-cas will be more useful than a parasol. By all means go to the Grands Magasins du Louvre, on your way home, for your little presents; you will find plenty of pretty trifles to choose from.

PANSY.—Finish off the blouses with a turned-down collar of the material and a tie to match, or long ends tied in a cravat bow at the neck.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE CORSETS.—Every Lady should see illustrations f "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonder- l Corsets in the world.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. o all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker E. T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham.

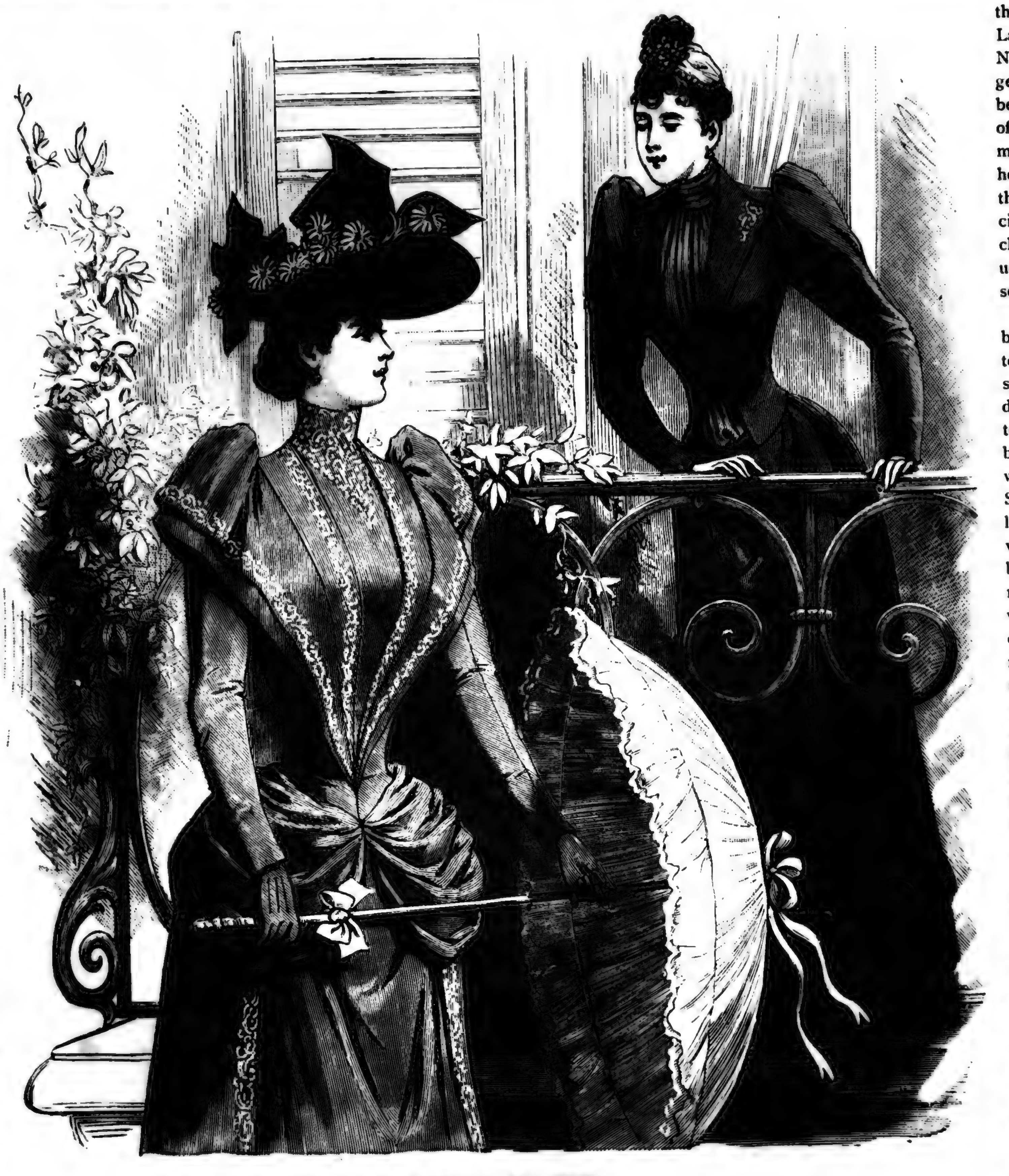
M. M.—1. As you are trimming the dress with lace and jet the best way to raise the sleeves would be to add a puff of lace at the shoulder, and to cover the edge of the lace at the lower part of the puff with a band of the jet galon. See fig. 4 on page 14, but make the puff slope the other way, *i.e.*, longer under the arm than on the outside. If you use flouncing copy the illustration exactly. 2. The tea-gown on page 23, but make the pleats of the front start from the shoulder and fall the full length of the figure, and quite straight.

Davenport.—Fashionable combinations of colour are pink and green, pink and blue, and heliotrope and blue, and heliotrope and pink. Of course the colours have to be most carefully chosen, and always in pale shades, bright shades would never harmonise. They are sometimes combined in dresses, but more often in bonnets; a very pretty little bonnet is in white fancy straw, with a bouillonné of pale pink gauze under the brim, partly veiled by lace, and bows of narrow pale mauve satin ribbon on the outside; the two colours are divided by the lace. A heliotrope dress may, however, be made of heliotrope material with a plastron of pale blue crêpe or chiffon. For the hat we should suggest large rosettes of white and coloured chiffon; about three rosettes are needed, one white and two coloured.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON NEEDLEWORK.

Netta.—Any of the old stitches on your sampler may be used for the work, but you must have plain, not Penelope canvas to work them. A great many of these straight stitches worked in zigzag and vanyked lines are new employed for cushions, rugs, etc., in tapestry work. The wools may be either in different colours or in shades of one colour.

Hélène.—You would find some very handsome specimens of jewelled embroidery—the work begun, and all materials provided to finish it—at Miss Mee's, 99, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, W. If you cannot call, specimens of work will be forwarded to you in the country. We have seen there just such a tablecloth as you require—black, with a printed cambric square in the centre, very richly embroidered with silks and jewels. The colours are combined with great taste; indeed, you will find all Miss Mee's embroidery excellent in this respect. She will also undertake to trace your designs on your own materials; or will find the designs and trace them for you.



PROMENADE TOILETTES.

Fig. 1. Toilette of heliotrope woollen with cream embroidery. Redingote panels edged with embroidery over a draped tablier. Pointed bodice with added panier draperies, the fronts open and fastened down the right side over a flat plastron. Double flounced bretelles over the sholduers, ending at the point of corsage. Embroidery on the collar, plastron, fronts of bodice, and upper bretelle. Black fancy straw hat, trimmed with heliotrope ribbon and yellow marguerites. Quantity of material required, 9 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of navy blue woollen, the skirt draped in front and pleated at the back. Open jacket bodice, the revers ornamented with silver embroidery. Full vest of navy blue surah and draped collar to match. Sleeves raised at the shoulder. Capote of white crépon, with white flowers and blue feathers. Quantity of material required, 8 yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

MISCELLANEA.

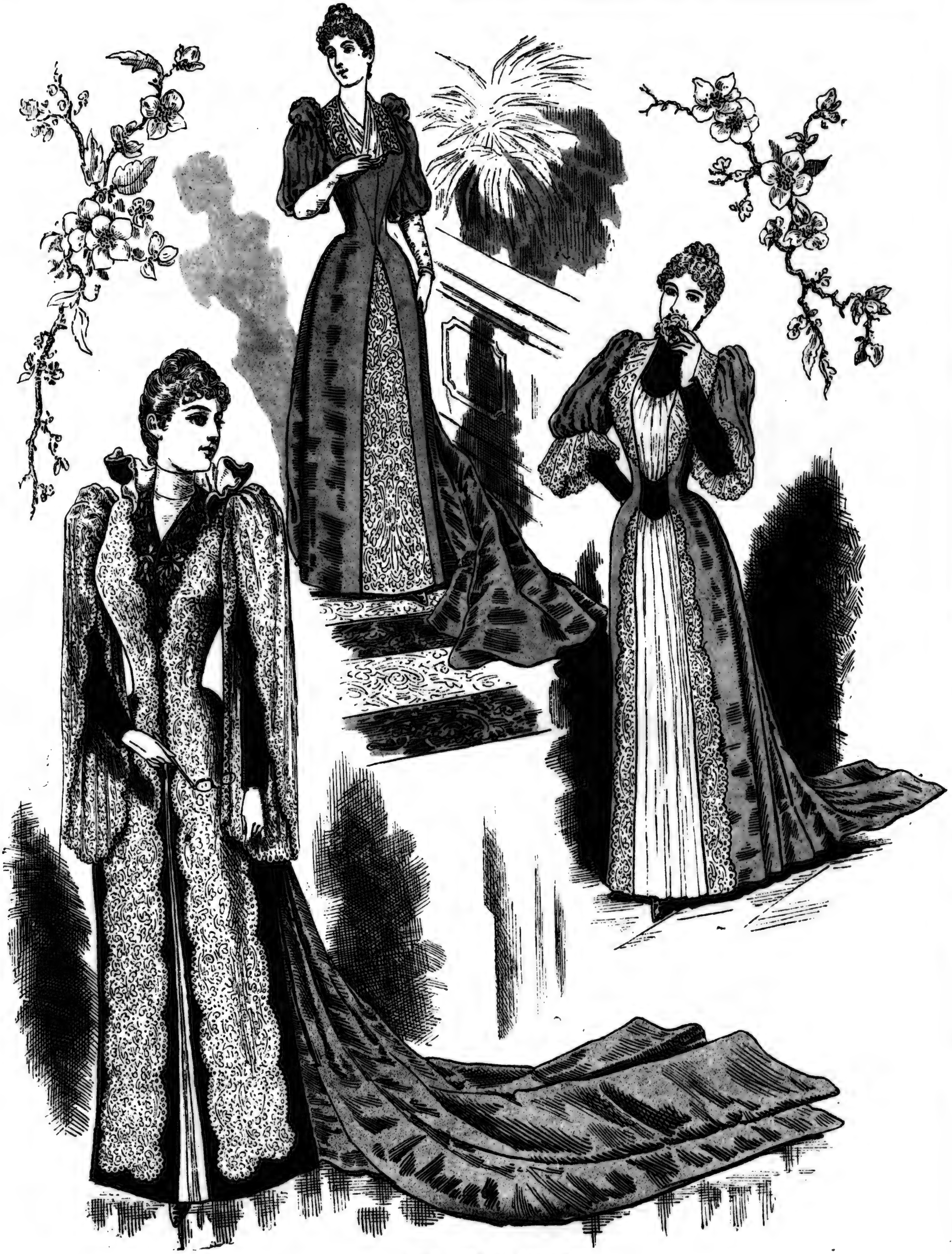
Marie.—You do not say whether you wish to accompany an English family going abroad, or to find a situation with a foreign family. If the first see the advertisements in the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph*, and in either case apply to the Lady Secretary of the Association for Ladies' Maids and Nurses, 298, Regent Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 4. You may very likely hear of something through the Association, and no charge is made until a situation is secured.

Lili.—It would be quite possible to have the old spoons melted down and converted into ornaments, but it would not be worth the expense. Silver is now of so little value that it would most likely be cheaper to buy new ornaments. Silver lockets and chains are, however, not worn, and we should advise you to sell the old silver and buy yourself a pretty gold bangle with the money. Any jeweller or silversmith will do this for you.

Ménagère.—If you want your lamps to be in perfect condition, you must boil them once a month. Put about a quart of boiling water and a piece of soda the size of a walnut in a saucepan, empty the lamps, and put them in the wrong way up, so that all the parts near the wicks is thoroughly immersed. Boil them for about five minutes and rinse them well in cold water before drying. The wicks also require attention; new wicks should be soaked in strong vinegar and thoroughly dried before they are taken into use. If this is done, the lamps wil give a clearer and brighter light and there is less danger of their smoking.

To Inventors.—If you have an idea for a Patent, write to the Patent Editor, Patent Department, 38, Chancery Lane, London, who will supply full particulars and advice free.

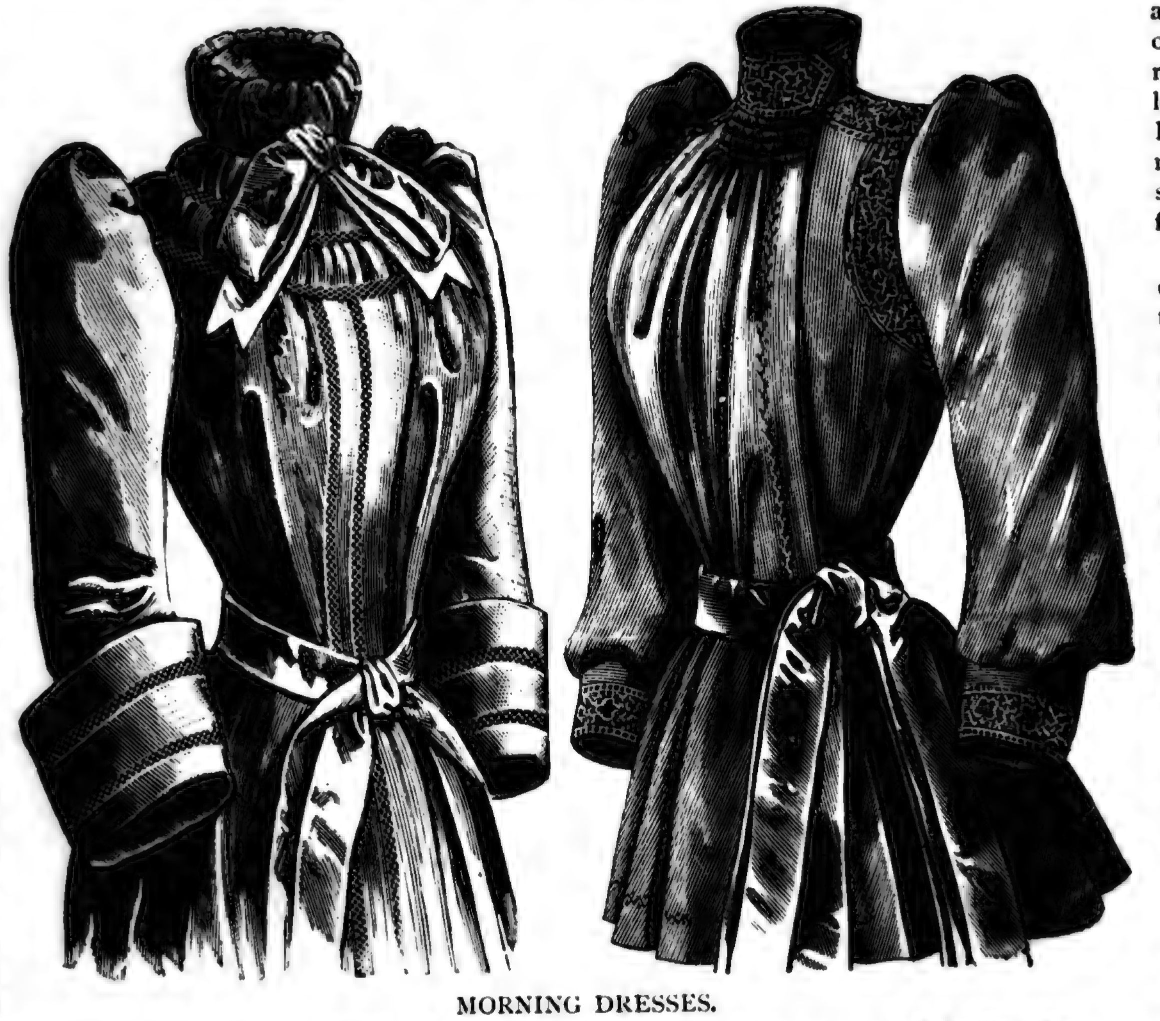
Beautiful Figure Corsets.—Every lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world.



New Dinner and Tea-Gowns.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

Forget-me-not.—1. We do not know of anything that will make your hair grow at quite the rate you desire, and think, as it is growing so well, it is rather a pity to interfere with nature. However, if you really want to use something, the best lotion would be rosemary water or tea. To make this, put two ounces of rosemary tops in a pint of boiling water, and let them infuse till cold. Strain off the tea thus made, and add to it two and a-half fluid ounces of good Jamaica rum. You can make it stronger by doubling the quantity of rosemary. 2. The preparation should be a thin, creamy paste. 3. The rosemary wash will help to keep the hair clean; when a washing is really necessary, use warm water, to which you may add a little ammonia or common soda and soft soap. Take care to dry the hair thoroughly, and before dressing it sprinkle a little eau de Cologne over the head. This will very likely remedy the tendency to take cold. Your letter reached us too late to be answered in the June Myra.



MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1. Morning dress of fine flannel or serge, with full-rounded yoke and puffed collar; ribbon at the neck and waist. Loose sleeves with large cuffs. Silk embroidery on the yoke, fronts and cuffs.

Fig. 2. Matinée of blue zephyr with full front fastened on the left side, and deep full basque; ribbon band. Embroidered collar, shoulder straps, cuffs and bands round the armhole.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Vicarage.—1. The pure white lily, *L. Candida*, is the one used. 2. If the superfluous hair is a disfigurement, it may easily be removed by a depilatory. Mr. Mason, pharmaceutical chemist, Norwich, will send you a good one, post free, for 2s. One of our readers says of it:—"I must express my satisfaction with the depilatory; from experience I can say that its repeated use tends to extirpate the hair, the growth of which is now so weak and dead that a rare application suffices; formerly it was strong and troublesome."

Lili.—The prices of the belts vary considerably; the least expensive cost about 26s. We find no mention of bands at 5s. 6d. in the catalogue, and should recommend you to write direct to the firm for information. 2. We are sorry we are unable to answer this question; can you explain your meaning more clearly?

Laury S.—A good quinine lotion would probably benefit your hair more than any other. You can make this yourself as follows: Sulphate of quinine, 1 drachm; rose-water, 8 ounces; dilute sulphuric acid 15 drops; rectified spirit, 2 ounces; mix these, and then add glycerine ¼ ounce; essence royale, 5 or 6 drops. Shake these well together, and the next day filter through muslin. The lotion may be used once or twice a day. You should also have your hair cut rather frequently. If the scurfiness continues cleanse the hair occasionally with the yolk of an egg beaten up with a pint of distilled water and 1 ounce of rosemary water. A little eau de Cologne and water would check the greasiness.

Chatelaine.—1. For removal of the superfluous hair see answer to "Vicarage." 2. Acne, a specific skin affection, causes all the symptoms you describe—black specks, greasy surface of skin, and a pitted appearance. The black specks or black heads are a most common symptom, and are very disfiguring. An efficient cure for them may be found in Strachan's Acne Lotion, Mr. Mason, pharmaceutical chemist, Norwich, will forward it to you, post free, for 3s. 3d.

Violet.—There are many kinds of dentifrice you can prepare at home, including the camphorated chalk you refer to, which is made as follows:—Precipitated chalk, 8 oz.; camphor, 2 oz.; powdered orris, 4 oz.; carbonate of magnesia, 3 oz. Pound the camphor in a mortar with a little spirits of wine, then mix the other ingredients with it, and pass the whole through a sieve first, and then through muslin two or three times.

Distressed Damsel.—The small pink pimples are probably erythema, and indicate that you need a tonic, and that your general health wants looking after. Take a little quinine, plenty of good nourishing food and fresh air, and as a local remedy use Vinolia Cream and Powder.

Agnes.—It is a distinct and great mistake to wash the hair with soda or other alkalies in the hope of making it lighter and brighter; they must eventually ruin its structure. The only agent which will give a bright golden tint to the hair, without injury, is pure peroxide of hydrogen. By its use the bronzy tints and lights, so much coveted, may be given to hair of any shade, or it may, if desired, be rendered absolutely golden. Mr. Mason gives full particulars in his advertisement, which see.

Orb.—Eau de Cologne in the main owes its fragrance to the otto of orange-flowers, or neroli, and to the otto of lemon-peel. But most of the recipes for its preparation are so complicated that it would be useless to give them here. The process requires skilled manipulation.

Miss N.—It is a mistake to squeeze out the spots; you will spoil the shape of your nose. It would be far better to try to effect a cure by means of the Anti-Bolbos of the Parfumerie Exotique, E. Senet, 35, rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This preparation is a lotion which can be sent you post free for 5fr. 50c., or 10fr. 50c., according to the size of the bottle.

Mrs. K. T.—1. See answer to "Chatelaine." 2. Your hair being so very grey you can hardly expect good results from anything short of a dye. For so dark a brown as your hair we unhesitatingly recommend Garrison Hair Dye. You will find full particulars of this in Mr. Mason's advertisement at the end of this journal. This dye is quite harmless, is in only one solution, and is easy of application and very cleanly in use. Above all it is remarkably permanent, and will stand washing for weeks together.

S. V. T.—Water cosmetique is made by melting pure white soap, and beating up with it sufficient ivory black—or if brown be wanted, burnt umber—to strongly colour it. When cold it is cut into blocks. It is applied with water and a very stiff brush.

Somerset.—Yes, to both your queries; the Albion Milk and Sulphur Soap is excellent, and quite suited to sensitive skins, and there is no doubt whatever that Scott's Emulsion does increase the weight by making flesh, and improves the health. You should begin taking it at once in frequent small doses, but you must also be careful not to do anything that will prolong the tendency to take cold.

Georgie.—There is not the slightest objection to the use of a pure and good complexion powder, composed of perfectly harmless ingredients. Of such there is no better than Bloom of Stephanotis. It is of a delicate cream tint, not dead white, and is exquisitely perfumed. Its cooling effect prevents flushing and redness, and it is very adhesive, lasting, and invisible on the skin. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, pharmaceutical chemist, Norwich, who sends it to any address, post free, for 3s. 6d.

Ibis.—If your hair splits at the ends have it well shortened by cutting, and then singed. The process of singeing seals up the ends of the hair, as it were, and thus prevents this troublesome tendency to splitting.

Sibyl.—A series of arm and leg exercises performed every morning before dressing, and every night after undressing, would be very beneficial, and would keep your muscles in good order. The exercises consist of swinging the arms round, extending them in all directions, jumping with the hands on the hips, trotting on one spot, lifting the feet alternately and quickly, extending and bending the feet and knees, etc. All this can be done in your own room.

Betty.—1. Yes. We have no doubt that if you requested Mr. Mason to do so, he would prepare it for you as a wash. 2. The *rationale* of sulphur hair soap is this:—The natural colour of the hair consists largely of sulphur, which, in greyness, the pigment cells fail to secrete. By washing the hair once a week with this soap, a full supply of sulphur is presented to these cells, so that they may elaborate healthy colour, and prevent all further spread of greyness. Your friend will find full particulars of it in Mr. Mason's advertisement at the end of this journal.

Isabel.—There is a Vinolia Dentifrice which you would find very pleasant to use, and beneficial. It is in the form of a powder, and is very cleansing and fragrant. You would also find the new Vestal Vinolia Soap of the same firm a delightful preparation.

Valeria.—Nothing will make the hair grow when the hair glands are actually dead, but there is little danger of this being the case with you. Loss of hair is generally caused by the loss of vigour in the hair glands, and this can be restored by the use of a judicious tonic application. We recommend Mason's Jaborandi Hair Tonic, which is certainly one of the very best lotions for creating a vigorous and healthy growth. The price is 3s. 6d., post free, from P. H. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich.

No Toilet Preparation is more subject to fraudulent imitation than the Véritable Eau de Ninon, of the Parfumerie Ninon, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This exquisite Lotion, which effaces wrinkles and restores whiteness to the skin and bloom to the complexion, is sent post-free on receipt of a Post Office Order for 6 francs, according to the size of the bottle, and 50 centimes extra for postage.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS,

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

FASHIONABLE OUTDOOR COSTUMES. PAGE 11.

Fig. 1. Mantilla of beige crêpe de chine mounted on a yoke buttoned down the front, the pèlerine draped in front, and full and straight at the back. Double revers, embroidered with gold round the shoulders, and embroidered end in front. Bronze straw hat, trimmed with white wings and straw coloured crêpe de chine. Quantity of material required—crêpe 8 yards.

Fig. 2. Jacket of grey cloth with a draped sash ot grey silk round the waist. Valois cape of the cloth, the low cut open fronts ornamented with steel embroidery and joined by a cord brandenburgh. Puffs of the cloth on the shoulders. Hat of black straw lace, trimmed with white roses and grey wings. Quantity of material required—4 yards.

Fig. 3. Princess dress of grey striped silk cut on the bias, the fronts forming mitred points down the centre, the backs cut in the same way with pleats below the waist. Lace flounce round the edge, lace ruffles on the bias cut sleeves, and lace collar with folds of lace round the neck, fastened at the back. Hat of fancy grey straw trimmed with white lace, gold ribbon, and yellow roses. Quantity of material required—16 yards.

Fig. 4. Dress of grey blue bengaline, the skirt draped a little in front; jacket with long basques open over a white cloth waistcoat enriched with grey silk embroidery. Embroidery to correspond on the jacket fronts. Collar and sleeves of bengaline; folded band of white silk. Toque of straw lace trimmed with jetted tulle and cornflowers. Quantity of material required—bengaline 15 yards.

Fig. 5. Dress of cream foulard with pompadour pattern in red; on the left side of skirt a draped panel, edged with lace. Full bodice gathered at the neck and drawn in at the waist by a wide ribbon sash tied on the right side. The diagonal fastening concealed by a lace bretelle starting from the left shoulder and joining the flounce on the panel. Full half length sleeve with a lace ruffle and ribbon band and bow. Draped collar. Hat of white fancy straw trimmed with wild flowers, ribbons, and lace. Quantity of material required, 15 yards.

NEW WALKING AND VISITING COSTUMES.
Page 14.

Fig. 1. Moyenâge dinner dress. The under skirt of white crêpe de chine, embroidered with gold; full sleeves, and pleated chemisette of the crêpe. Overskirt of green crépon, caught up on the right side, and and trimmed round the edge with velvet and silk and gold embroidery. Bodice to match, cut in a low square and fastened diagonally. Embroidered collar; tight sleeves from the elbow, of green crépon. Quantity of material required—crépon, 7 yards.

Fig. 2. Garden party dress of printed mousseline de laine. Princess dress, the fronts draped and crossed over an under-bodice of embroidery, the skirt draped a little in front, and falling in a wide pleat on the right side. Deep cuffs of embroidery, and a narrow band of embroidery round the armholes. Fluted pleating at the shoulders. Leghorn straw hat, trimmed with ribbon and flowers. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 3. Dress of printed foulard, the front of skirt trimmed with a graduated flounce of black lace. Bodice with draped fronts and deep basque of black lace; stand-up collar of frilled lace round the open neck, over a plastron and collar of plain foulard. Puffed sleeves, the tight lower part of lace over plain foulard. Leghorn straw hat, trimmed with roses and their foliage. Quantity of material required — 15 yards.

Fig. 4. Half-mourning toilette. Dress of grey crépon, the fronts open over a tablier of black poult de soie, and trimmed with grey and black broché ribbon. Bodice of grey crépon open over a black silk plastron, the right side draped at the point and fastened on the left hip. Sleeves of crépon with puff of black silk; sash of broché ribbon. Grey capote trimmed with black velvet and steel aigrettes. Quantity of material required—crépon 7 yards.

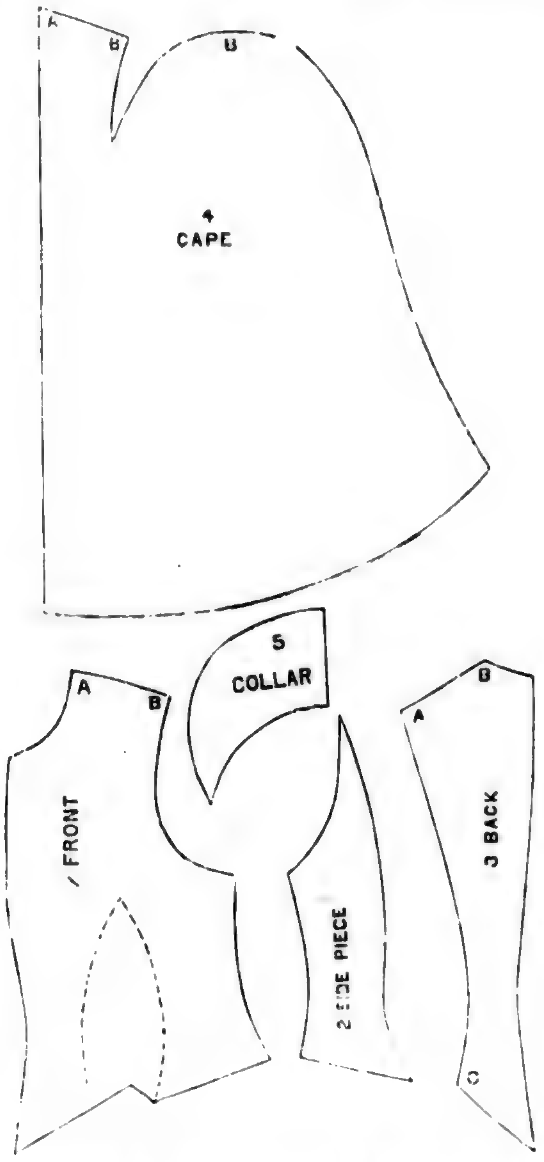


DIAGRAM OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.
THE PORTLAND MANTLE.

DRESSES FOR INDOOR AND OUTDOOR WEAR.
PAGE 23.

Fig. 1. Under-skirt of white China silk embroidered at the edge, bodice to match, and puffed sleeves of plain white China silk. Over-skirt of dark blue bengaline, and corselet with shoulder straps of the same. Pleated under corselet of pale blue silk, cuffs of the same, and puffs at the shoulder. Bands of dark blue bengaline on the sleeves and collar. Quantity of material required—bengaline, 14 yards.

Fig. 2. Costume of fawn and white striped silk cut on the bias. Bodice cut in the same way, the right side plain, the left side draped at the waist and with a band of écru guipure following the crossing. Pointed band of guipure. Valois cape of fawn bengaline lined with white silk, the fronts trimmed with guipure and fastened in front of the shoulders with bows. Collar and sleeves of plain bengaline, cuffs of striped silk. Hat of écru gauze trimmed with pale blue. Quantity of material required—striped, 16 yards; plain, 3 yards.

Fig. 3. Tea gown of grey crépon, the open pleated fronts trimmed with steel galon, which is continued round the neck at the back. Under-dress of pink crêpe de chine, the fronts pleated and crossed over a plastron and collar of steel embroidery; crossed band to match at the waist, and bands of galon on the pink undersleeves. Open hanging sleeves of grey crépon lined with pink and puffed at the shoulders. Quantity of material required—crépon, 8 yards.

Fig. 4. Plain skirt of striped woollen, open bodice of the same over a chemisette, and collar of white crépon. Deep added basques, and pipings of velvet edging the corsage and basques; velvet on the sleeves. Revers of guipure. High open collar, guipure capote trimmed with velvet and flowers. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

NEW DINNER AND TEA GOWNS.
Page 29.

Fig. 1. Tea gown of Indian red silk, the fronts of velvet in a darker shade, veiled with white lace, and open over a narrow tablier of pale Indian red silk. Collar and plastron to match, and fluted velvet collar lined with similar silk. Gold embroidery on the velvet fronts, velvet under.sleeves, and open hanging sleeves of lace. Quantity of material required—silk, 14 yards; velvet, 7 yards.

Fig. 2. Princess dress of heliotrope bengaline, the front open over a narrow tablier of yellow satin, covered with point lace. The bodice cut in a low square, filled in with crossed draperies of pale yellow chiffon; collar of satin and lace to match the tablier. Puffed elbow sleeves. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fig. 3. Tea-gown of electric blue crépon, and under dress of cream crépon, with band and yoke of rich brown velvet. Lace turned back round the neck and down the fronts of the skirt. Puffed sleeves, with lace ruffles and tight velvet sleeves to the wrist. Quantity of material required—blue, 7 yards; cream, 2 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

No. 1. DETAIL OF HOUSEWIFE.—The housewife is made of fine Java canvas or coarse étamine embroidered in leviathan stitch, with silks in five shades and edged with a knotted silk fringe to match.

No. 2. APPLIQUE LACE EDGING.—The lace is used for trimming under-linen, and is an appliqué of very fine cambric muslin on Brussels net. All the edges are worked in over-casting with fine embroidery cotton, the thick outlines at the edge in button-hole stitch, and the leaves and stalks in satin stitch.

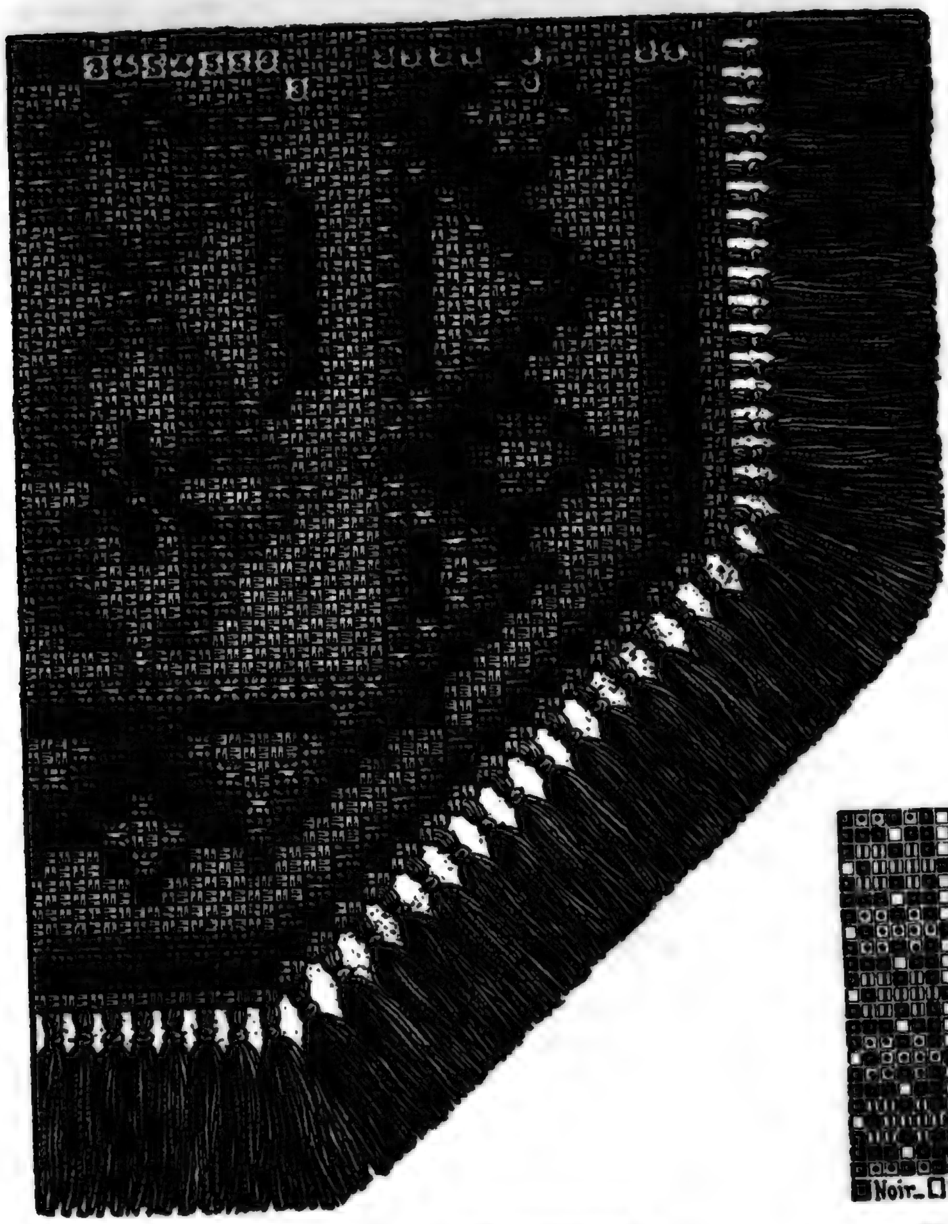
NO. 3. DESIGN IN TAPESTRY WORK.—This may be used for slippers and other work; the colours are, black squares, black wool; white squares, gold coloured silk; squares with dots, violet wool; square with lines, lighter shade of violet.

No. 4. HOUSEWIFE.—The housewife is in a large size and is intended for gentlemen's use. For the embroidery see No. 1. The housewife is lined with holland, and the broad end is fitted with a pocket for buttons, thimble, &c.; a case of flannel for needles must also be provided, and the lining must be double and divided into casings for black and white thread and cotton in different sizes.

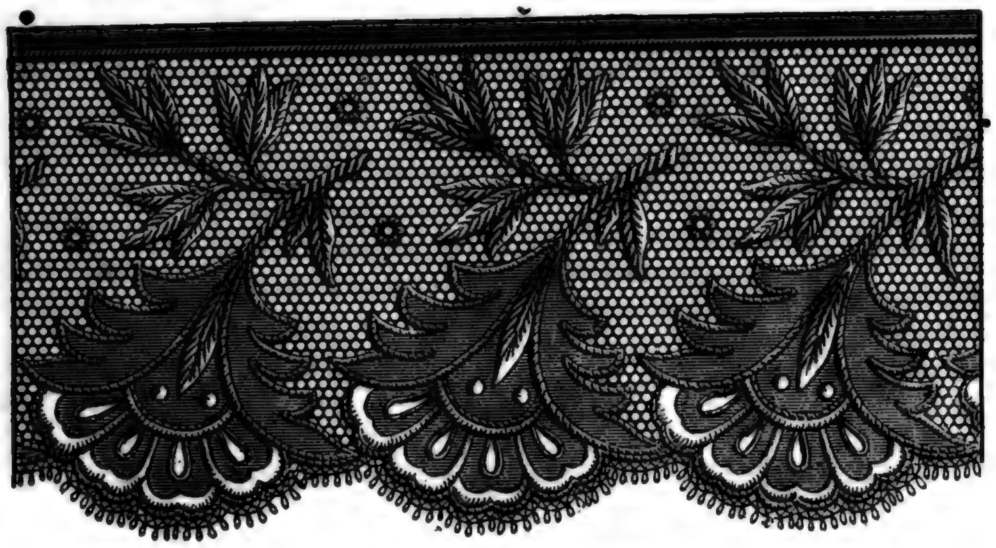
BEAUTIFUL FIGURE CORSETS.—Every lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world,

TO THE FAIR SEX.—LADIES' HAIR COMBINGS forwarded by post, thoroughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three day, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. BROWN, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Leece Street, Liverpoo

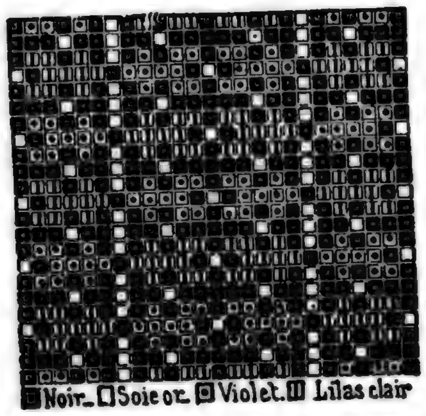
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



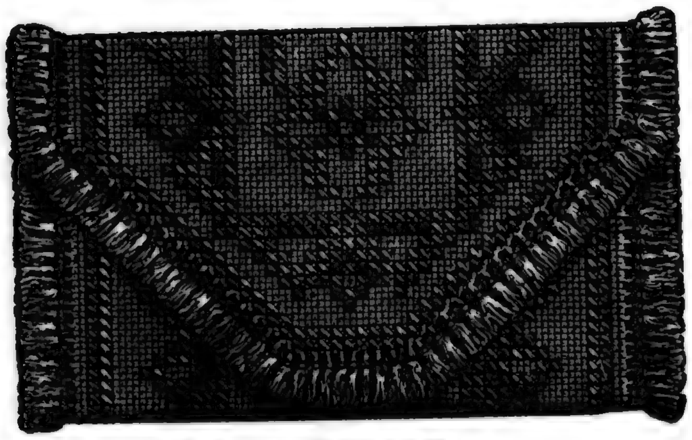
No. 1. Detail of Housewife.



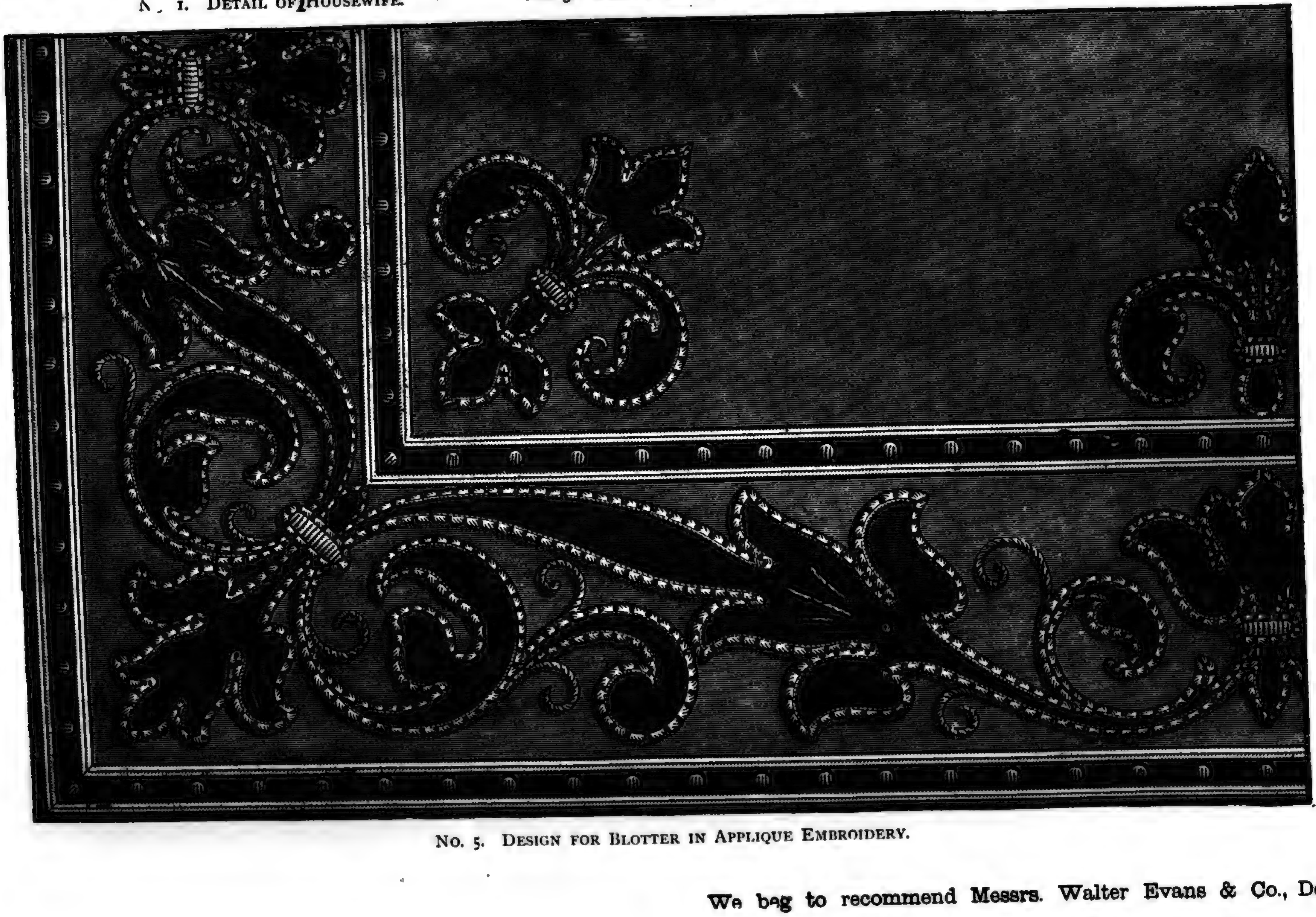
No. 2. Applique Lace Edging.


■ Noir. □ Soie or. ▨ Violet. ▥ Lilas clair

No. 3. Design in Tapestry Work.



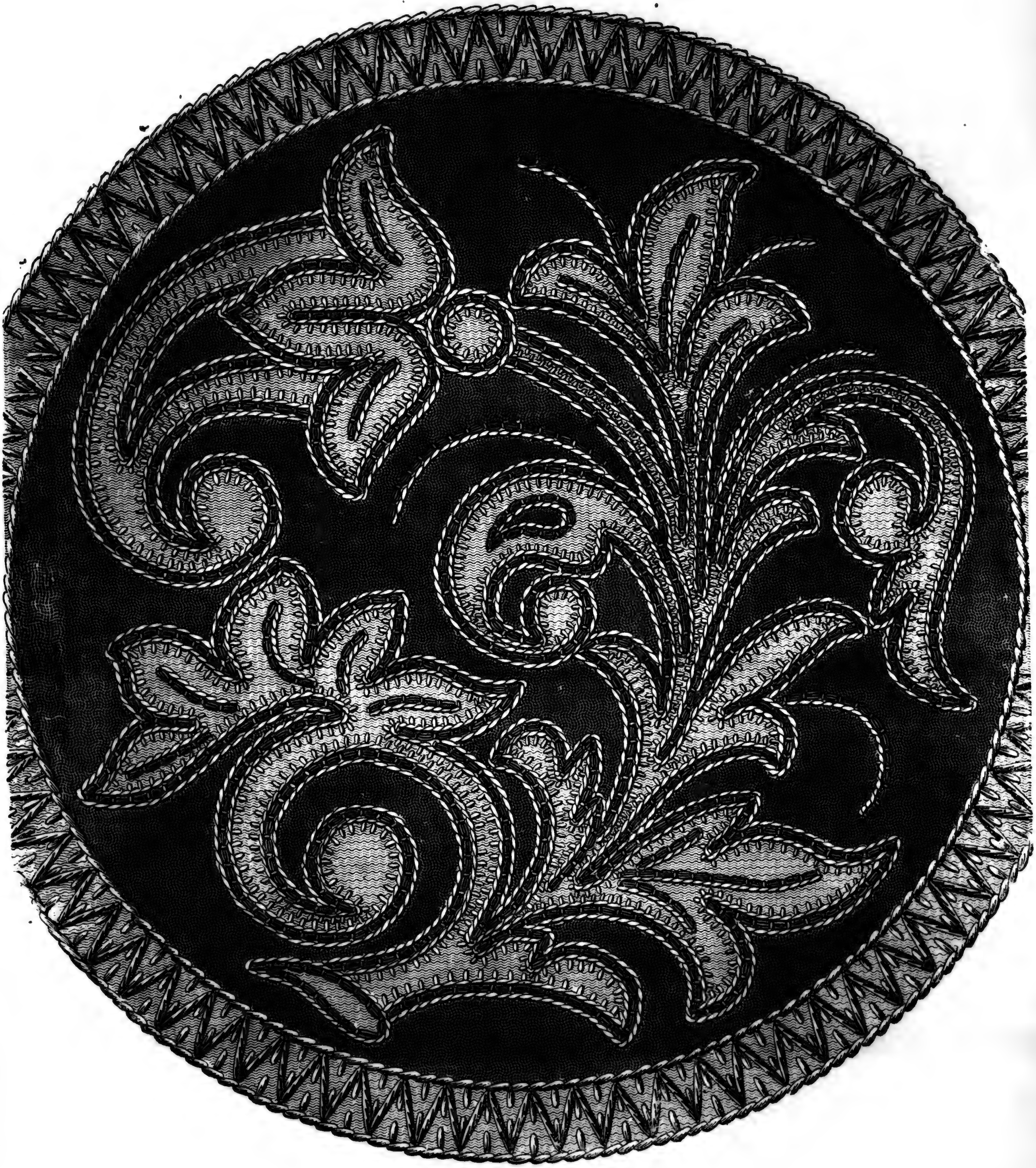
No. 4. Housewife.



No. 5. Design for Blotter in Applique Embroidery.

We beg to recommend Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby, for ever kind

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



No. 6. DESIGN FOR CENTRE OF SOFA CUSHION.

for eve kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery, and Maltese Thread.

No. 5. Design for Blotter in Applique Embroidery.—The blotter is in dull red satin sheeting, with appliqué border in old blue velvet and designs to match at the corners and sides. These are all outlined with narrow old-gold silk braid, with gold thread on the inner side and dots worked in red silk. The dark lines are in black velvet, with spots worked in old-gold silk and double outline of gold thread.

No. 6. Design for Centre of Sofa Cushion.—The design may also be used for the centre of a small tablecloth and other purposes. The ground is of almond-green figured satin sheeting; the appliqué design is cut out in vieux rose plush and neatly tacked in place. The outlines consist of coarse réséda silk couched on with fine silk to match, with a line on each side of finer old-gold silk in crewel stitch. The short straight stitches on the appliqués are in vieux rose silk. The border is a similar appliqué embroidered in the same colours.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Garden party toilette of figured foulard. The front of skirt trimmed at the edge with a flounce of écru lace mounted in Vandyke points headed by a band of ribbon with bows at the points. The princess back in plain pleats. Bodice cut in a low square in front over pleated chemisette of lace; the front pleated at the waist, the back cut in a point over the chemisette, the opening trimmed with ribbons ending under a bow in front; lace basque mounted on the corsage under the ribbon band. Plain sleeves with lace epaulets; lace collar. Black lace hat with roses under the brim and feathers in front. Silk parasol trimmed with lace.

Description of the Cut-out Paper Pattern.—The Portland Mantle, illustrated on page 18.—The pattern consists of five pieces; No. 1 is the front of the pointed jacket bodice, fitted by a single breast-pleated and covered with lace flouncing about 30 inches deep, which is gathered on at the neck. No. 2 is the side piece, No. 3 the back; these three pieces form the foundation of the mantle, which is a plain jacket bodice with large armhole. No. 4 is the pelerine sleeve falling from the shoulder in front, and joined to the back at the seam between the back and side piece. No. 5 is the collar. The mantle is trimmed with lace flouncing and jet passementerie; ribbon bows are added at the ends of the side seams at the back, and the mantle is fastened at the neck with ribbon strings over a coquillé of lace. Quantity of material required, silk 3¼ yards.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

The sketches made at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, represent a few of their leading models in blouse bodices for the present season. They are made in fancy muslin, printed cambric, and French lawns, in each of which materials there is a great variety of designs of a most artistic character.

Address: Madame MYRA, 204, Regent Street, W.

To prevent any possibility of mistake by Ladies inexperienced in the use of Paper Patterns,
Every Part of the Pattern is Stamped.

MYRA'S
RELIABLE PAPER PATTERNS.

—:o:—

FLAT PATTERNS (Stock Size **24** in. Waist and **36** in. Bust) of any Costumes, Mantles, Lingerie, Underclothing, or Draperies, illustrated in Myra's Journal and The Lady's Magazine		**6d.**
FLAT PATTERNS cut from Illustrations or Designs appearing elsewhere than in Myra's Publications		**1/-**
FLAT PATTERNS cut to Ladies' own Measurements (a Measurement form will be sent by return on receipt of stamped address)		**1 6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF LADIES' DRESSES, TEA GOWNS, Etc.—	These are cut to measure or not, as required.	
Untrimmed		**2/6**
Trimmed		**5/6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF LONG MANTLES—		
Untrimmed		**2/3**
Trimmed		**4/6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF VISITES, JACKETS, Etc.—		
Untrimmed		**1/9**
Trimmed		**3/6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN UNDER 10 YEARS—		
Untrimmed		**1/9**
Trimmed		**3/6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF COSTUMES FOR GIRLS from 10 to 16 YEARS—		
Untrimmed		**2/3**
Trimmed		**4/6**
MADE-UP MODELS OF DRESSING GOWNS—		
Untrimmed		**2/3**
Trimmed		**4/6**

Beautiful Figure Corsets.—Every lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world.

N.B.—In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the Dress, &c., Madame Myra encloses with each Made-up Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by.

These can be cut equally from illustrations appearing in Myra's Publications or elsewhere, and are especially recommended as doing away with the difficulties sometimes met with by inexperienced hands in using stock-size Patterns.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

....Size of Waist.
....Bust under Arms.
....Size round Shoulders.
....Size across Chest.
....Size across Back.
....Length of Back.
....Length of Neck to Waist.
....Length under Arm.
....Length of Shoulder.
....Length of Arm, Shoulder to Elbow.
....Elbow to Wrist.
....Length inside Arm.
....Size of Neck.
....Size round Hips.

HOW TO USE THE TRACING WHEEL.

Place the Paper Pattern on the lining, and then run the Wheel along the edge of the Pattern you wish to transfer. The teeth of the Wheel prick through into the lining and form a perfect tracing. Turnings must be allowed for according to the character of the material beyond the tracing; Silks, Velvets, Cottons, and Firm Cloths requiring about half an inch; and Serges, Woollens, and loosely woven materials, about an inch.

In consequence of Madame Myra's large correspondence, she is obliged to request **payment in advance** for all Patterns ordered.

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Orange and lemon pincushions, 1s. each; crochet edging, 2s. 6d. per dozen. Free. Fuller, Aston Farm, Wallingford, Berkshire.

Gentlemen's Knitted Socks, from 1s. 6d. a pair; Stockings, from 4s. B.S., Heydon House, Royston, Cambridge.

Black Net Ball Skirt, Moire Sash, white flowers, 12s. 6d.—Handsome crimson Broché Ora Mantle, trimmed brown fur, £1.—No. 555.

Beautiful Handiwork Embroidery Strips, 1½ yards, 2d.; wider, 4d. and 6d. Approval free. Miss Frost, Wincanton, Bath.

Good opening for lady as sleeping partner on projected advertising medium; active participation if of literary, musical, or commercial experience. Circulating 100,000. Care of Athol Ross and Co., Publishers, 30, Langdon Road, London, N.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

AN attractive concert was given at the Portman Rooms, on June 20th, by Miss Mary Travers, assisted by Mdlle. Marie de Lido, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Walter Morse, Mons. B. Albert, Mr. C. Gardner, and Mr. H. R. Bird. The room was well filled by an appreciative audience, Miss Mary Travers's clever and artistic pianoforte playing being especially admired; the variety of her performance was a sufficient proof of her powers as a pianiste, and her full touch and brilliant execution were appreciated by her audience. Mr. Cummings gave a capital rendering of Purcell's quaint and beautiful "Knotting Song," and, later in the programme, of "I'll sing thee songs of Araby." Miss McKenzie gave perfect satisfaction in her songs, and Mdlle. de Lido was much applauded for her artistic singing of "Stars of the Summer Night," in which she was accompanied by the composer, Miss Mary Travers.

The last of the present series of "Albeniz" concerts was given on Thursday, the 17th ult., the proceeds being devoted to the Ibsen American Fund. The artists who appeared were Mr. Iver Mackay, Herr Kruse, M. de Munck, and the new soprano Mdlle. Gherlsen, whose artistic singing was much approved, and Senor Albeniz played several pianoforte works with all his well-known skill.

The *soirée musicale* of the Prince's Concert Society, given under the direction of Mr. Manby Sergison, was a complete success, both socially and musically. A noticeable feature of the evening was the singing of the London male voice choir. Miss Carrington, a rising vocalist, sang Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" and Bishop's "Should he upbraid?" with taste and refinement. Mr. Gregory Hast was responsible for Blumenthal's "Requital." Mr. Charles Ackerman sang the "Devout Lover," by M. V. White. Another item of the evening was the pianoforte playing of Miss Jeanne Douste, and the violinist was Signor Simonetti.

It is not often that the compilers of the programme of an orchestral concert are content with three items merely, yet such was the programme of the fourth of the Richter Concerts. The concert commenced with a magnificent rendering of the overture to "Tannhäuser," which was followed by the "Venusberg" scene as revised by Wagner for the first performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris. The vocal portions allotted to Venus were sung by Mrs. Moore-Lawson, and Mr. Barton McGuckin undertook the part of Tannhäuser. The latter half of the programme was given up to Brahms's masterpiece, the celebrated "German Requiem." In this Mr. Santley was heard on his first appearance since his return from America, and the single solo for the female voice, "And ye now therefore have sorrow," was sung by Mrs. Moore-Lawson, whose effort was received with marked approval. Both chorus and orchestra were, as might be expected, fully up to the high standard of the concerts, and were conducted by Herr Hans Richter in his usual masterly manner.

A Lady who goes out to dye ladies' hair golden.—Apply, by letter only, to Madame Elise Peche, 440, Munton Road, New Kent Road, London, S.E. Hours, 10 to 4.

Our Lesson in Dressmaking: No. 59.

COAT-BODICE AND NEW SLEEVES.

COAT bodices with deep basques are extremely fashionable, no matter whether the basques are flat, plain, crenellated, that is, divided in long narrow tabs, or full and mounted with pleats to set out round the hips; but for tailor-made costumes of cloth or tweed, intended for morning wear, the simplest form, that of the deep plain basque, is also the most suitable and stylish.

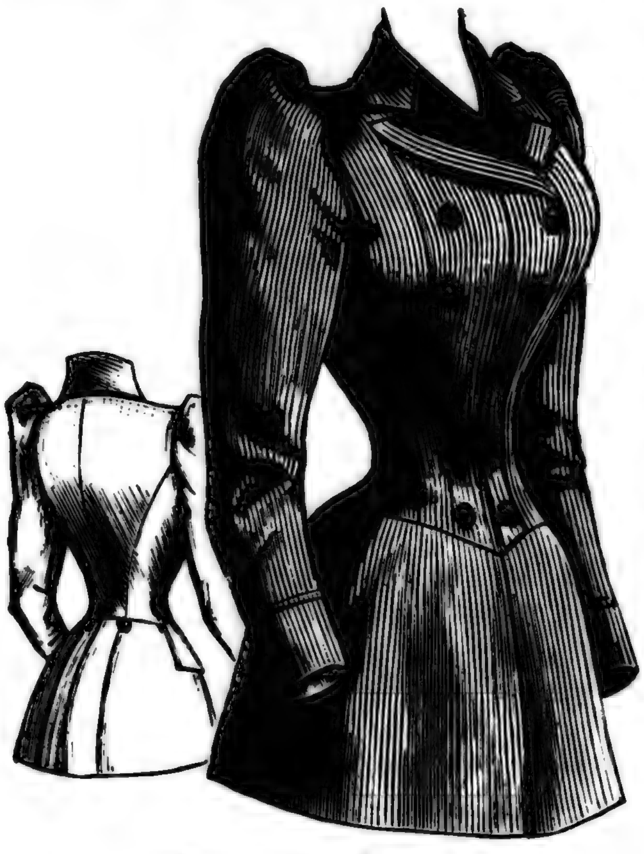


FIG. 1.—COAT BODICE.

These bodices are made either single or double-breasted; the coat, fig. 1, is a very useful model for a plain tweed dress, made with a flat skirt, and deep stitched hem, in the style now universally worn. It is double-breasted, and opens at the neck with a turned back revers lined with velvet, and a turned down collar.

The diagram, fig 2, gives the whole of the pieces that form the bodice, with corresponding letters showing where they are joined together. No. 2 is the front of the bodice with a curved seam down the centre and two small breast pleats. The narrow piece close to it is joined on to the right front from A to B, and forms the double breasted portion, buttoning over on the left side. The top part is turned back at the dotted line to make the revers, the seam being entirely concealed by the lining of the revers. Nos. 3 and 4 of the diagram are the two side pieces, No. 5 is the back, joined to No. 4 from the top as far as C. When the bodice has been so far tacked together and tried on, the added basque, No. 6, may be tacked along the edges of the front and two side-pieces, bringing the corresponding letters A, C, and D together, and the two small pleats fitted to some extent on the figure; the basque must not, however, be stitched in place until after the bodice seams are stitched. The two pleats fitting the basque are generally hidden by a pocket flap, but basques are sometimes very slightly gathered, and eased on to the bodice, in which case the pleats are not required. The collar, No. 7, is joined on in the usual way to the back of the bodice, and to the front and a portion of the revers, and turned down at the dotted line. The basque is open in the centre of the back and finished off tailor fashion; the left side is flat, the right side is folded back at the dotted line to make a pleat.

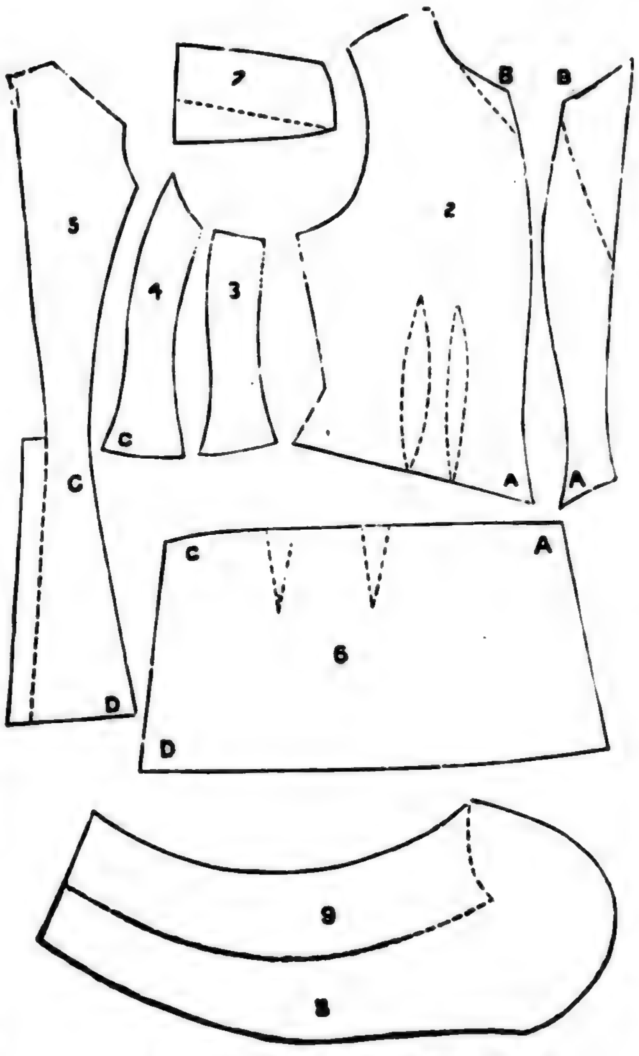
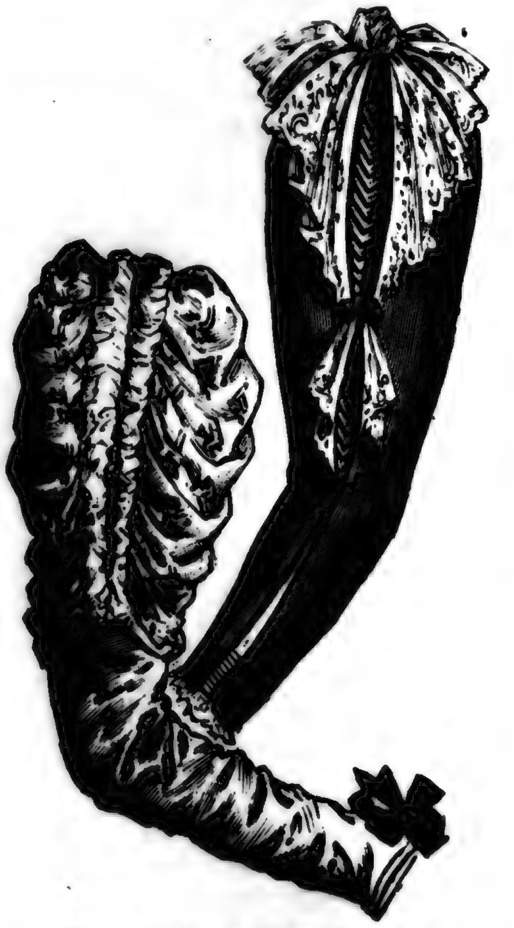


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM OF COAT BODICE.

The sleeve is a plain coat sleeve; the upper part, No. 8, is wide and raised at the shoulder, the under part, No. 9, is much narrower. The bodice is trimmed with buttons; there are two rows in front, a slanting row on the plain cuff, and two buttons at the back, at the head of the seam C to D, joining the added basque to the back. The open neck is filled in with a habit shirt of printed cambric, or with a silk handkerchief folded round the neck and crossed on the chest in front.

Instead of having the deep basque all round the bodice it is often omitted in front, and begins only far back at the side, or is a mere coat basque cut with the backs and slanting up to the front seam of the side-pieces joining the back. There are, in fact, a great many ways of interpreting this elastic fashion; a new, and rather becoming, one is to have the centre of the front in a sharp point, then on each side, rather forward, two deep-pointed tabs, another plain space, and a pleated coat basque at the back, cut with the two backs and side-pieces joining them.

Figs. 3 and 4 illustrate some new sleeves for dresses made of two materials; fig. 3 is of plain silk or foulard, gathered at both seams and arranged in loose folds on a tight-fitting lining. Above the elbow is a puff of printed foulard gathered up on the outside of the arm with three rows of gathers, making two narrow bouillonnés. The next sleeve is of bengaline, open on the upper side to show an under sleeve in a lighter colour, with a series of V's in gold braid on the part above the elbow, and plain rows at the wrist. The fan epaulet of lace framing the opening is knotted on the shoulder and caught together lower down by a passementerie clasp.



FIGS. 3 AND 4.—NEW SLEEVES.

A dress made of two materials is more complete when the sleeve is also made of the two materials, but the same idea should be carried out in every part of the dress, and the two fabrics contrasted in a manner similar to that adopted for the skirt and bodice. In a great many of the dresses one sees the materials are reversed, and the effect produced is incongruous; what is the under material in one part becomes the upper material in another, or else the fabric that is distinctly foundation in the skirt is used as second or trimming fabric in the bodice.

Lace-trimmed dresses will be extremely popular for garden parties this season, and there are so many ways of using lace that there need be no lack of variety in the dresses. In some the lace flounce edging the skirt is put on in a few large vandyke points, headed by inch wide ribbon or velvet; sometimes there is only one wide vandyke point in the centre of the front, and then either the point, or the space between the points, may occupy the centre. One or two flounces sewn in a rounded curve also look well edging the front of the skirt, and all of these are rather newer than vallance flounces. Side panels are covered with a series of four lace flounces, with inch wide satin or velvet ribbon looped over them at intervals; this is pretty on dresses of printed mousseline de laine, with a graduated lace flounce across the front of the skirt, twice the depth on the panel side that it is on the other side.

Current ∴ Fashions ∴ in ∴ London.

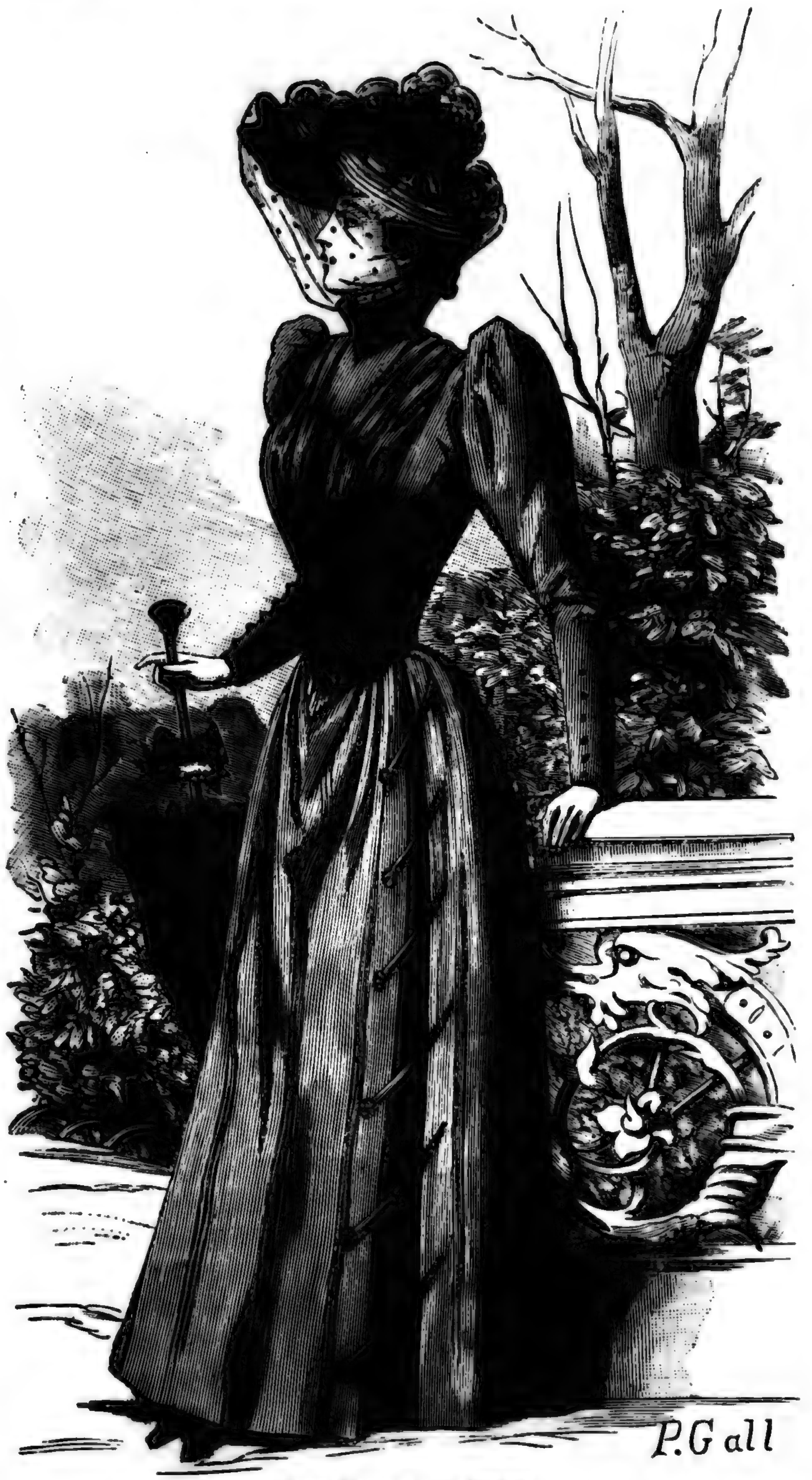
At a recent fashionable wedding, the remarkably pretty hats worn by the bridesmaids were the subject of much comment, and many were the inquiries made as to the name of the modiste who so thoroughly understood her art, and could combine taste and simplicity of style in such a charming manner. The hats were distinctly of English origin (French millinery is rarely becoming to English women), yet they were as light and elegant as if they had emanated from the best French house. They were made of the finest lace straw, with wide unlined brims bent in picturesque fashion to suit the wearers. The dresses being of mauve crépon, the hats were trimmed with draped handkerchiefs of striped mauve chiffon, two cream wings slanting backwards on each side from the front, and a single spray of mauve lilac falling over the brim at the back.

On inquiry it appeared that these pretty and becoming hats had been supplied by Madame Stella, 34, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, and, on a visit to her, further inquiries elicited the agreeable information that the hats were very inexpensive, and had been reproduced with trimmings of dark-blue gauze, cream wings, and a spray of apple blossom with very good effect.

Madame Stella showed me a number of pretty hats and bonnets, beginning with her stylish little toques at a guinea, quite as original and tasteful as the bridesmaids' hats that first attracted my attention. Amongst the number of these becoming *chapeaux* was one in fancy Tuscan, which could be worn as a hat or as a bonnet, with a black velvet bow on the crown, a wreath of pink roses under the brim in front, and a loop of similar roses falling over the hair at the back.

This is also made in black. A very ladylike hat was a wide-brimmed, low-crowned model in fine grey chip, with the brim caught up by a plume of grey feathers, and near these a bow of wide corded silk ribbon in ivory white.

A very stylish black lace straw bonnet was trimmed with pink heliotrope ribbons, and a fine wreath of lilac in the same shade, and a useful bonnet for morning wear was in black lace over gold, trimmed with black velvet, and a wreath of beautifully-made velvet wall flowers. Madame Stella uses none but the best materials, consequently her *chapeaux* have the uncommon merit of wearing well; the straw laces, in straw only, or in Tuscan straw mixed with crinoline, are of the finest description, and the flowers are the most perfect imitations of nature. She also possesses the happy knack of seeing at a glance the shape and colouring that will best suit each of her clients, and of knowing their taste and needs.



New Travelling Dress.

Costume of leather-coloured woollen trimmed with silk to match. The skirt opens on the left over a panel of silk, the front and back joined by silk tabs fastened with a button. Pointed bodice fastened on the left under a draped fichu of silk; the fichu pleated at the shoulders, open in front and drawn in at the waist by buttoned silk tabs. Sleeve buttoned at the wrist; silk collar. Black chip hat trimmed with black feathers. Quantity of materials required, seven yards.

For Prices of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

In the same house I was shown some lovely models of lace mantles, with yokes and ornaments of jet and ribbon cunningly intermixed, and in one instance of jet and gold embroidery; her dust and shower-proof mantles are also charming wraps, so elegant in material, shape, and trimming that they have none of the intensely practical look these cloaks generally exhibit, while at the same time they are quite as useful. A very stylish long cloak is in dark blue waterproof silk, with a deep lace flounce round the shoulders, and a ruche of lace and silk at the neck; others are in grey silk with wing sleeves and trimming of black ribbon, or with pèlerine sleeves falling in coquillé folds on each side of the back. A charming dust cloak is of printed tussore silk, with the pattern in blue, and ornamentation of pale gold passementerie on the yoke and collar.

The sunshades show all the latest novelties in jewelled and flower-bedecked handles, and are decorated with cord and tassels or pompons, which are a great improvement on the ribbon bows of past seasons.

Printed organdi muslins, on plain or spotted grounds, are the favourite materials this season for young ladies' garden party and country dresses. It is a long time since *la sainte mousseline* has been so popular as it will be this season, and one can but rejoice that so pretty, simple, and fresh a material should be once more in favour. The patterns are either light sprays of flowers in shades of one colour, or single leaves, beautifully shaded, and scattered in careless fashion, as if blown on to the surface of the material The economy of muslin dresses is of course a doubtful point, for although cheap to buy, the laundress takes care that they shall be expensive to wear. However, the great facts remain that printed muslins are very fashionable and very pretty.

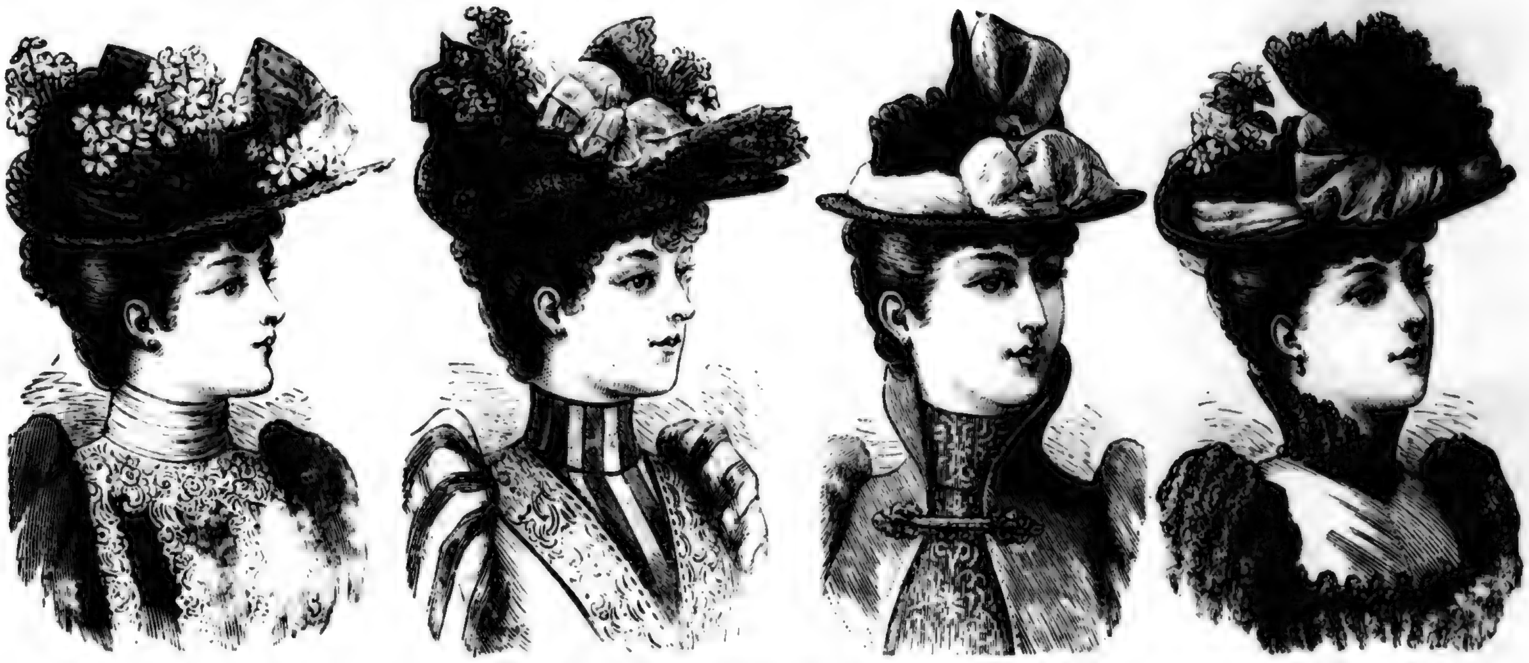
Muslin dresses are usually made up on sateen foundations, and a favourite style is a perfectly plain skirt bordered with a lace flounce mounted in festoons. The bodice is plain or very slightly full at the back, but the fronts are draped in easy folds over the bust and the bodice ends in a moderately wide basque falling over a deep basque of lace. A lace collarette and sleeve ruffles give a pretty finish.

Dresses of white embroidered muslin are always girlish and pretty; the skirt, or at any rate the front of it, has a small pattern in raised embroidery, but the flounces edging the skirt and bodice are in open embroidery over coloured silk.

Greek net, grenadine, and embroidered nets are the most fashionable transparent materials in black; all black laces may be utilised, the deepest flounces for capes and those of narrower widths for trimming dresses. Fortunately every kind of real lace is more or less in vogue: fashion only affects imitation laces.

Myra.

Novelties at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.



Hats for Country and Seaside Wear.

The streets and gardens of Paris are beginning to assume their usual semi-deserted summer aspect. Just at present the railway stations are the busiest parts of the city, for everyone seems bent upon hurrying away in search of health and amusement at a distance from home.

To leave home, however, without a full supply of fashionable toilettes is not a proceeding that commends itself to the taste and principles of a Parisienne, always desirous of showing her taste in her attire, which need not be costly, but must be stylish and fashionable.

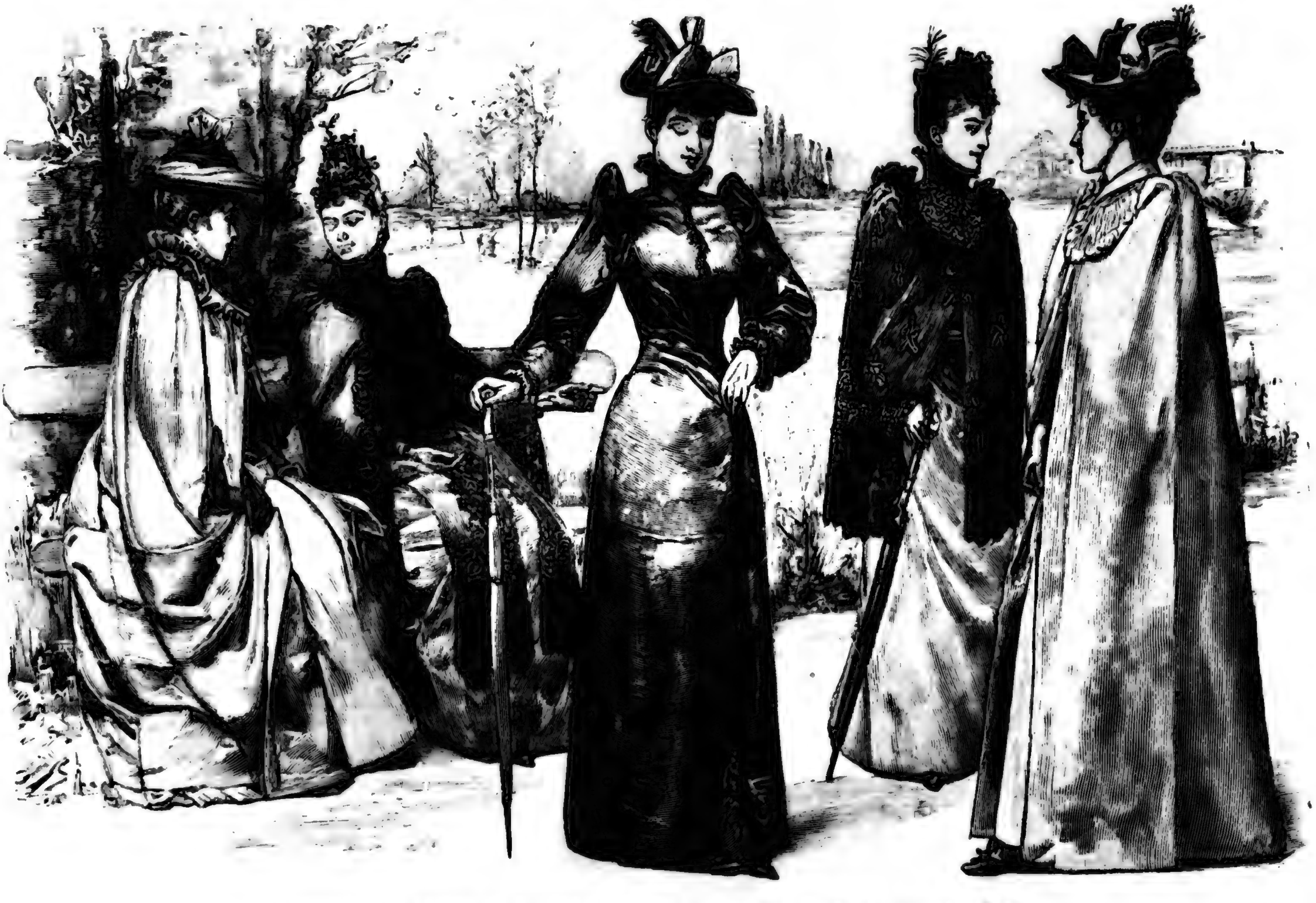
The Grands Magasins du Louvre offer every inducement to their *clientèle* to start with dainty new dresses and hats for the afternoon promenade, with graceful indoor dresses for morning wear, with wraps of all descriptions for cool days, with their boxes and portmanteaus, in short, well filled with every possible requirement for a stay at the seaside or in the country, for touring about, or for any of the different ways in which a holiday can be pleasantly passed.

In all the departments named the prices are so moderate that the outfit may be made a very economical affair. The hats illustrated on this page are cases in point. The first, in crinoline, with tulle drapery and flowers, costs only 12s. 6d.; the next, a straw hat trimmed with lace, ribbon and flowers costs 17s.; the Mercury hat that follows, in fancy straw, trimmed with silk gauze and ribbon, is a particularly useful model at 21s.; while the last is a charming hat, trimmed with gauze, lace, and flowers, at 27s.

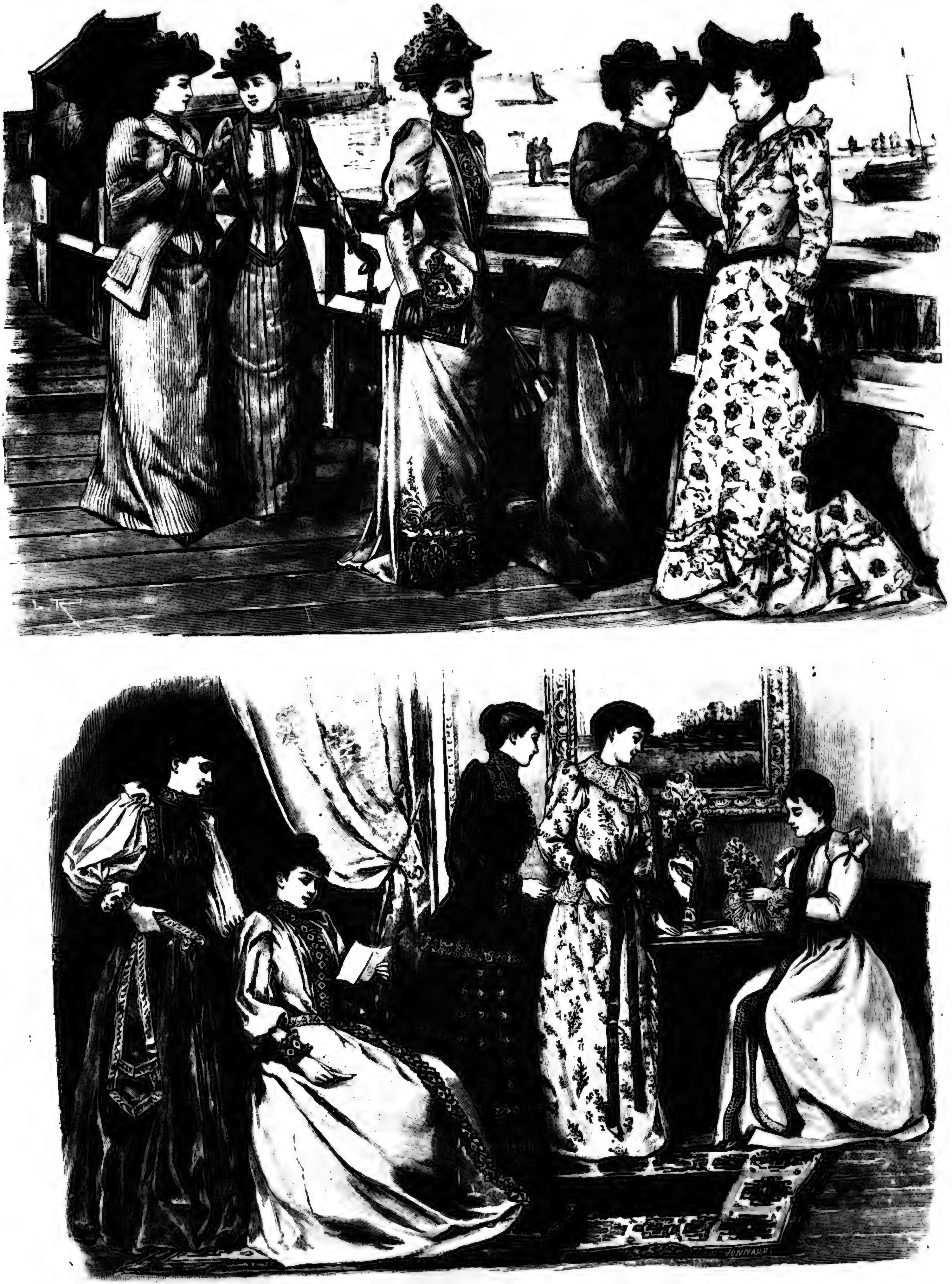
Mantles and dresses are, of course, a little more expensive, but even in these moderate prices prevail, and the newest and most elegant shapes may be had just as well in plain and inexpensive materials as in costly fabrics with ornamentation that is, if posible, more costly still.

English ladies passing through Paris should make a point of seeing the departments devoted to the mantles, costumes, and indoor and morning dresses, of which a few specimens are illustrated in this number.

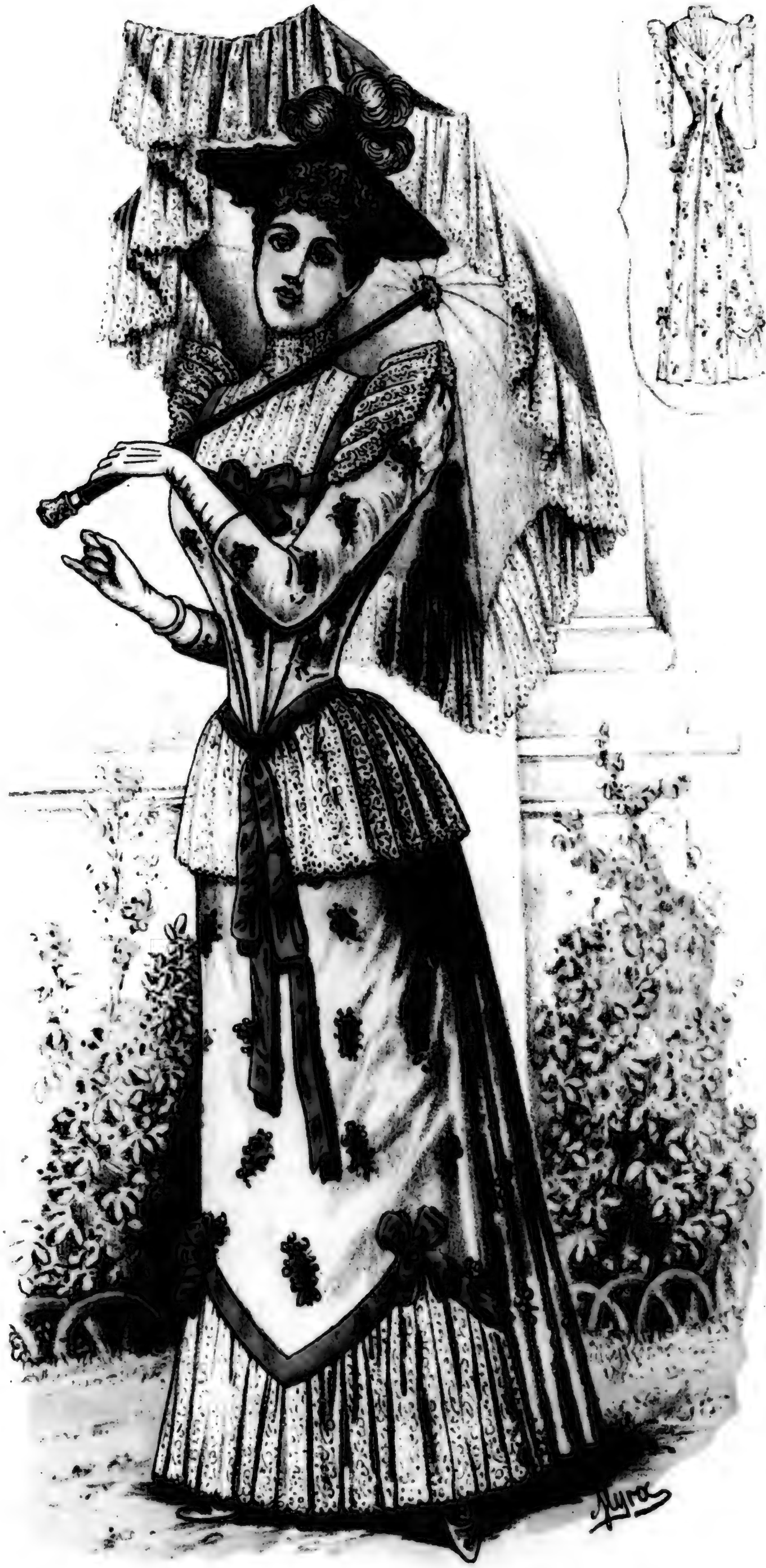
In the *rayon* of lingerie and fichus are some most useful blouse fronts for wearing under open jackets; they are made with an ordinary corsage back, and fit and keep in place infinitely better than those which are simply fronts mounted on a collar. In plain surah, with fancy stitching round the collar and down the front, and the back of cambric, they cost 6s. 6d., or in thick ribbed surah, 8s. 6d. each. Full blouses of pompadour mousseline de laine cost 4s., and in printed batiste 3s. each. These are gauged at the neck on each side of the plain centre pleat. Very pretty blouse fronts in coloured and white striped batiste are finished off with a pleated collar and coquillé jabot of lace or of plain surah, and the same model is made in batiste, only at a much lower price.



Fashionable Mantles; Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.



Çostumes for Outdoor and Indoor Wear; Models from les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris



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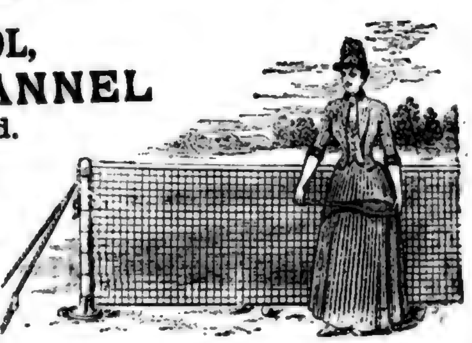

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

CAPS
In Scarlet, Grey, and Pink.

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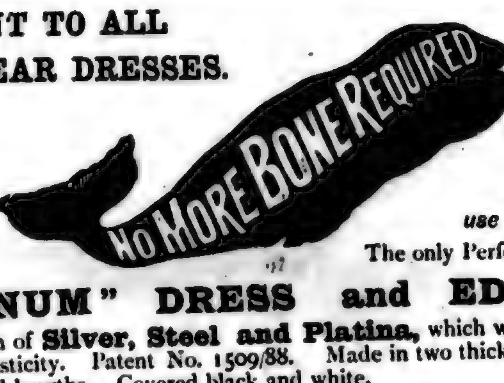

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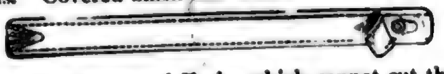

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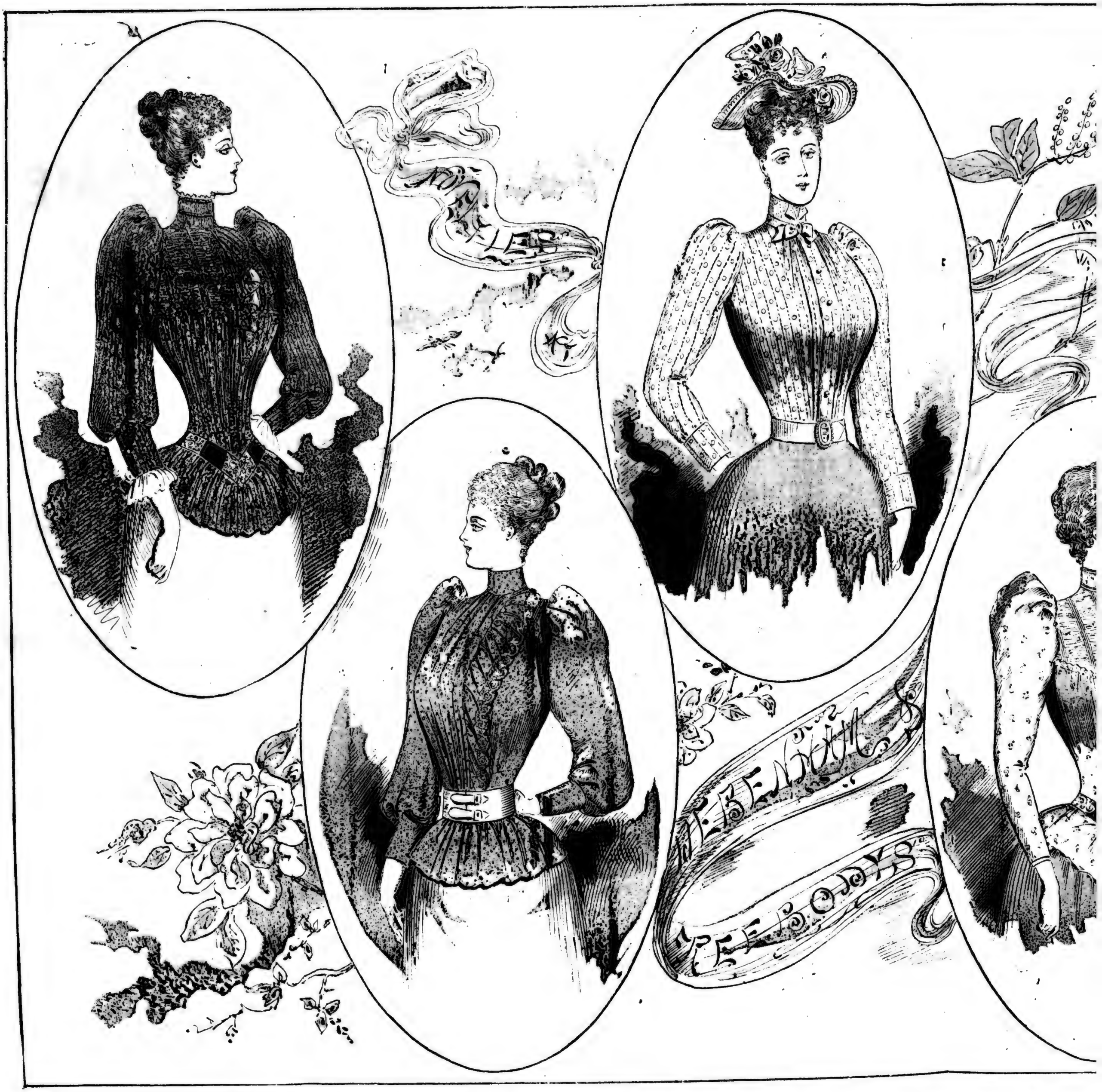
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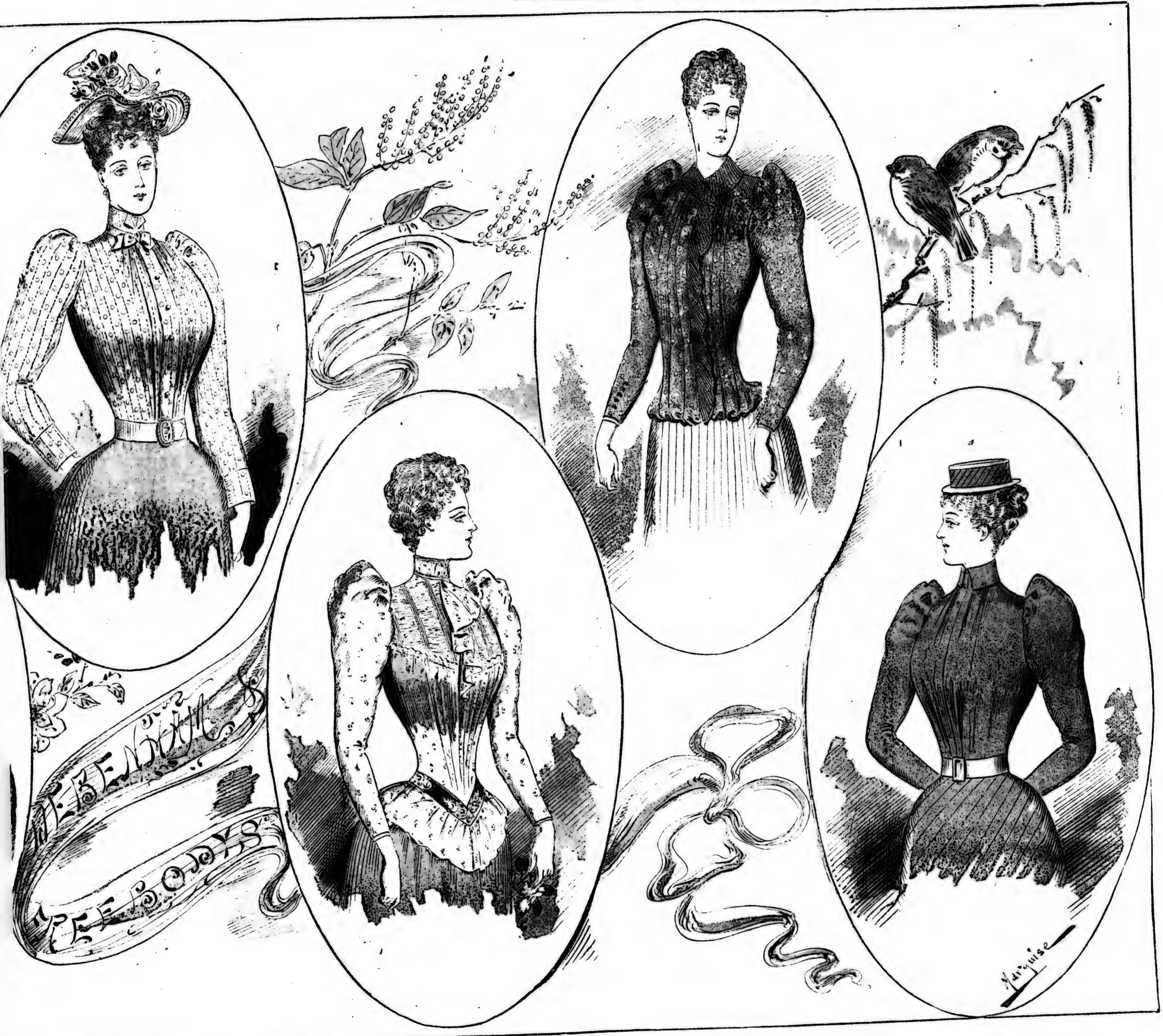
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Is a Cooling, Healing, Soothing, and Emollient Preparation for the Skin during the heat and dust of Summer; it **REMOVES SUNBURN,** tan, freckles, cutaneous eruptions, spots, roughness, and redness of the skin; soothes and heals eczema, burns, scalds, insect stings, irritation; renders the skin soft, smooth, and delicate, and produces a fair and **DELICATE COMPLEXION.**

Ladies frequenting heated Ball-rooms and Theatres will find it has a most cooling and refreshing effect on the face, hands, and arms.

Bottles, 4/6 and 8/6; half-sized bottles, 2/3.

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A PURE, FRAGRANT, AND NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER.

WHITENS THE TEETH,
PREVENTS DECAY.

Gives Delightful Fragrance to the Breath.

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OR PEARL DENTIFRICE FOR PRESERVING & BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH AND GUMS
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And Avoid Imitations.

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GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS, 1889.

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(REGISTERED).
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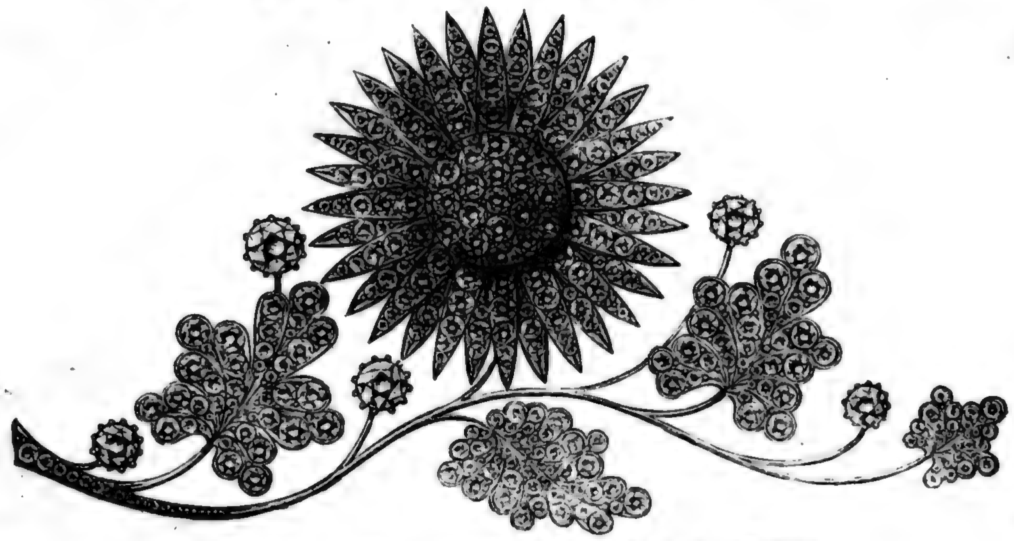

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CUT TO MEASURE PATTERNS.

The difficulty of using Stock-size Patterns has been so frequently complained of by our Lady Correspondents who do not happen to be blessed with "Stock-size Figures" (and we suppose there is scarcely one in a hundred whom a "Stock-size" *really* fits), that a special feature has been made by us of

FLAT PATTERNS CUT TO MEASURE,

Which can be obtained for **1s. 6d.** each. With these as perfect a fit as it is possible to secure is guaranteed, every part being Cut to the Lady's own Measurements.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

Size of Waist; Bust under Arms; Size round Shoulders; Size across Chest; Size across Back; Length of Back; Length of Neck to Waist, Length under Arm; Length of Shoulder; Length of Arm (shoulder to elbow); Elbow to Wrist; Length inside Arm; Size of Neck; Size round Hips.

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KALYDOR

Is a Cooling, Healing, Soothing, and Emollient Preparation for the Skin during the heat and dust of Summer: it

REMOVES SUNBURN,

tan, freckles, cutaneous eruptions, spots, roughness, and redness of the skin; soothes and heals eczema, burns, scalds, insect stings, irritation; renders the skin soft, smooth, and delicate, and produces a fair and

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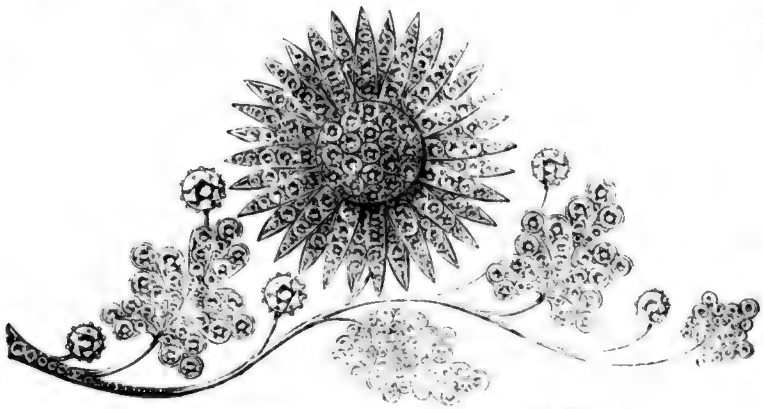

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Size of Waist; Bust under Arms; Size round Shoulders; Size across Chest; Size across Back; Length of Back; Length of Neck to Waist, Length under Arm;
Length of Shoulder; Length of Arm shoulder to elbow; Elbow to Wrist; Length inside Arm; Size of Neck; Size round Hips.

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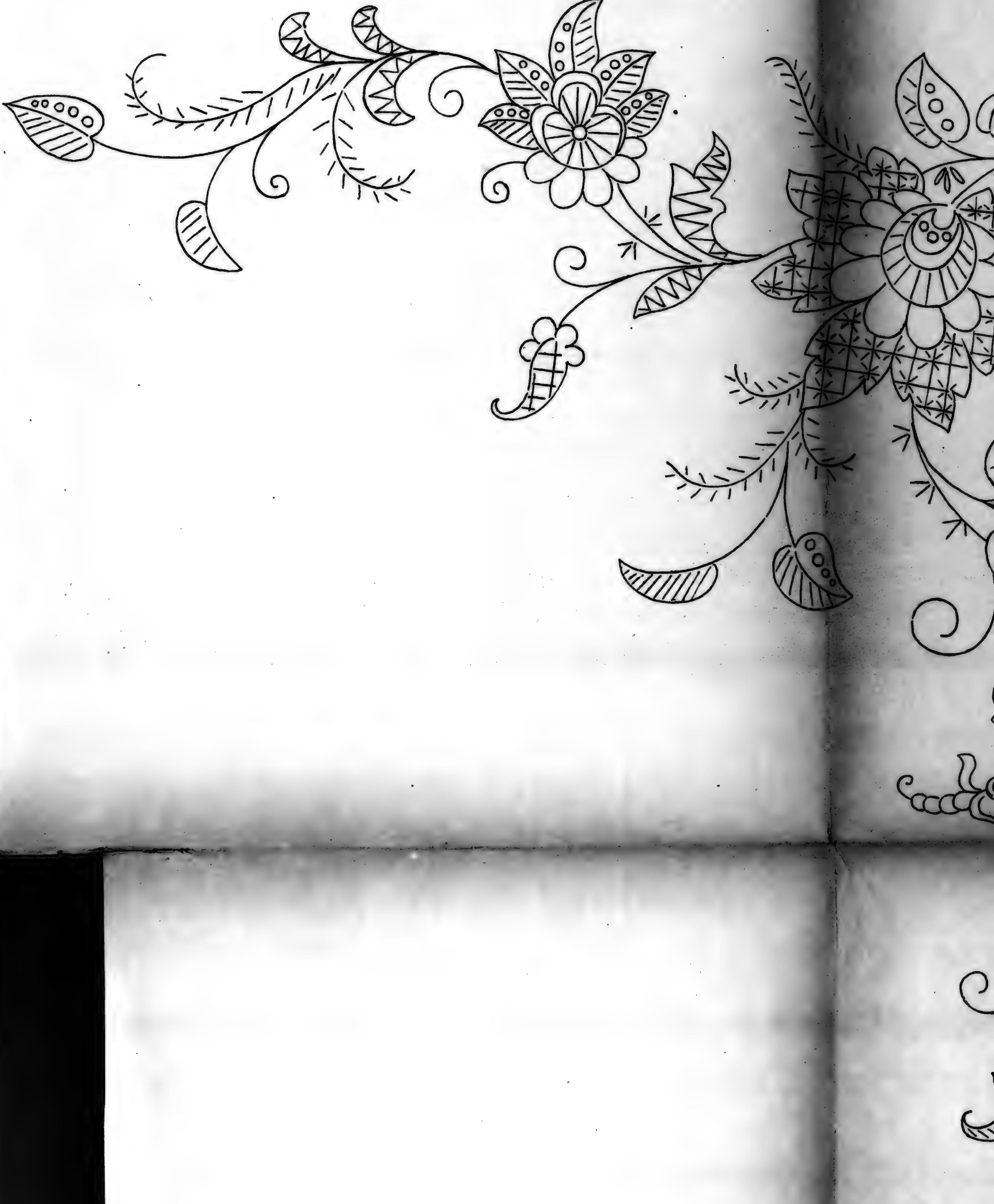

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NOTHING adds so much to personal attraction as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz., *the composition of the Soap itself*, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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Specially prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies, Children, and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

PEARS' SOAP is Sold Everywhere, in Tablets, 1s. each. Larger sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.) A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

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LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN
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Now on View, Furnished Dining-room and Table Fitted with
ELECTRIC LIGHTS (PATENTED), AND COMPLETELY LAID OUT FOR DESSERT, UP TO DATE,
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DIPLOMA of HONOUR
(Highest possible Award)
EDINBURGH EXHIBITION,
1890.

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Easy Weekly Payments
WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE.

INSTRUCTION FREE

SINGER'S
SEWING
MACHINES

ANNUAL SALE—
700,000 Machines!

CAUTION. — To avoid deception, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name **"SINGER"** is printed upon the Arm.

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(Management for United Kingdom)
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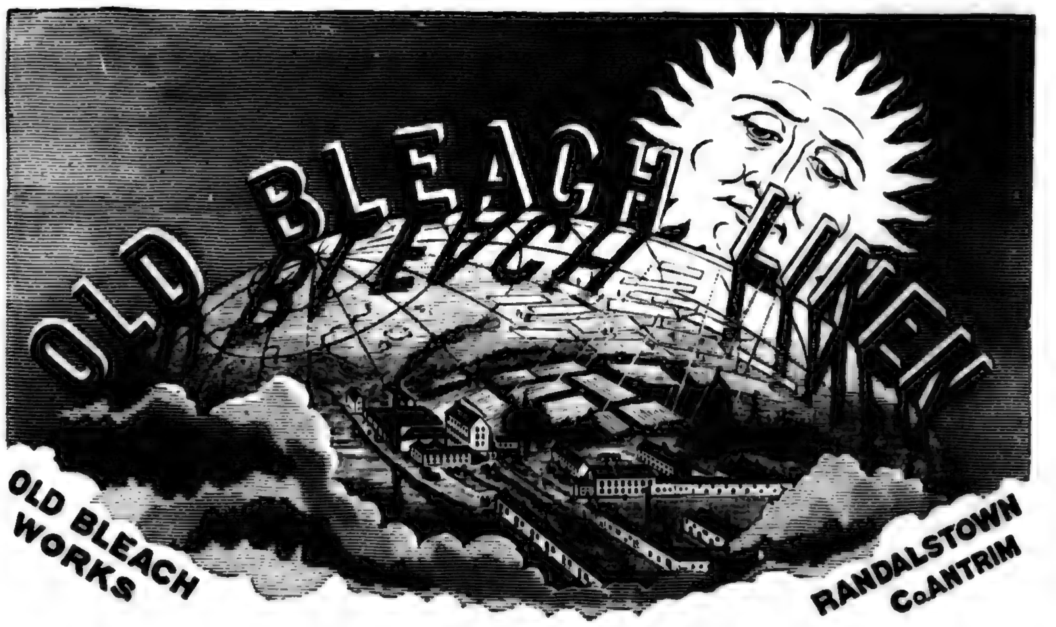
Cheapside, London, E.C.
City Show Rooms:
147, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.



HUCKABACK DIAPER AND DAMASK TOWELS, FRINGED AND HEM-STITCHED TOWELS, HUCKABACK AND FANCY TOWELLINGS, BIRDS-EYE AND NURSERY DIAPER, GLASS AND TEA CLOTHS, EMBROIDERY LINENS, AND ART LINENS.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are renowned all over the World for superiority of manufacture, exquisite finish, beautiful appearance and honest soundness, holding the first rank among the highest class of pure Irish Linen Goods—a genuine revival of the excellent old-fashioned grass-bleached Linens of the past generation, which lasts a lifetime.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are an exclusive manufacture, and stand alone—the whole process of production, weaving and bleaching, being carried on at the "OLD BLEACH" WORKS, situated near the village of Randalstown, in the North of Ireland, and on the banks of the River Main, the softness, purity and abundance of whose waters are of much value in the attainment of that sound and lustrous bleach which distinguished them.

"An exceptionally strong Linen that will last for many years."—*The Queen.*

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Observe that the Registered Trade Mark—"OLD BLEACH" is stamped on every Towel and on every yard of piece goods as a guarantee that they are the genuine manufacture of the "OLD BLEACH" Linen Company.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!

PIMPLES, BLACK SPECKS, and Unsightly BLOTCHES on the Face, Neck, Arms and Hands can be INSTANTLY REMOVED by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made from herbs only, and warranted free from anything injurious. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin is perfectly astonishing. Ladies at the seaside derive wonderful benefit from the use of this, as it entirely eradicates freckles, sunburn, and roughness occasioned by the winds, and prevents the approach of wrinkles. Mrs. James solicits a trial from those who have not used it, when she feels confident they will have nothing else. *Sold by all Chemists*, in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. (bearing the Government Stamp), or it will be sent with directions for use, post free, and free from observation, to any address on receipt of 15, 35, or 57 stamps.

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Perfectly Harmless, Colourless, and Sweetly Perfumed.

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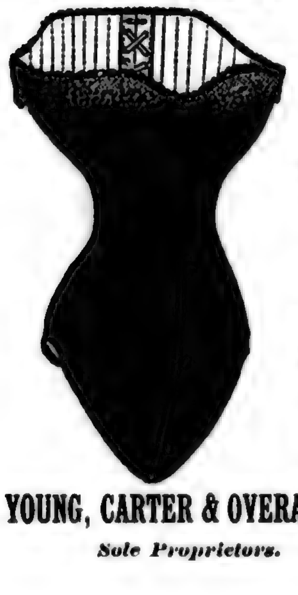
(THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress. The shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

Made in Black, White, Dove, Grey. Prices, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d. SUPER LONG WAIST, 21s.

The Celebrated Taper Busk used in these Corsets is the **most supple and comfortable of all Busks and absolutely unbreakable.** In purchasing, it is necessary to see that the name "**W. THOMAS**" is stamped on the Corset. OF ALL DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS. If any difficulty in procuring please write for address of nearest retailer to

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HOPGOOD & Cos NUTRITIVE AND SEDATIVE HAIR CREAM.

Hopgood's is the ONLY Preparation for the Hair Recommended by the Faculty.

JOHN A. WALCOTT, M.D., M.R.C.S., says: "I feel much pleasure in being able to recommend (with confidence) your NUTRITIVE CREAM in all cases of irritation of the scalp, accumulation of dandriff, and loss of hair, in each of which I have freely used it with *UNFAILING success.*"

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PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

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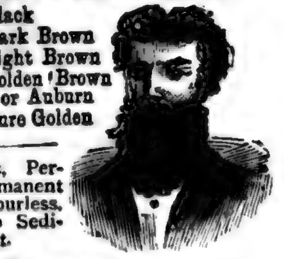
No. 2...Dark Brown
No. 3...Light Brown
No. 4 { Golden Brown or Auburn
No. 5...Pure Golden

Harmless, Perfect, Permanent and Odourless. Clear, no Sediment.



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BRODIE, 41 Museum St. London
ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.

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Retail in Tins, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- and 10/-, of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

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EAU DE BOTOT
Is the **Only Dentifrice** *approved* by the **ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS**

May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation

N.B. See each article has the Signature M. J. Botot

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PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

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Destroys all NITS and PARASITES in Children's Heads, and immediately allays the Irritation. Perfectly Harmless.

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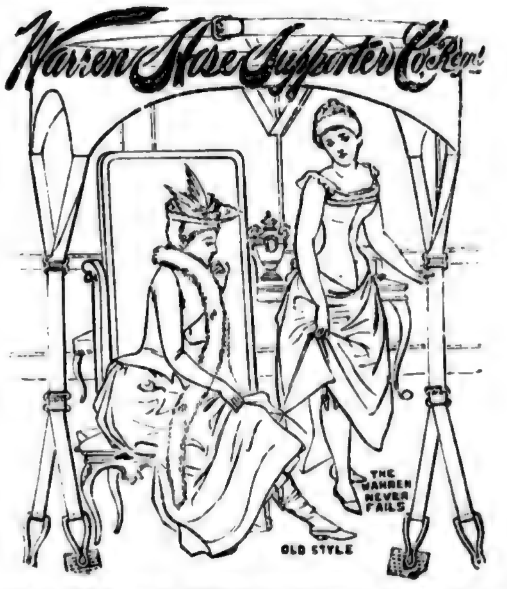

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"WARREN" Hose Supporter.

Can be procured Retail from any Establishment in the Kingdom.

Wholesale of the following London Houses:—

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W. WILLIAMS & SO 53 & 54, Bread St., E

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AT REDUCED LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.

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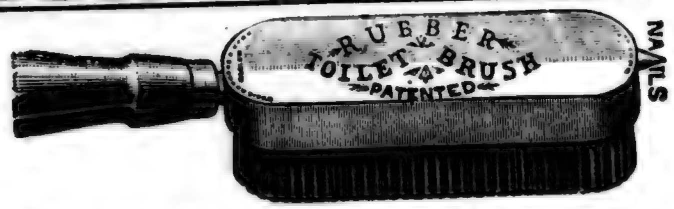
104 & 106, KING'S ROAD, & 15, ANDERSON STREET, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON.

Clean Hands.

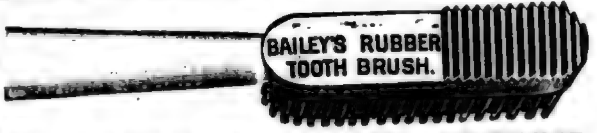


For every One no matter what the occupation.

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our **Rubber Brush**. Used with soap and water, it will remove all kinds of stains; **Ink, Tar, Iron Stains,** and **Paint** yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

Price 1s. Larger Size, Price 2s.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH


BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

By using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

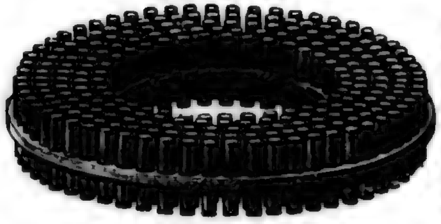
It cleanses the Teeth perfectly, and polishes the enamel without scratching either the gums or teeth. It is always clean, and can be used in hot or cold water with any powder or liquid, without injury to the brush. If a dentifrice is used, much greater benefit will be derived from it by using it with one of our rubber tooth brushes. **For Artificial Teeth it is unequalled.**

They are made in two sizes. No. 1, Price **10d.** No. 2, Price **1s.**

BAILEY'S RUBBER TEETHING RING

(PATENT).

PRICE 5d.



Is perfectly tasteless, and is so constructed that the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gums, softening the latter, and thus aiding the coming tooth without irritation. It is made of pure Para Rubber, and entirely supersedes the old-fashioned and injurious articles sold for this purpose, and is highly recommended by leading Physicians and Dentists.

We are also the makers of BAILEY'S CELEBRATED **Rubber Bath and Flesh Brushes,** price **5s.** each; and **Complexion Brushes, 3s. 6d.** each.

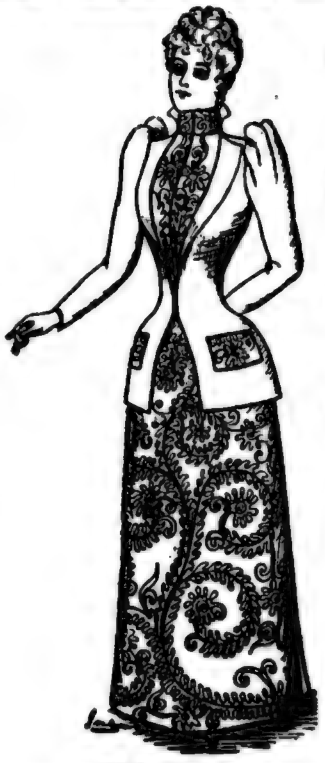
To be had from all Chemists and Dealers in Toilet Goods; or will be sent post free, on receipt of price, by the Manufacturers—

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS,
114, Adermanbury Avenue, London, E.C.; Ardwick, Manchester;
and 57, Miller Street, Glasgow.

CHAPMAN & CO.'S

WASHING DRESS FABRICS.

We hold the most magnificent collection of Cotton Dresses in the Metropolis. Novelties of extreme beauty in French Sateens, Silk, Zephyrs, Cambrics, &c., in most artistic designs. The variety being so great, detailed description is impossible. Complete range of patterns on application. Prices 4¼d., to 1s. 6¼d. per yard.



THE OLGA.
Skirt with Bodice Piece and Trimmings included,
Price **29s. 6d.**

INDIAN FLORAL PONGEE WASHING SILKS.

Extraordinary Special Purchase, New Designs 22in. wide, 1s. 3½d. & 1s. 6½d. per yard.

ART DE LAINES.

The Charming designs in these popular fabrics surpass all previous productions; some of the effects are most bewitching, 29 in. wide, 1s. 0¾d. and 1s. 4½d. per yard.

CHAPMAN'S DANISH SILK Finished Tinted ALPACAS.

As worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

All shades 44 in. wide, **3/6** per yd.

CHAPMAN'S SEASIDE WATERPROOF SERGES.

Black and Navy, 44 in. wide, **1/11½** to **3/3** per yard.

Magnificent Collection of Jacquard Dress Fabrics, 11¾d. to 5s. 11d. per yard, Double Width.

FRENCH BEIGES.

44 inches wide, **1/4½**, **1/6¾**, and **1/11½** per yard.

COR-DE-ROI.

All Shades, 44 inches wide, **2/3½** per yard.

SHOT SURAHS.

Beautiful Shades, marvellous effects.

22 inches wide, **2/11½** & **3/11½** per yard.

HOME SHOPPING THE BEST METHOD.

In writing for Patterns, please state as nearly as possible the description required.

Estimates, Patterns, and Forms for Self-Measurement Free.

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS.

CHAPMAN & CO., 5, NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON, W.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Children's Bordered	1/3	PER DOZ.
Ladies'	2/2	
Gent's	3/3	

HEM STITCHED:

Ladies'	2/11½	PER DOZ.
Gents	3/11	

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, **2/6** per dozen. Dinner Napkins, **4/6** per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, **2/9**; 2½ yards by 3 yards, **5/6** each. Kitchen Table Cloths, **11½d.** each. Strong Huckaback Towels, **4/4** per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from **1/2½** each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

Samples and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS of any of the above, Post Free to any part of the World.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER.

By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.

BELFAST. *(Please name this publication.)*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

COLLARS, CUFFS, AND MATCHLESS SHIRTS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular.*

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, **3/6** per doz.; Gent's 4-fold **4/11** to **5/11** per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from **5/11** per doz.

Shirts.—Best quality longcloth with 4-fold finest Linen Fronts, **35/6** per half dozen; to measure or pattern, **2/-** extra.

Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in Neck-bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for **14/-** the half dozen.

Price Lists and Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

NEAR THE "VICTORY."

"Cocoatina" was the only Cocoa selected for sale in the Bars and Refreshment Rooms at the popular

ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

Visitors should not fail to go to the Cocoatina Kiosk near the "Victory," and obtain a cup of the most delicious and nourishing beverage extant.

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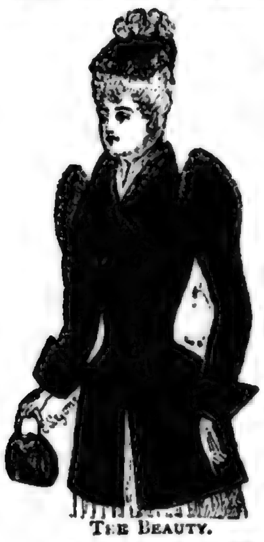
500 SEALSKIN JACKETS & GENTLEMEN'S FUR-LINED COATS £5 TO £10.



THE BEAUTY.

£10,000 WORTH

SEALSKIN GARMENTS & LADIES' FURS

At Half Price.

COCK FEATHER & OSTRICH BOAS, 11/6 TO 35s. EACH

BEAR BOAS AND CAPES from 15s.

SAVE 50 PER CENT. BY GOING TO

PHILLIPS & Co.,

52 & 53, NEWGATE ST., CITY.

Everything One-Half WEST-END PRICES.

Dining-room Skin Rugs Half Price.

500 FUR CARRIAGE RUGS, 25s. each.

CAUTION.—"The only Address." Other people are trading upon our Name.

PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, NEWGATE ST., CITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH, A SPECIAL

EDITION DE LUXE

OF

The Lady's Magazine,

Containing, in addition to the Magnificent Engravings and Colored Plates given with the Ordinary Edition, **Four additional Hand-Colored Aquarelles,** making a total of **EIGHT COLORED PLATES EVERY MONTH** (each 14in. by 11in.), **in Four Months of the year FIVE additional Plates—making a total of NINE—will be given,** representing the Newest Designs of the First Artists in the Capital of Fashion, with special reference to the Latest Styles in Evening and Reception Dresses. Each of these Plates is in itself a veritable Work of Art, showing to what a marvellous pitch of excellence the exact reproduction in Colored Plates of the most delicate tones and textures produced on the looms of France and England has been carried in the hands of the Parisian Colorist.

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For one year, to any Country within the limits of the Postal Union	25/-
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Single Copies	2/6

BEETON & CO., LIMITED, LONDON, W.

Dressmakers

May increase their incomes and secure NEW CUSTOMERS without any extra outlay of capital or risk of bad stock by selling the

E. & S. Dress Fabrics

Messrs. EWEN & SON hold one of the largest and best assorted STOCKS OF FASHIONABLE DRESS MATERIALS and LININGS in the Kingdom, and will supply, **to the Trade only,** Single Dress Lengths at *bonâ fide* WHOLESALE PRICES. Dressmakers and Drapers may thus offer their customers a constant succession of the latest novelties from the large Pattern Books supplied.

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EWEN & SON, WAREHOUSEMEN, **MANCHESTER**

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled" DRESS STANDS.

The Oldest Makers in the Trade. Established over Sixty Years.

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled"
PATENT and FOLDING
ADJUSTABLE DRESS STAND.

Is the Best Make, and the Cheapest.

Can be instantly adjusted to any size waist and hips.

Never gets out of order, and everyone is pleased with it.

No. 211.

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GRABHAMS UNEQUALLED

3 inches wide, 33 inches long.

Sent per Parcels Post for 1s. extra on receipt of P.O. to

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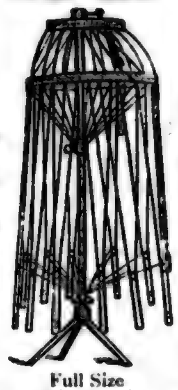

Full Size Skirt Stand, **12/6.**

Send for Illustrated Price List.

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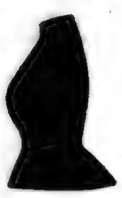


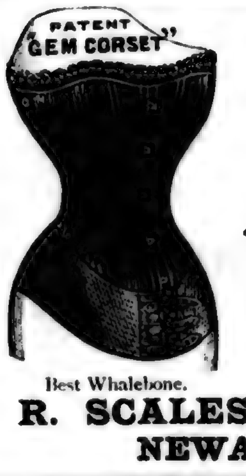
Made to waist measure, **6/6.**

Grabham's "Unequalled" Padded French Body.

Can be instantly fixed to our "Unequalled" Patent Folding Dress Stand.

If modelled exactly to own figure, covered in cloth for pinning and fitting dresses (send perfectly-fitting dress bodice per post), **15s.**

Grabham's Dress Stand Co., Limited,
24, WHITFIELD ST., TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.



Best Whalebone.

SCALES' PATENT "GEM CORSET."

With Elastic Abdominal Belt Combined.

Highest unsolicited testimonials received daily.

THE Belt, attached to a hygienic Corset (recommended by the faculty), cannot be displaced or wrinkled; it entirely avoids a high figure, marvellously improving the same, and never fails to reduce corpulency, it affords permanent support, and is most comfortable in every position of the body. Satisfaction guaranteed. Should our stock sizes not fit we exchange and make to order with any alterations, 1s. 6d. extra. White or Dove, 18s. 6d.; Black, 21s.; Satin (all colors), 31s. 6d. Sent post free on receipt of waist size and P.O. Name and patent number stamped in each Corset.

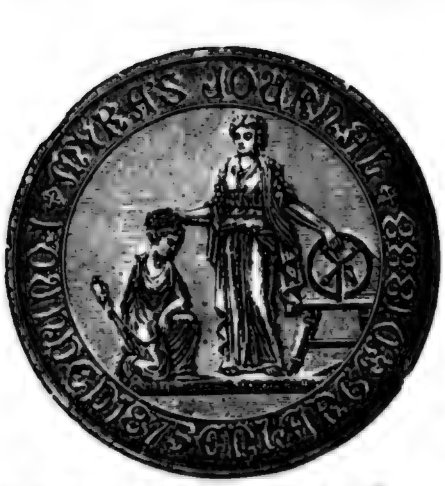
R. SCALES & CO., Corset Manufacturers,
NEWARK-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND.

CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS

Of any Garment illustrated in MYRA'S JOURNAL.

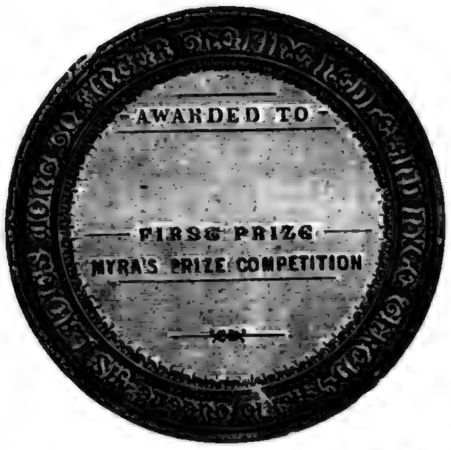
Can now be had, Price 6d., Post Free.

MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Reverse).

TO OUR READERS.



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Obverse).

THE success which has attended the inauguration, more than two years ago, of our monthly Prize Competition for the best worked Specimens of Art Needlework has induced us to still further develop the idea, and at the suggestion of some of our readers, we have had a special die cut for a Magnificent Solid Silver Medal—of which facsimile engraving is given herewith, to be given as an optional First Prize. Prize Winners will thus be able to secure, instead of a mere small sum of money, an artistic reward of considerable intrinsic value in itself, and a lasting and honourable record of their success for future years.

Each Medal will be enclosed in a handsome leather case lined with velvet. and we will engrave each month the winner's name and initials. The second prize will be 15s., and the Third Prize a Bronze Medal of the same size and design as above, or a Money Prize of 10s. We trust that this new departure will be fruitful of much satisfaction to our readers, and a still further inducement for all skilled in needlecraft to compete for the new Prizes offered by MYRA.

The following are the details of our July Prize Competitions:—

(1.) Three Prizes will be given for the best specimens of an Embroidered Corner of Tablecloth, the full size design for working which is given with this number. Competitors are at liberty to select any materials and colours they like, and to vary the stitches, but the work must be a faithful copy of the design.

First Prize: Silver Medal or Thirty Shillings.

Second Prize: Fifteen Shillings.

Third Prize: Bronze Medal or Ten Shillings.

All subjects sent for Competition are returned, but must be accompanied by a directed and sufficiently stamped envelope or label.

To protect Competitors, and to ensure that Subscribers only shall take part in the Prize Competitions, we append a Coupon:—

MYRA'S JOURNAL,

July, 1891.

which must be sent with every subject for Competition.

No subjects for Competition will be allowed unless accompanied by a Coupon.

All subjects for the Competition must be sent in by Sept. 1st, 1891; and the result and names of the successful competitors will be announced in the following number.

Competition for the best specimens of Painted Fans announced in "Myra's Journal," April, 1891

SECOND PRIZE.

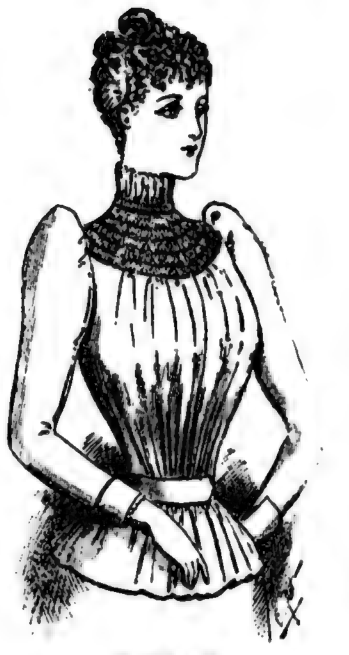
Miss C. VASEY, 99, Elm Road, Brixton.

THIRD PRIZE.

Miss ARDING, Fresno City, California.

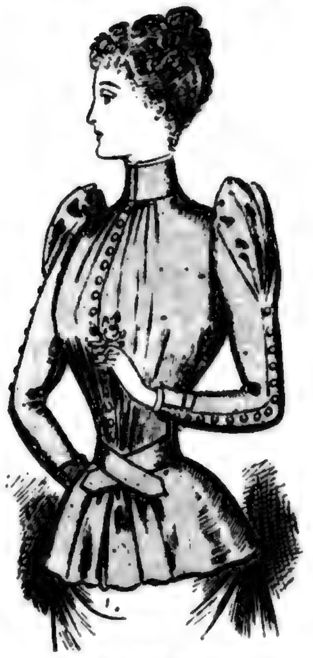
GARROULD'S

NEW SUMMER JERSEYS.



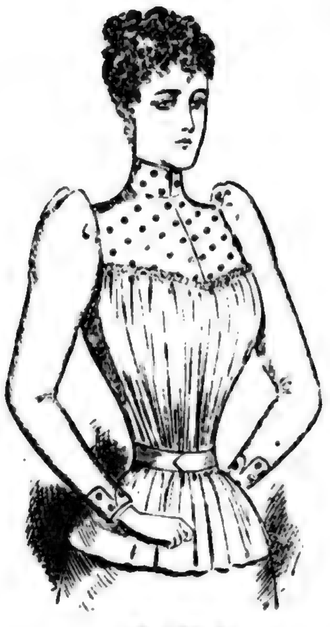
PHILLO.

New Zephyr Garibaldi in pretty shades of Pink, Pale Blue, Grey, and Strawberry. Post free, **5 9.**



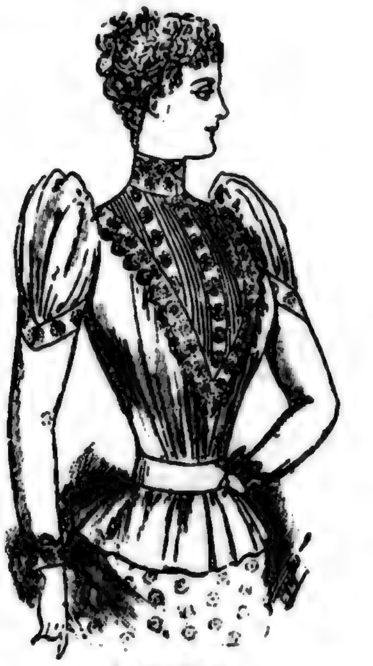
HYPATIA.

Handsome Black Silk Merveilleux Garibaldi, with fashionable button sleeves, **18/6** post free.



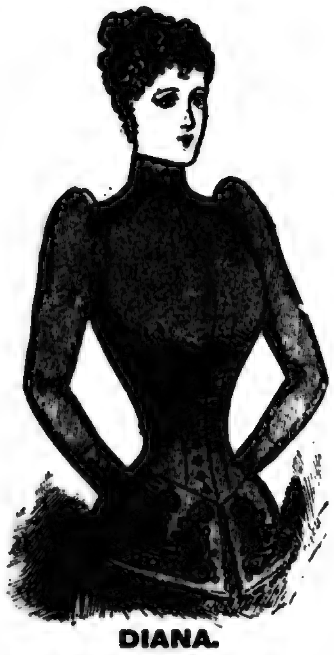
HELENA.

Fine White Cambric Garibaldi with embroidered yoke. **3/2** each post free.



SAPPHO.

White Cotton Garibaldi with new puffed sleeves, the yoke effectively embroidered. Post free, **6/9.**



DIANA.

New three-quarter Black tailor-m Stockinette Jersey, handsomely broidered. Post free, **10/3.** Also the same style, plain, with Velve Collar, Pocket, and Cuffs. Post free, **9/3.**

NEW SUMMER DRESS PATTERNS, in Tweeds, Zephyr, Sateens, &c., in endless variety, Post free.

CATALOGUE of Summer Mantles now ready, containing Illustrations and prices of smartest COATS and CLOAKS for this Season's wear.

E. & R. GARROULD, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, London, W.

Telegraphic Address: "GARROULD, LONDON."

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY,

WHOLESALE GLOVERS. 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C., **SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.**

Direct attention to the following quotations from their current Price List. These goods being manufactured specially for the L. G. Co., will be found superior in quality and fit, and much under the usual retail prices. All Gloves are Post Free.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S

REAL KID GLOVES

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons, 2s. 3d. per pair; 6 button ditto, 2s. 9d. per pair; 8 buttons, 3s. 3d. per pair; 12 buttons or Mousquetaire, 4s. 3d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, with Self-coloured Braid Points, 4 Buttons, 2s. 10d. per pair; 6 button ditto, 3s. 3d per pair. In Black, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, The L. G. Co.'s Best Quality (Meissonier) French Kid, 4 buttons, 3s. per pair; 6 buttons, 3s. 9d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, Fawns, and all Colours to match.

Girls' Real Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, 1s. 11d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Gentlemen's Real Kid Gloves, 2 buttons, 2s. 5d. per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

Ladies' Neapolitan Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, 1s. 9d. per pair; 6 buttons, 1s. 11d. per pair. In Tans, Browns, Slates, Navy, and Dark Green, with Self Braid Points.

SILK AND TAFFETA GLOVES.

Ladies' Heavy Silk Gloves, with Double Finger Tips, 1s. 1d. per pair, 6s. per half-dozen. In Black, White, Tans, Fawns, Drabs, and Greys.

Ladies' Milanese Silk Gloves with Trebly Woven Finger Tips. 8 Button Length, 1s. 9d. per pair, 10s. per half-dozen. In Black, White, and all Colours.

Exceptional value. Ladies' Extra Heavy Black Milanese Silk Gloves 8 button length, 1s. 11d. per pair, 11s. per half-dozen. *Black only.*

The L. G. Co.'s Renowned Saxony Milanese Taffeta Glove, Hand-made Silk Points, will wear and wash well. 6 Button length, Perfect Fitting, 1s. 3d. per pair; 8 button length, 1s. 4d. per pair. In Black, White, Cream, and all Colours.

The New Suède Lisle, a very durable Glove. 8 button length Jersey, 1s. per pair, 5s. 9d. per half-dozen. In Tans, Fawns, Drabs, and Greys.

EMPRESS SPECIAL FINISH

PARIS-SUÈDE

LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES.

	Per Half-doz.	Per Pair.
4 Buttons ..	14s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
6 ,, ..	16s. 6d.	2s. 10d.
8 ,, or Mousquetaire	19s.	3s. 3d.

In Black, Dark Colours, Tans, White, and Light Shades.

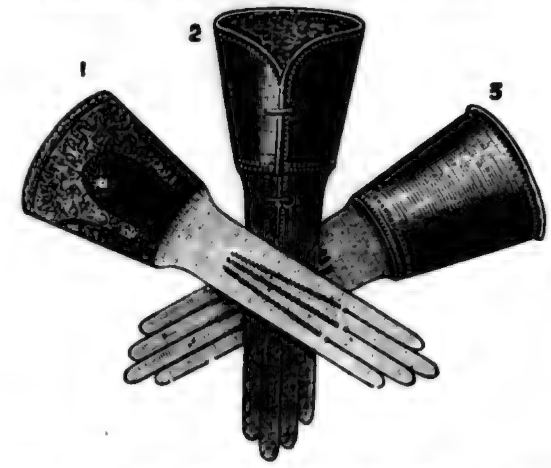
12 But. Mousquetaire	23s.	3s. 11d.
16 ,,	29s.	4s. 11d
20 ,,	35s.	5s. 11d.

In Black, White, Cream, Straw, Biscuit, Coffee, Ficelle, Lavender, Helitrope, Grey, Pink, Tan Shades, &c.

Exceptional Value. Girls' 2 button superior quality Paris Suède, 1s. 1d. per pair, 6s. per half-dozen. Sizes 2 to 5. In Tan Shades, Brown, and Grey.

Exceptional Value. Gentlemen's 2 button Paris Suède. In Tan Shades, with Self Braid Points, 2s. 5d. per pair, 14s. per half-dozen.

FABRIC GAUNTLET GLOVES.



No. 1. Ladies' Fine Lisle, with 4-inch Gauntlets, richly braided design (as Illustration), 1s. 8d. per pair. Colours—Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

No. 2 Ladies' Superior Quality Taffeta, with 4-inch Gauntlets, bound Kid (as Illustration), 1s. 8d. per pair. Colours—Black, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

No. 3. Ladies' Fine Lisle, with 4-inch plain Gauntlets, bound Kid (as Illustration), 1s. per pair. Colours—White, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

Girls' Fine Lisle, with 3-inch Gauntlets, bound Kid, 11d. per pair. In White, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

Girls' Superior Quality Taffeta, with 3-inch Gauntlets, bound Kid, 1s. 5d. per pair. In Black, Tans, Drabs, and Grey.

MODE OF PAYMENT.—Postal and Post-Office Orders to be made payable to **S. A. WORSKETT,** at the General Post Office. Where Stamps are remitted One Penny must be added to each amount of **3s.** and under, to cover loss in exchange. A new Detailed Price List for Summer, 1891, FREE by Post.

Sole Address: THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BROWN'S SATIN POLISH

FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, TRAVELLING BAGS, ETC.

HIGHEST AWARD WHEREVER EXHIBITED

LATEST PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

BROWN'S SATIN CREAM

For improving all kinds of Patent Leather.

For Brown Leather Boots and Shoes, use

SATIN (BROWN) POLISH

Put on by Sponge attached to wire and cork in each Bottle.

AMERICAN MAGIC BRONZE.

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, etc., the appearance of new.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS use

ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING.

LADIES, Please write to LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER, for PATTERNS, which will be sent POST FREE.

DAINTY SUMMER FABRICS

ANY LENGTH CUT at WHOLESALE PRICES. Ladies who write to LEWIS'S for Patterns will receive by return of Post a Box containing a WONDERFUL COLLECTION of the NEWEST and Most CHARMING DRESS GOODS at REALLY ASTONISHING PRICES.

WONDERFUL
IN VALUE AND STYLE,
IN BEAUTY AND VARIETY.

LADIES who buy their DRESS MATERIALS from LEWIS'S are sure of getting them DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, thereby saving 3 profits, an advantage of quite 50 per cent. or

A SAVING OF 10s. IN THE £.

LADIES are asked to compare LEWIS'S Patterns and Prices with those of other houses, the IMMENSE ADVANTAGE will be immediately apparent. *Carriage paid on all orders* LEWIS'S are well-known as the Makers of The **"WONDERFUL" VELVETEEN** at **2s.** a yard. Please write for patterns.

Mention Myra's Journal, and address:—

LEWIS'S, In Market Street, MANCHESTER.

MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

259, Dalston Lane, Eare St.,
Hackney, *Jan. 13, 1891.*

Dear Sir,—I am proud to hand you a photo of one of my children. This boy was eighteen months old when his photo was taken, and weighed 33 pounds. He is very solid and muscular, and not flabby like most big children. Has been brought up on Mellin's Food, and has always been the picture of health.

Yours truly,
W. E. BRADLY.

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

PALATABLE,
DIGESTIVE,
NOURISHING,
SUSTAINING

Price **2/-** and **3/6** per tin.

SHAKESPERIAN WISDOM ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS.

A pamphlet of quotations from Shakespeare and portraits of beautiful children, together with testimonials which are of the highest interest to mothers. To be had, with samples, free by post, on application to

G. MELLIN,
MARLBOROUGH WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

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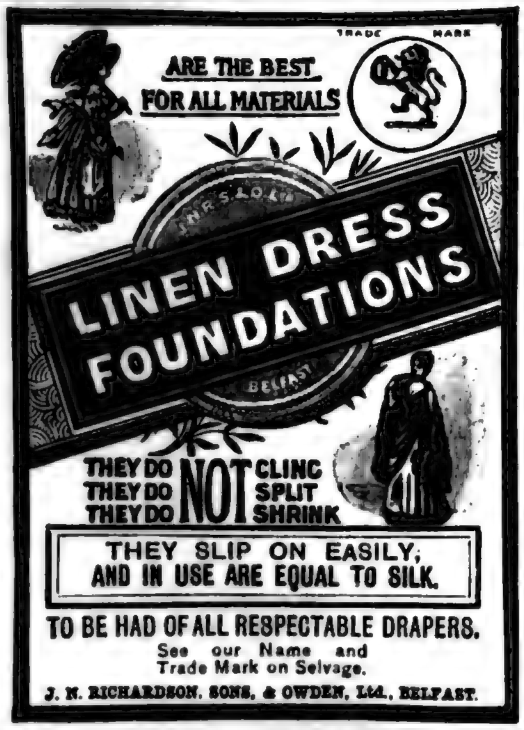
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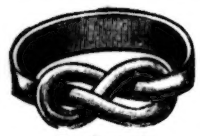

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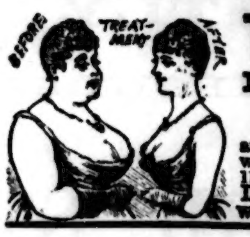

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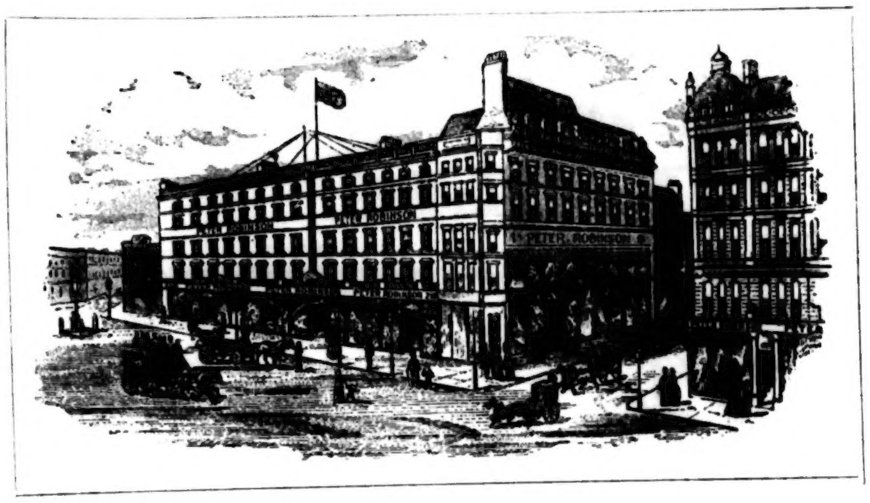

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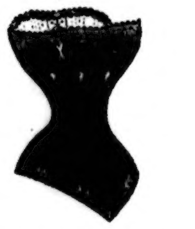

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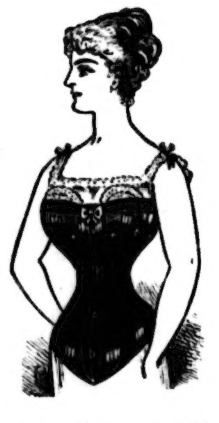

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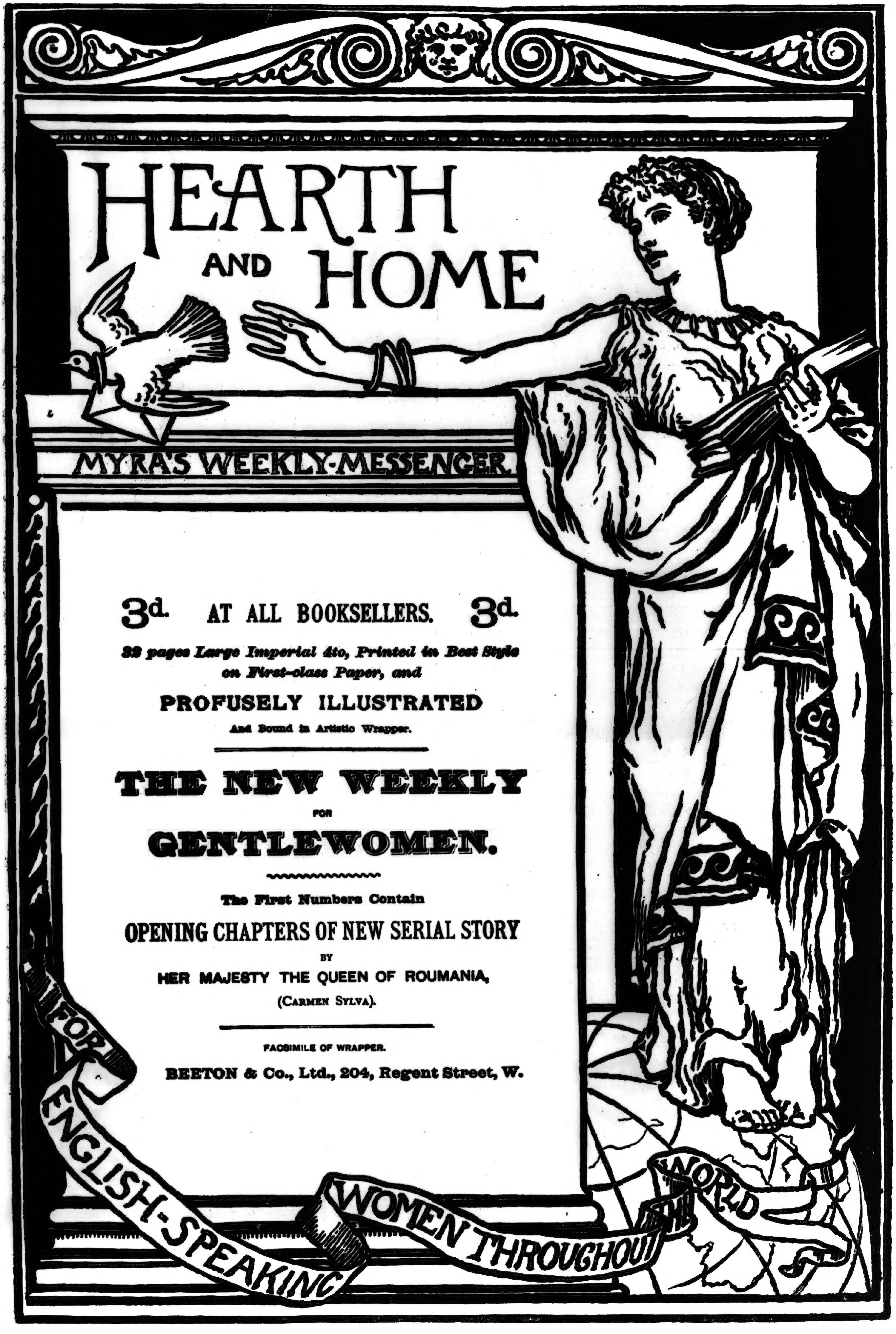
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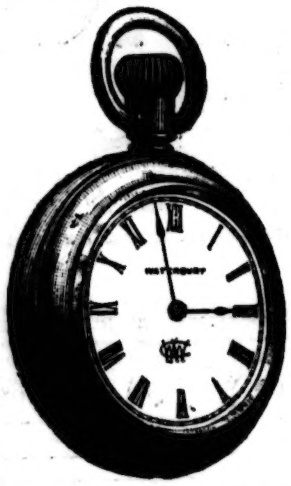

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